


Songs for  
Sabbath Schools  
and  
Gospel Meetings.



# GOLDEN \* GRAIN.

No 1

by  
ALFRED BEIRLY.



Publisher  
A. BEIRLY.  
113 Adams Street,  
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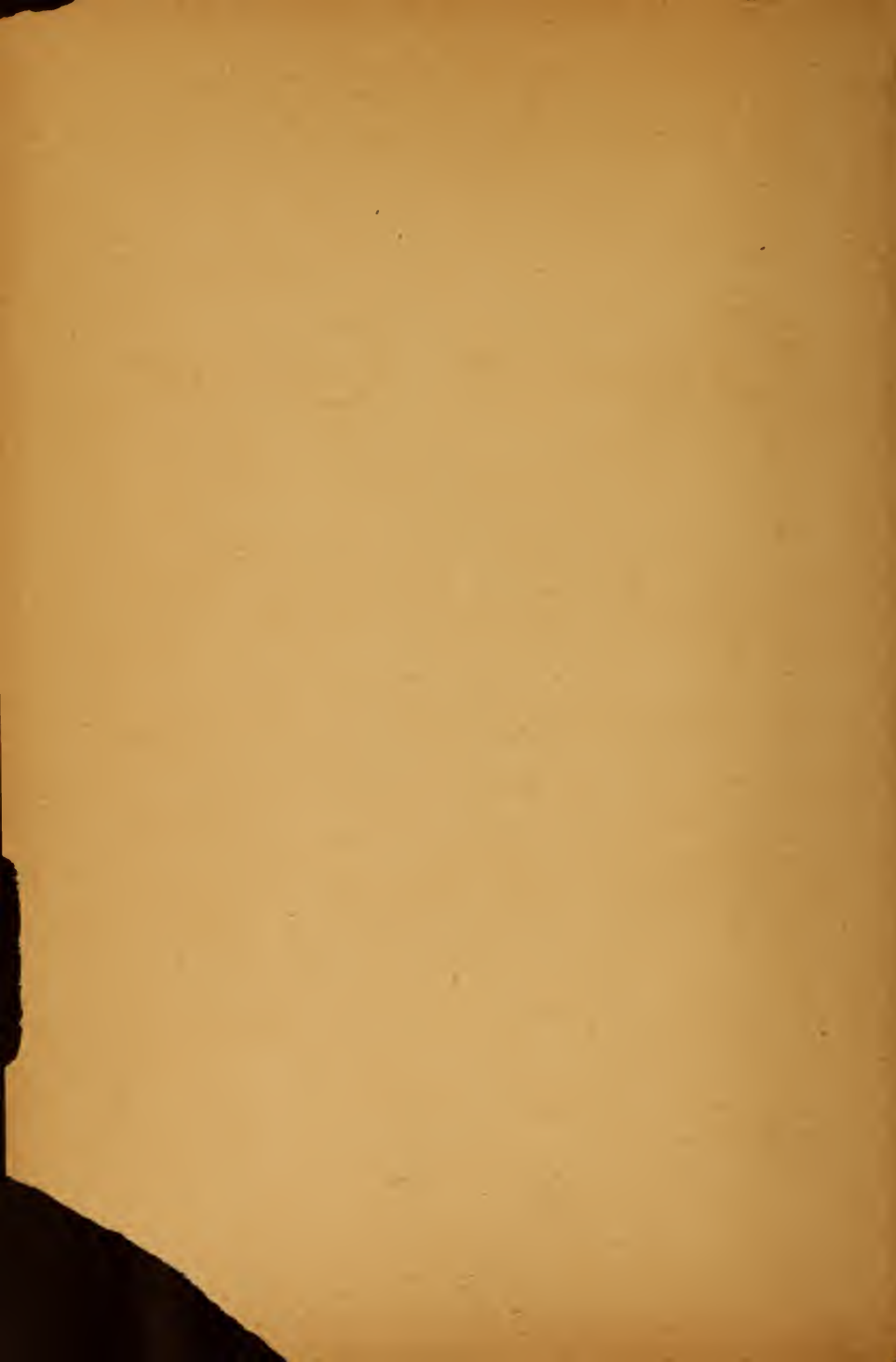
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For Sabbath Schools, Gospel Meetings, Etc.



# GOLDEN GRAIN

➔ No. 1. ➔

BY

ALFRED BEIRLY,

WITH

CONTRIBUTIONS, NEW AND OLD, FROM NEARLY  
ALL OF THE BEST AND MOST WIDELY  
KNOWN SONG WRITERS AND  
COMPOSERS.

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PUBLISHER:

ALFRED BEIRLY,

CHICAGO.

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Praise the Lord in Songs of Rejoicing.

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## Golden Grain,

For the blest Redeemer sown ;  
Words of hope, of life and heaven  
On these pages mute, are given  
To a needy, dying race.

Oh, rejoice in saving grace !  
Precepts that adorn these pages  
God has vouchsafed to all ages,—  
Hence to Him this tribute shown,

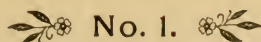
“GOLDEN GRAIN.”

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# GOLDEN GRAIN.



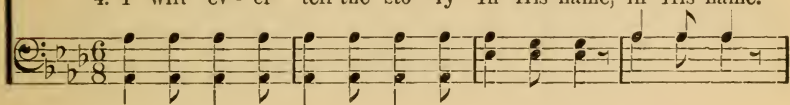
## No. 1. BLESSED BE HIS NAME.

REV. WM. APPEL.

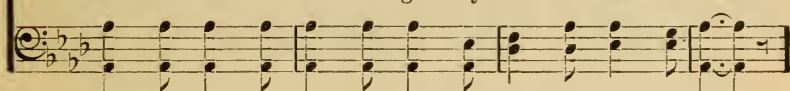
A. BEIRLY.



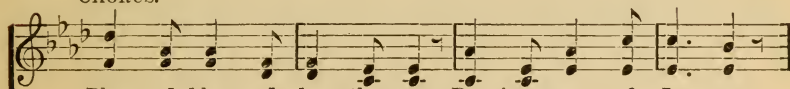
1. I have found the great sal - va - tion In His name, in His name;
2. I have found a joy un - ceas - ing In His name, in His name;
3. O how sweet is ev - 'ry du - ty In His name, in His name;
4. I will ev - er tell the sto - ry In His name, in His name.



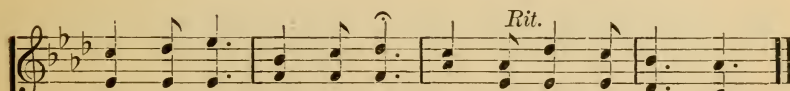
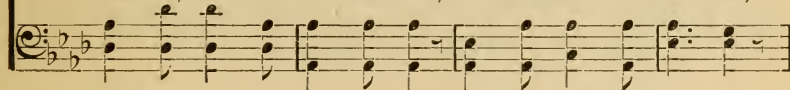
I am free from con-dem - na - tion In the Sav - ior's name.  
 Life and bless - ing still in - creas - ing In the Sav - ior's name.  
 There is ev - er - last - ing beau - ty In the Sav - ior's name.  
 I will nev - er cease to glo - ry In the Sav - ior's name.



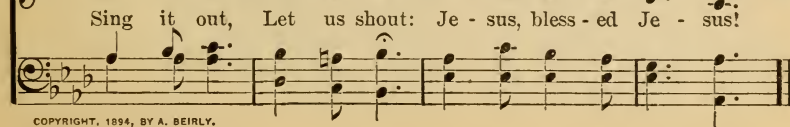
### CHORUS.



Bless - ed, bless - ed be the name, Pre - cious name of Je - sus;



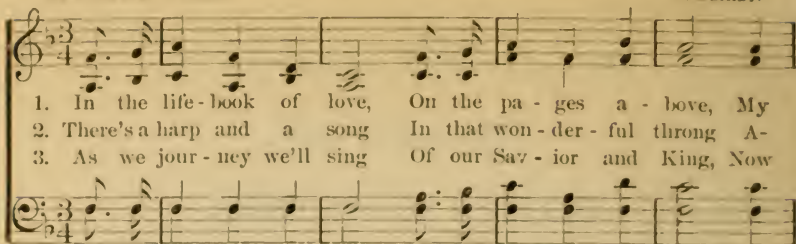
Sing it out, Let us shout: Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!



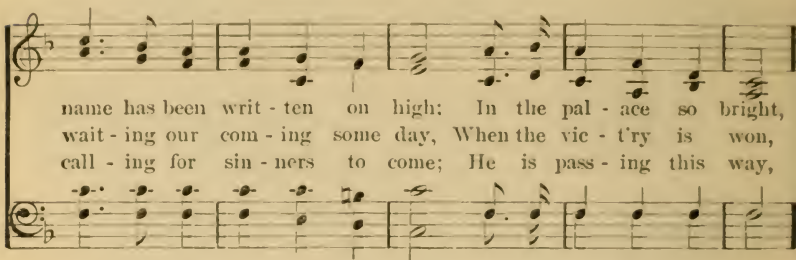
# No. 2. MY NAME IS RECORDED ON HIGH.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

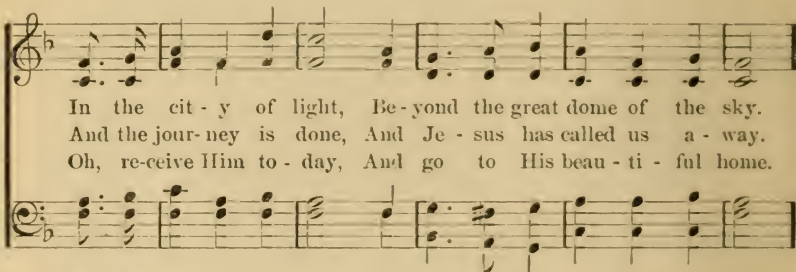
A. BEIRLY.



1. In the life - book of love, On the pa - ges a - bove, My  
 2. There's a harp and a song In that won - der - ful throng A -  
 3. As we jour - ney we'll sing Of our Sav - ior and King, Now

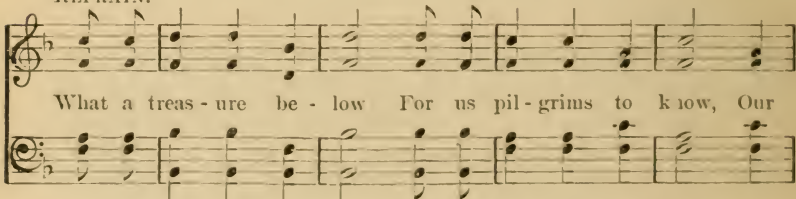


name has been writ - ten on high: In the pal - ace so bright,  
 wait - ing our com - ing some day, When the vic - t'ry is won,  
 call - ing for sin - ners to come; He is pass - ing this way,

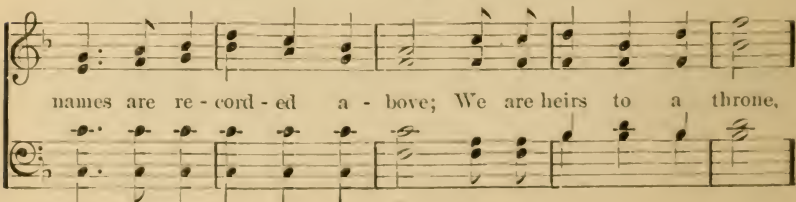


In the cit - y of light, Be - yond the great dome of the sky.  
 And the jour - ney is done, And Je - sus has called us a - way.  
 Oh, re - ceive Him to - day, And go to His beau - ti - ful home.

## REFRAIN.

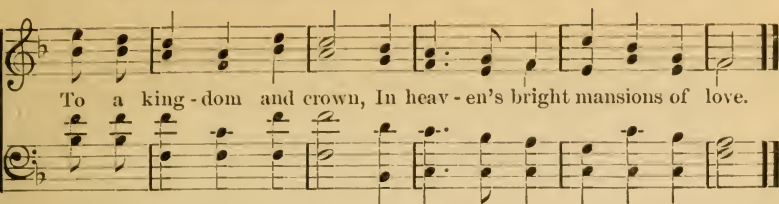


What a treas - ure be - low For us pil - grims to know, Our



names are re - cord - ed a - bove; We are heirs to a throne,

# MY NAME IS RECORDED.—Concluded.



To a king - dom and crown, In heav - en's bright mansions of love.

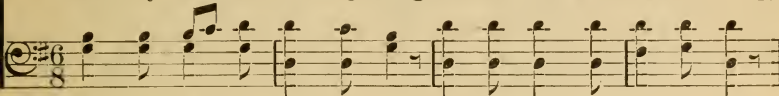
## No. 3. HELP ME DAY BY DAY.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

A. BEIRLY.



1. Help me, Je - sus, day by day, While I walk the nar - row way;
2. Make me pure by grace di - vine; May Thy glo - ry 'round me shine;
3. Save my heart from do - ing wrong Give me zeal and make me strong;



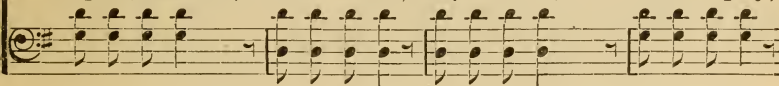
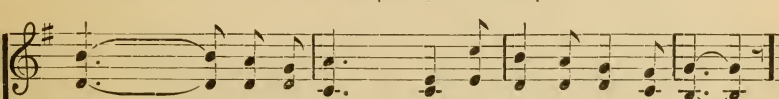

Keep my feet where'er I go; Let me now Thy presence know.  
 Fill my heart with ho - ly love, Till I see Thy face a - bove.  
 Help me by Thy will and word Ev - er to o - bey my Lord.



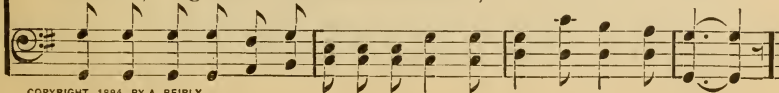
### REFRAIN.



Help..... me, dear Sav - ior, Help..... me, I pray;.....  
 Help me, dear Lord, Savior di - vine, Help e - ven me, Ev - er I pray;

Bless..... me, Re - deem - er, Be near me day by day.  
 Bless me, O gracious Redeemer and Friend,





## No. 4.

## MARCHING TO CANAAN.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. With joy we are march - ing to Zi - on's bright a - bode,  
 2. As pil - grims and al - iens we jour - ney thro' the land,  
 3. Tho' con - flicts and tri - als may oft be - set our way,

To the man - sions of rest in the cit - y of our God, With  
 We are march - ing to Ca - naan, at Je - sus' blest com - mand, The  
 They can last but a mo - ment if we to God will pray, For

songs of re - joic - ing our ranks with mu - sic ring, As we car - ol the  
 cross of the Lord ev - er go - eth on be - fore; Let us fol - low in  
 Je - sus who leads us, al - mighty - y is to save, If we trust in His

*D.S.—banner of Je - sus the wan - d'r'er to re - claim, As we jour - ney to*

FINE. CHORUS.

praise of our bless - ed Lord and King. }  
 faith till we reach that bless - ed shore. } March - ing a - long, we are  
 word, we e - ter - nal life shall have. }

*Ca - naan, in Je - sus' bless - ed name.*

marching a - long; The Sunday - school arm - y so val - iant and strong, 'Neath the

# No. 5. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev - er-  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er-

last - ing arms, What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

## REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. { Lean - - ing,  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms, Lean - ing  
 lean-ing on Je - sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.  
 lean - ing on Je - sus,



## No. 6.

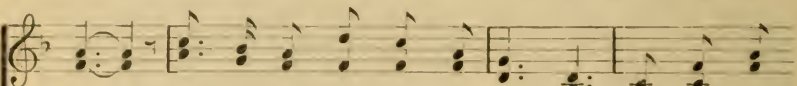
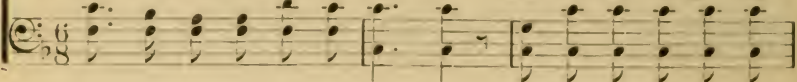
## DELAY NOT.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

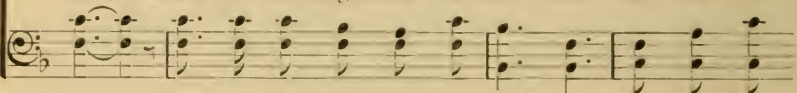
A. BEIRLY.



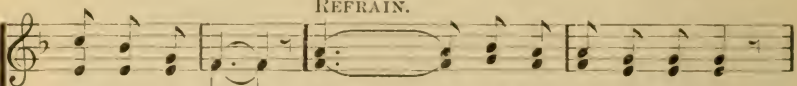
1. Come to the bless-ed Re-deem-er Turn not your spir-it a-
2. Come while He ten-der-ly calls you, Wait-ing your com-ing to
3. Crowns with the jew-els of glo-ry, Palms from the life-giv-ing



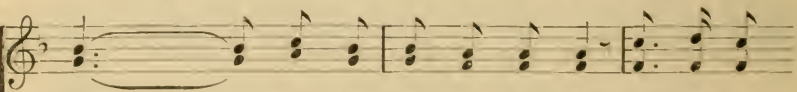
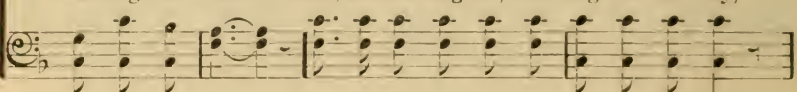
way, Hear Him still pa-tient-ly call-ing; Come, and no  
greet; Now the blest fount-ain for cleans-ing Flows like a  
tree, Robes in the bright-ness of heav-en All are in



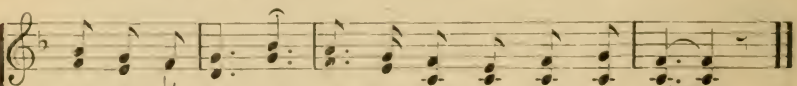
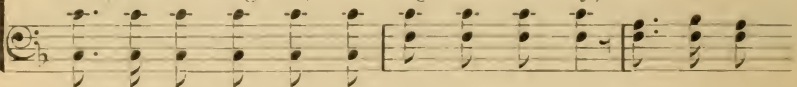
## REFRAIN.



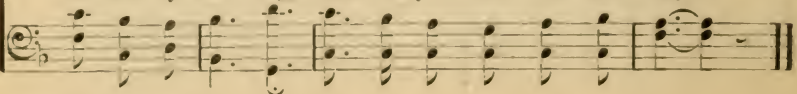
long-er de-lay. Come,..... and no long-er de-lay,  
tide at your feet.  
wait-ing for thee. Come, and no long-er, no long-er de-lay,



Come,..... and no long-er de-lay; Je-sus is  
Come, and no long-er, no long-er de-lay;



ten-der-ly call-ing, Come with your bur-den to-day.



## No. 7.

## MEET IN THE MORNING.

H. E. BLAIR.

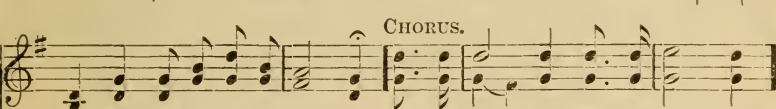
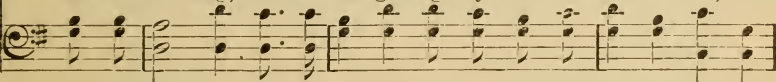
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We are marching onward to the heav'nly land, To meet each oth - er
2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each oth - er
3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other
4. Where the hills are blooming on the oth - er shore, We'll meet each oth - er
5. In the boundless rapture of a Sav - ior's love We'll meet each oth - er

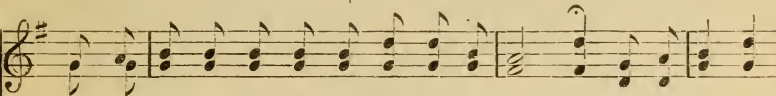


in the morn - ing; We are pressing forward to the golden strand. Where  
in the morn - ing; Oh, the time is com - ing, we shall soon be there, And  
in the morn - ing, Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And  
in the morn - ing! Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more, And  
in the morn - ing; Then we'll sing His glo - ry in the realms a - bove, And

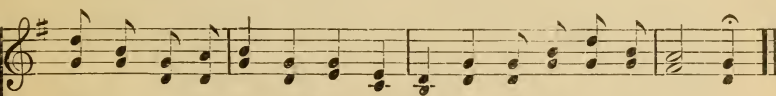
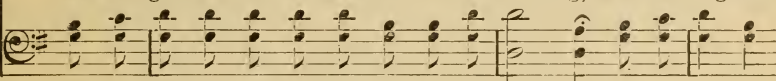


## CHORUS.

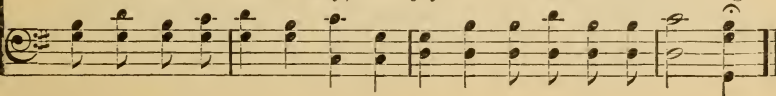
joy will crown us in the morning. In the morn - ing, in the morn - ing,



We will gath - er with the faith - ful in the morn - ing; Where the night of



sor - row shall be rolled a - way, And joy will crown us in the morn - ing.



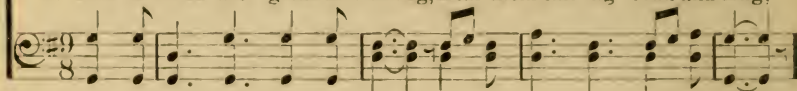
# No. 8. SAVIOR, KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

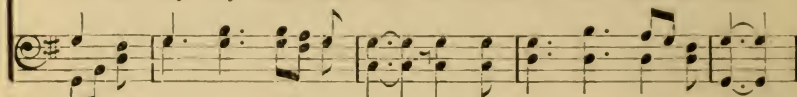
A. BEIRLY.



1. Sav-ior make me pure with-in, Cleanse my heart from ev-'ry sin,
2. Guide my feet, dear Lord, I pray, In the true and ho-ly way;
3. Foes a-round are great and strong, Hear them call-ing loud and long;



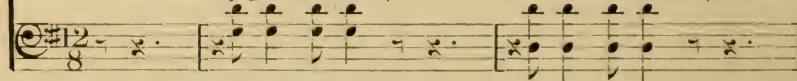
Take my e-vil thot's a-way, Keep me near Thee day by day.  
Be my strength in ev-'ry hour, Shield me from the temp-ter's pow'r.  
But the way Thy-self hast trod I would fol-low home to God.



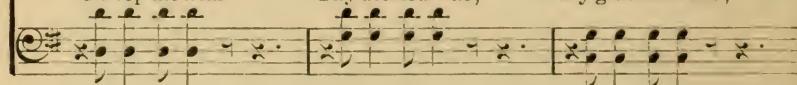
## CHORUS.



My gra-cious Lord, . . . . . dear Friend and Guide, . . . . . O keep me  
My gra-cious Lord, dear Friend and Guide,



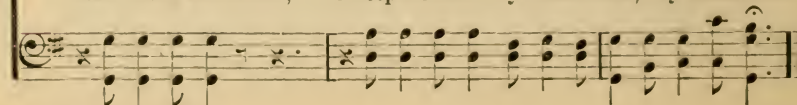
near. . . . . Thy blessed side; . . . . . My gracious Lord, . . . . . dear Friend and  
O keep me near Thy blessed side; My gracious Lord,



*Rit.*



Guide, . . . . . O keep me near. . . . . Thy blessed side. . . . .  
dear Friend and Guide, O keep me near Thy blessed side, Thy blessed side.



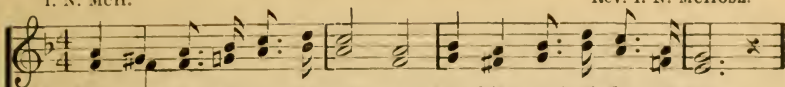


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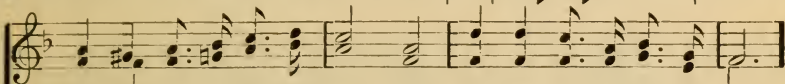
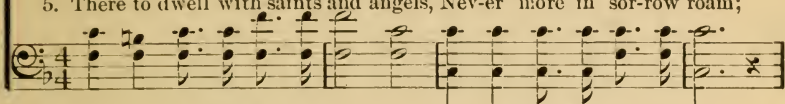
## NEARER HOME.

I. N. McH.

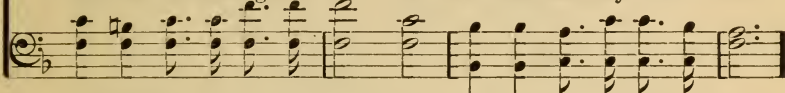
Rev. I. N. McHose.



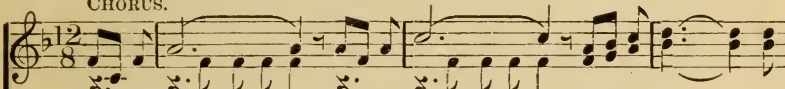
1. Once a-gain the sun has left us, And his round of du - ty done;
2. One day more of lights and shadows, Numbered with the many past,
3. One day near-er to the har - bor, Near-er to th' e - ter - nal shore;
4. One day less of dis - ap - point - ments, One day less of toil and care,
5. There to dwell with saints and angels, Nev - er more in sor - row roam;



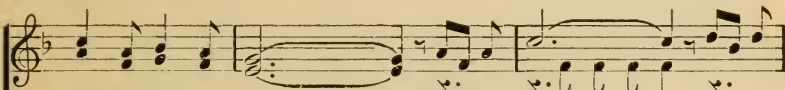
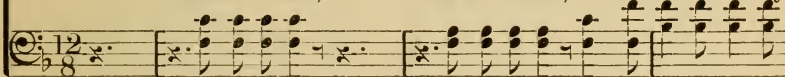
One day less to bear life's bur - dens, One day less to trav - el on.  
 Time is fly - ing fast, and some - time, One will come and be the last.  
 One day near-er to the meet - ing With the lov'd ones gone be - fore.  
 One day near-er to that cit - y Where are ma - ny mansions fair.  
 Praise the Lord on high for - ev - er! We are one day near-er home.



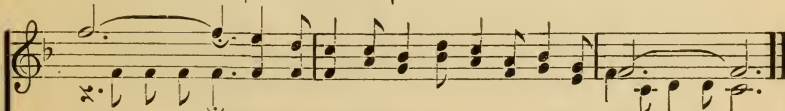
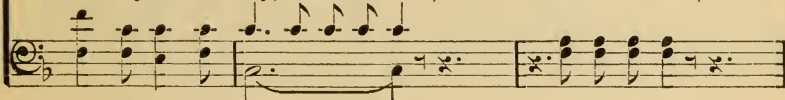
## CHORUS.



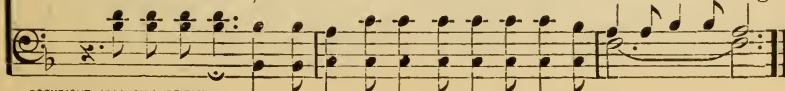
Nearer home,..... nearer home,..... Nearer to..... our  
 Beautiful home, beautiful home, Nearer to our heav'nly



home beyond the sky;..... Nearer home,..... nearer  
 home beyond the sky, beautiful home; Beautiful home,



home,..... We are one day nearer to our home on high.....  
 beau-ti-ful home, our home on high.



# No. 10.

# SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!"  
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do - nian call to - day,  
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound,  
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!"

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
 And a gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay,  
 And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found;  
 Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!..... Send the light!.....  
 Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

Send the light,..... the bless - ed gos - pel light,  
 Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,

Let it shine..... from shore to shore!.....  
 Let it shine from shore to shore!

## SEND THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

Send the light, ..... and let its ra - diant beams  
 Send the light, and let its ra - diant beams

Light the world..... for - ev - er - more.....  
 Light the world for - ev - er - more.

## No. 11. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a -  
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His  
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His  
 en - ter'd in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His  
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;



## No. 12.

## AT THE DAWNING.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A BEIRLY.

1. At the dawn-ing of the morn-ing when the Mas-ter doth ap - pear,  
 2. At the dawn-ing of the morn-ing when the bless-ed dead shall rise,  
 3. At the dawn-ing of the morn-ing when the wed-ding feast is spread,

With ten thou-sand saints His night - y host to swell, When His  
 And the wait - ing saints shall join them in the air; When they  
 And the hap - py guests shall sit in hon - or down, When the

lov - ing hand shall gen-tly lead His faith-ful fol-low'rs home, Oh, what  
 all shall meet the Bridegroom coming on in grand ar - ray, And shall  
 heav'n-ly Bridegroom shall the faith-ful bride in heav'n re-ceive, And shall

CHORUS.

rap-ture that will be no tongue can tell. Oh, what rap - - ture,  
 see His heav'nly beau-ty bright and fair.  
 place up - on her brow a glit-t'ring crown. Oh, what rapture that will be,

Oh, what rap - - - ture, How my soul the Sav - ior's  
 Oh, what rap - ture that will be,



# AT THE DAWNING.—Concluded.

prais-es then can swell; Oh, what rap - - - ture, Oh, what  
Oh, what rap-ture that will be, Oh, what

rap - - - ture, Oh, what rap-ture that will be no tongue can tell.  
rapture that will be,

## No. 13. O BLESSED HOUR.

A. BEIRLY.

FRANK T. ANDERSON.

1. My soul is fill'd with joy di-vine, God's full sal-va-tion now is mine,  
2. My heart is sing-ing all the way, The love of Je - sus is my stay,

FINE.

All praise and glo - ry, Lord, be Thine, For heav'nly pardon, full and free.  
His peace my com-fort ev - 'ry day, I've found salva-tion, full and free.

*D.S.—Blest joy di-vine, His pardon's mine, I'll sing His love in endless praise.*

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

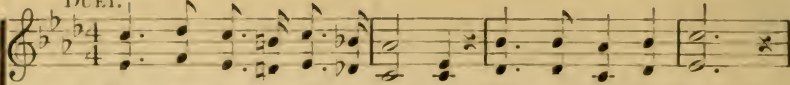
O bless-ed hour, O glorious pow'r, To Christ my grateful voice I'll raise;

# No. 14. BRING YOUR LOVING GIFTS TO JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

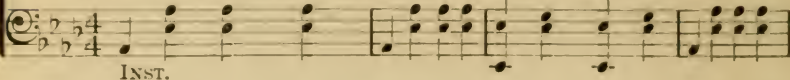

W. J. C. THIEL.

DUET.

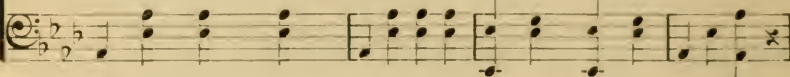
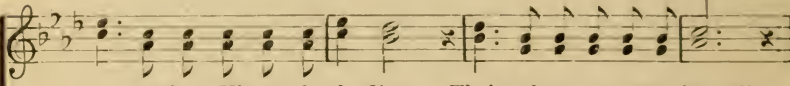


1. Bring your lov-ing gifts to Je - sus, Will - ing let it be,  
 2. In the name of Je - sus on - ly, Give with lav-ish hand;  
 3. Aid to spread His ho - ly gos - pel, Send the news a - broad,


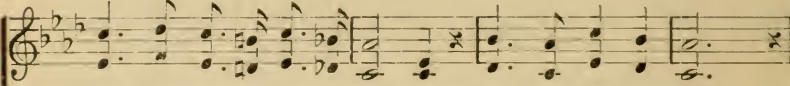
INST.


Once for you His life He of - fer'd,—Died on Cal - va - ry;  
 Seek your Master's cause to hon - or, This is His com-mand;  
 Tell the world the heav'nly ti - dings—Win-ning souls for God;

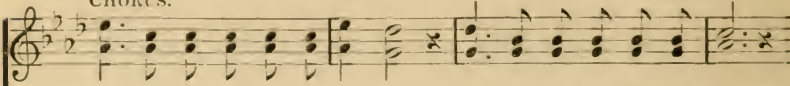
Turn not from His gentle pleading, Tho' perhaps your store is small,  
 Come, oh, come, ye sons of Zi - on, Bring your off'ring to the Lord,  
 Wea - ry not in faithful serv-ice, Toil-ing on from sun to sun,

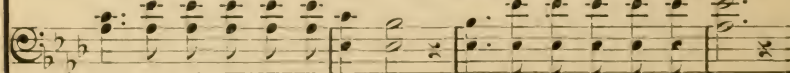
From His great and wond'rous bounty God pro-vides your all.  
 Yield your treasure to His keep-ing, Ask - ing no re - ward.  
 By and by shall Je-sus whis-per, "Thou hast no - bly done."



CHORUS.



Come with songs of glad re-joic-ing, Bring your gift with earnest pray'r—



# BRING YOUR LOVING GIFTS.—Concluded.

Wait - ing for the bless-ed har - vest, Fruits of joy to bear.

## No. 15.

## SING GLORY!

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. My heart is fixed to praise the Lord, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. The fair - est of the fair is He, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. I'm still re-joic-ing in His love, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. In heav'n I'll sing it o'er and o'er, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

I'm feed-ing on His pre-cious word, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - lah!  
 To see His bless-ed face, will be Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 I'm go-ing to my home a - bove, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 I'll praise the Sav-ior more and more, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

### CHORUS.

The Sav - ior is my faith-ful Friend! Sing glo - ry, sing glo - ry! I'll

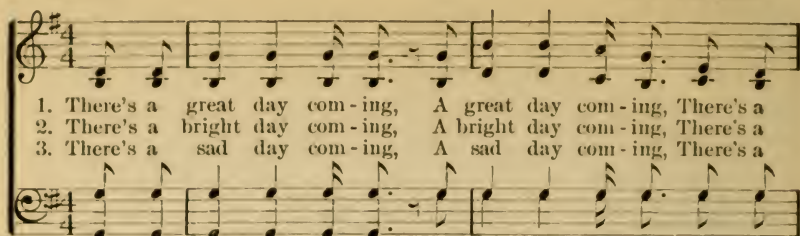
sing His prais-es with-out end, Sing glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



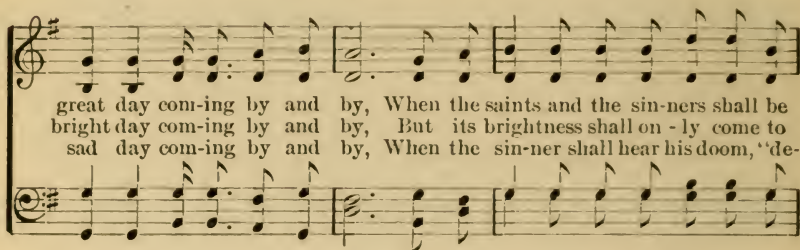
# No. 16. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY?

W. L. T.

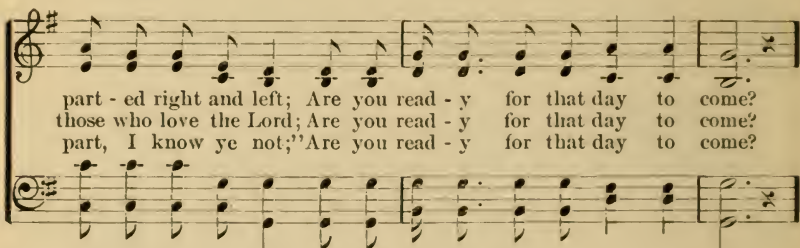
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

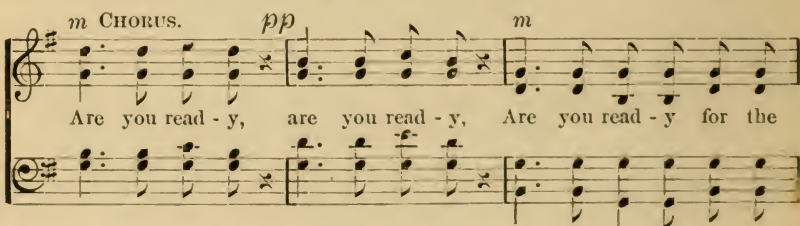


great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-



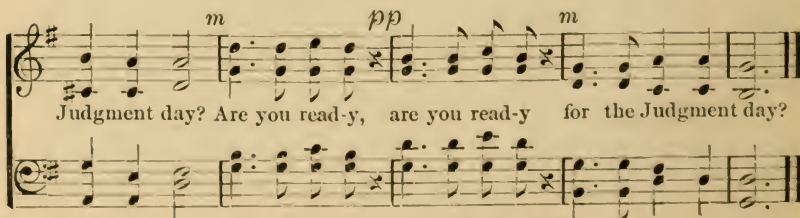
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

*m* CHORUS. *pp* *m*



Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

*m* *pp* *m*



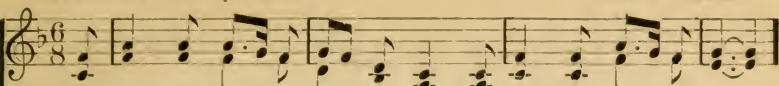
Judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y for the Judgment day?

# No. 17.

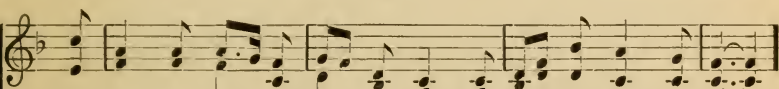
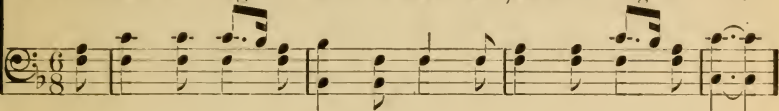
# HIS GLORY I'LL SING.

ANNE STEELE. Cho. by C. H. G.

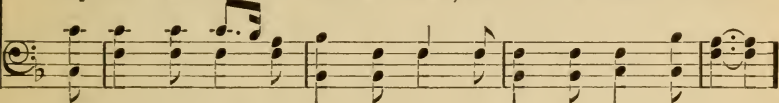
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



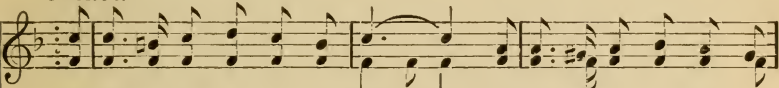
1. Come, ye that love the Sav-ior's name, And joy to make it known,
2. Be - hold your Lord, your Mas-ter, crowned With glo-ries all di - vine;
3. When, in His earth - ly courts, we view The glo - ries of our King,
4. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise:



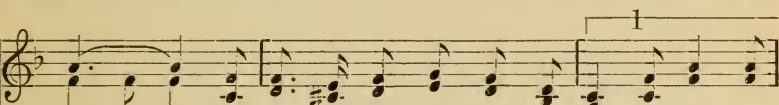
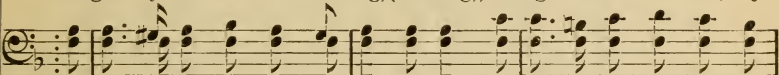
The Sov'-reign of your hearts pro-claim And bow be - fore His throne.  
And tell the wond'ring na - tions round How bright these glo-ries shine.  
We long to love as an - gels do, And wish like them to sing.  
Thy love can an - i - mate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.



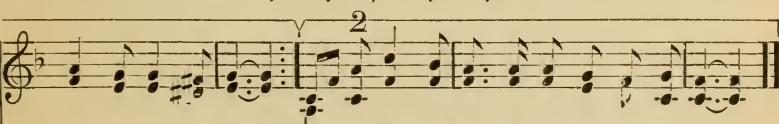
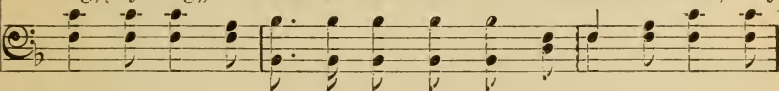
## CHORUS.



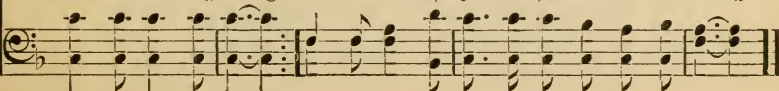
His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll sing, (I'll sing,) The glo-ries of Je - sus, my



King; (my King;) I'll bow at His feet in sub - mis - sion sweet, — My



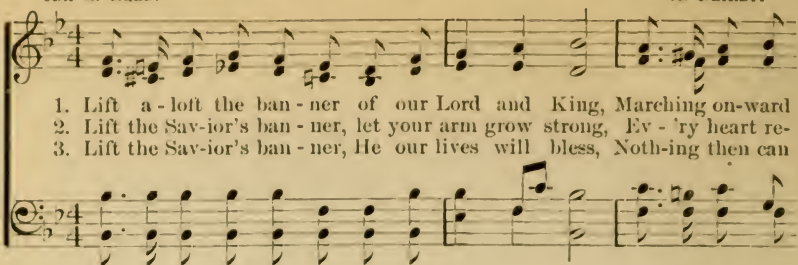
rich - est off'ring bring. mis-sion sweet, My Savior, Redeemer and King.



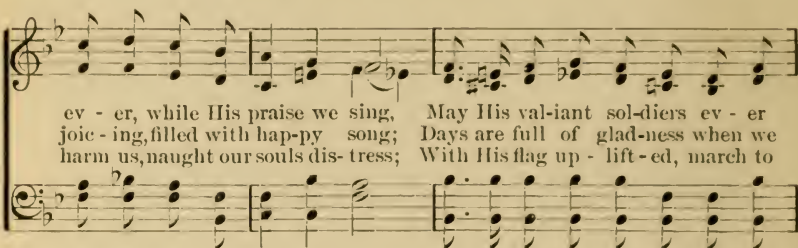
# No. 18. THE BANNER OF OUR KING.

IDA L. REED.

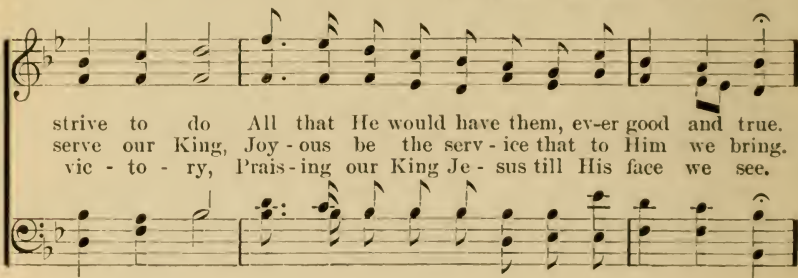
A. BEIRLY.



1. Lift a-loft the ban-ner of our Lord and King, Marching on-ward  
 2. Lift the Sav-ior's ban-ner, let your arm grow strong, Ev-'ry heart re-  
 3. Lift the Sav-ior's ban-ner, He our lives will bless, Noth-ing then can

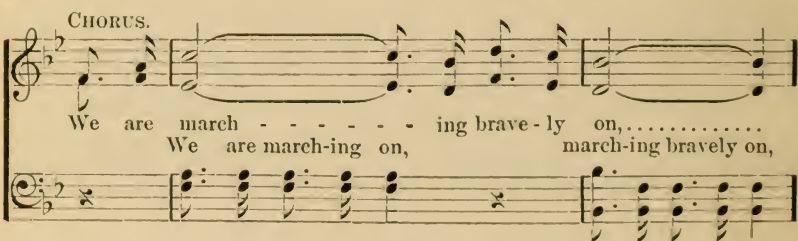


ev-er, while His praise we sing, May His val-iant sol-diers ev-er  
 joic-ing, filled with hap-py song; Days are full of glad-ness when we  
 harm us, naught our souls dis-tress; With His flag up-lift-ed, march to

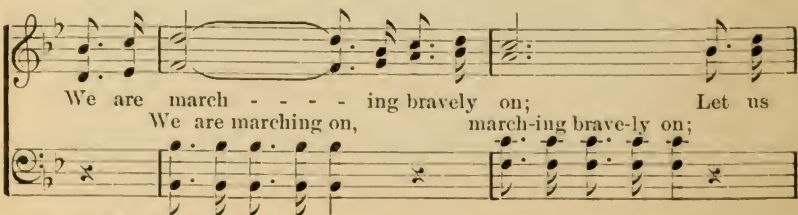


strive to do All that He would have them, ev-er good and true.  
 serve our King, Joy-ous be the serv-ice that to Him we bring.  
 vic-to-ry, Prais-ing our King Je-sus till His face we see.

CHORUS.



We are march - - - - ing brave-ly on,.....  
 We are march-ing on, march-ing bravely on,



We are march - - - - ing bravely on; Let us  
 We are marching on, march-ing brave-ly on;



# THE BANNER OF OUR KING.—Concluded.

fol - - low Christ, our Cap - tain, Till the vic - to - ry is won.  
 Let us follow Christ, let us follow Christ,

## No. 19. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tendrest care,  
 2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;  
 3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;  
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare;  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;  
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;  
 Bless - ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill.

### CHORUS.

Lead us, lead us, Lead us with Thy ten - der care;

Lead us, lead us, For Thy use our souls pre - pare.

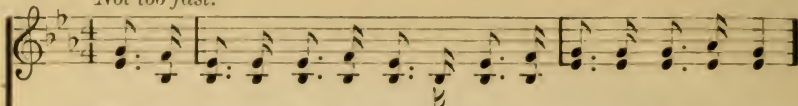


## No. 20.

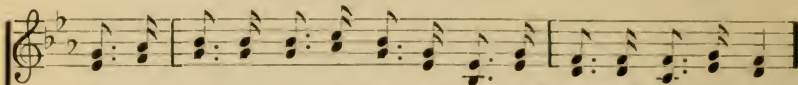
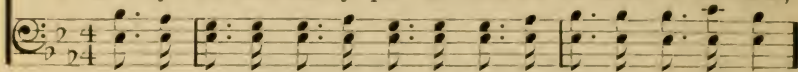
## VICTORY IS COMING.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

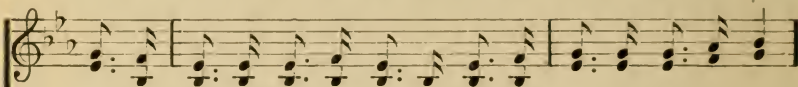
A. BEIRLY.

*Not too fast.*

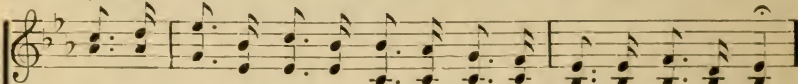
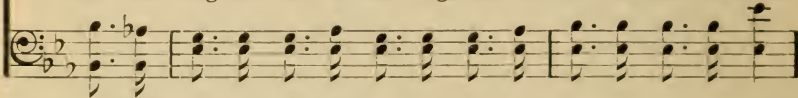
1. We are gain-ing in the con-flict, Loy-al fore-es now com-bine;
2. Let the le-gions nev-er fal-ter, But with cour-age strong and bold
3. Ev-'ry foe will sure-ly per-ish From the na-tions of the earth,



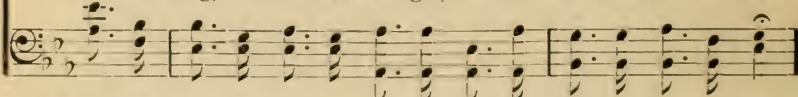
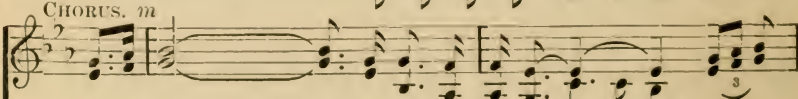
And "the vic-to-ry is com-ing" Now is shout-ed down the line.  
 Ring the good old gos-pel chang-es As they did in days of old;  
 Hu-man lib-er-ty and jus-tice Shall as-sert their no-ble worth;



While the bu-gle notes are sounding, And the bat-tle call we hear;  
 Nev-er let Je-ho-vah's ban-ner In the dust a mo-ment fail,  
 And the king-dom that is com-ing Shall for-ev-er more in-crease



We are show-ing roy-al cour-age, Ev-'ry heart is full of cheer.  
 God and right will sure-ly triumph, In His strength we'll nev-er fail.  
 Thro' the long, e-ter-nal a-ges, Un-der Christ the Prince of peace.

CHORUS. *m*

The vic - - - - to-ry is com-ing,..... Oh, the  
 Vic-to-ry is nigh, Praise the Lord,



# VICTORY IS COMING.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Victory is Coming'. The score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'Vic - to - ry' followed by 'is com - ing, . . . . . Ev - 'ry'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system begins with 'sol - dier of the Lord Soon will gain a sweet reward! Vic - to - ry!'. The third system begins with 'vic - to - ry! Sound the joy - ful ti - dings to the world a - broad.'.

Vic - to - ry is com - ing, . . . . . Ev - 'ry  
Vic - to - ry is nigh, Praise the Lord;

sol - dier of the Lord Soon will gain a sweet reward! Vic - to - ry!

vic - to - ry! Sound the joy - ful ti - dings to the world a - broad.

## No. 21.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

JOHN KEMPTHORN.

WEBER.

Musical score for 'Praise the Lord'. The score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with '1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore Him, Praise Him, angels in the height!'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system begins with '2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed;'. The third system begins with '3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious, Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;'. The fourth system begins with 'Sun and moon re - joice before Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light!'. The fifth system begins with 'Laws, which never shall be bro-ken, For His guidance He hath made.'.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore Him, Praise Him, angels in the height!  
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed;  
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious, Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;

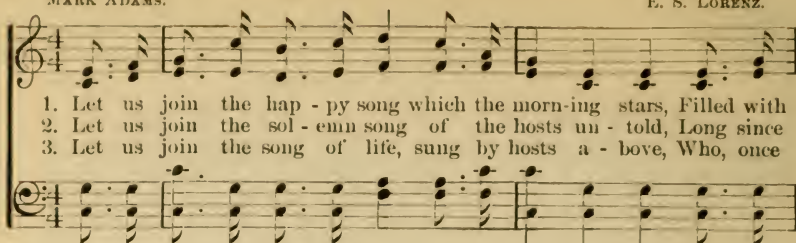
Sun and moon re - joice before Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light!  
Laws, which never shall be bro-ken, For His guidance He hath made.  
God hath made His saints victorious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.

## No. 22.

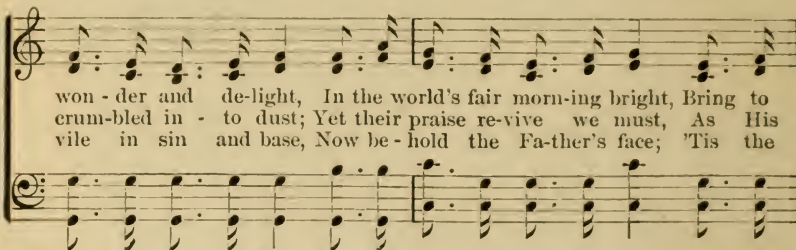
## JOIN THE SONG.

MARK ADAMS.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Let us join the hap - py song which the morn - ing stars, Filled with  
 2. Let us join the sol - emn song of the hosts un - told, Long since  
 3. Let us join the song of life, sung by hosts a - bove, Who, once

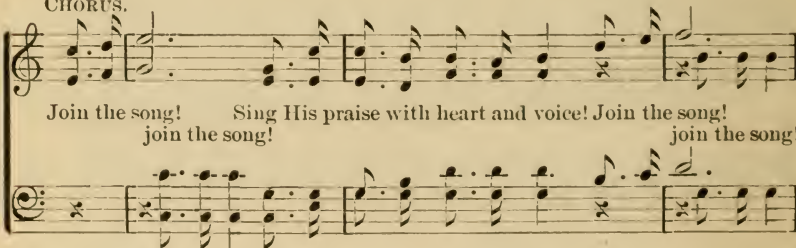


won - der and de - light, In the world's fair morn - ing bright, Bring to  
 crum - bled in - to dust; Yet their praise re - vive we must, As His  
 vile in sin and base, Now be - hold the Fa - ther's face; 'Tis the

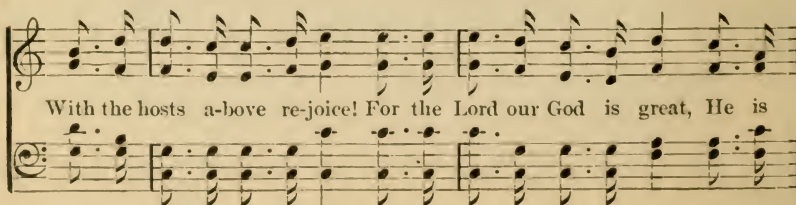


Him who rules on high, in me - lo - dious bars, And a - dore the Lord of might.  
 law of ho - ly truth we a - gain be - hold, Let us praise the Lord so just.  
 grandest song of heav'n, 'tis a song of love; Praise the Lord of wondrous grace.

## CHORUS.



Join the song! Sing His praise with heart and voice! Join the song!  
 join the song! join the song!



With the hosts a - bove re - joice! For the Lord our God is great, He is

## JOIN THE SONG.—Concluded.



ev - er good and true; Un - to Him our praise is due.

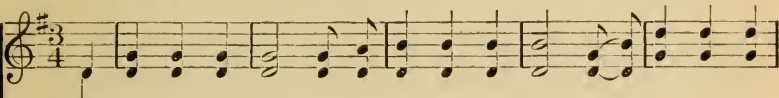


### No. 23.

### REVIVE US AGAIN.

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY.

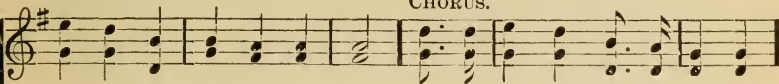
English Melody.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

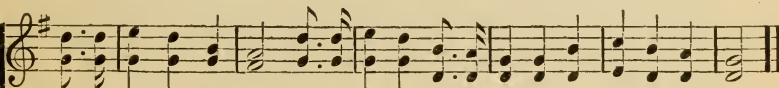
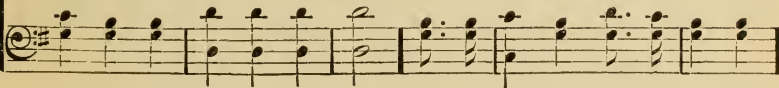


#### CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.  
Sav - ior, and scat-ter'd our night.  
sins, and hath cleansed ev'ry stain.  
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry,



Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, revive us a - gain.





## No. 24.

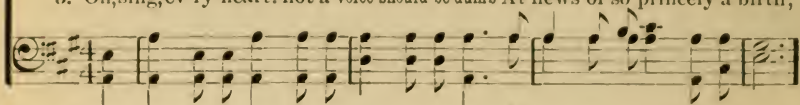
## O HAIL, HAPPY TIME!

ADELINE H. BEERY.

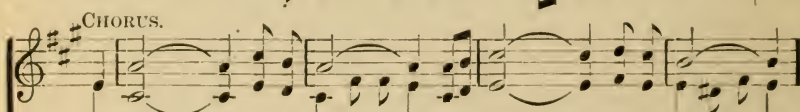
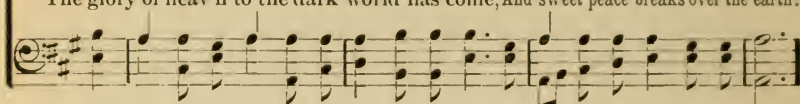
A. BEIRLY.



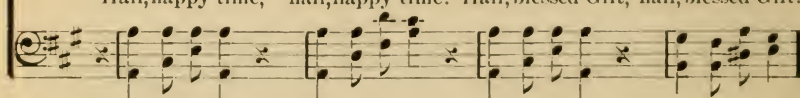
1. Oh, sweet was the song as it rang thro' the sky That wonderful night long ago;
2. Oh, gladly the shepherds their bright vision told, And has-ten'd the Sav-ior to find;
3. Oh, sing, ev'ry heart! not a voice should be dumb At news of so princely a birth;



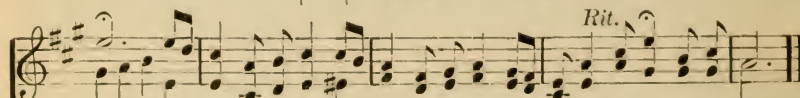
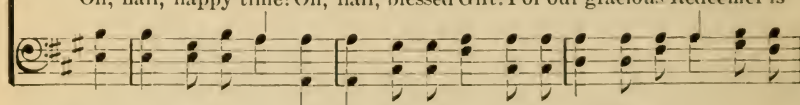
When seraphs came down with their song from on high,—"Good-will" to all people be-low!  
And wise men brought off rings of jew-els and gold, And knelt where the Infant re-clined.  
The glory of heav'n to the dark world has come, And sweet peace breaks over the earth!



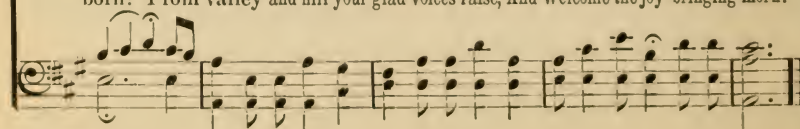
Oh, hail,..... happy time!..... Oh, hail,..... blessed Gift!.....  
Hail, happy time, hail, happy time! Hail, blessed Gift, hail, blessed Gift!



Oh, hail, happy time! Oh, hail, blessed Gift! For our gracious Redeemer is



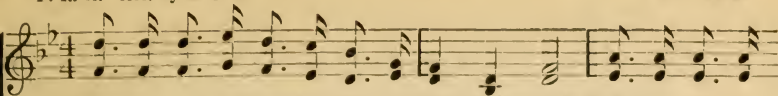
born! From valley and hill your glad voices raise, And welcome the joy-bringing morn!



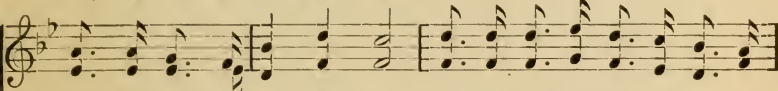
# No. 25. RESTING ON THE FAITHFULNESS.

F. R. H. Arr. by E. C. A.

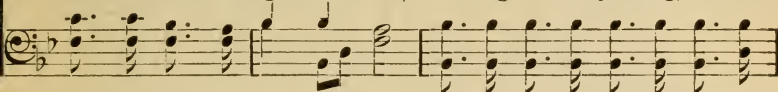
E. C. AVIA.



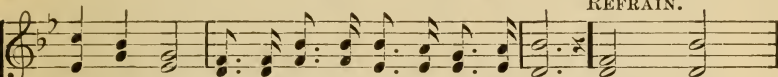
1. Rest-ing on the faith-ful-ness of Christ, my Lord, Rest-ing on the
2. Rest-ing 'neath His guiding hand to bless our days, Rest-ing 'neath His
3. Rest-ing in the for-tress while the foe is nigh, Rest-ing in the
4. Rest-ing and be-liev-ing, let us on-ward press, Rest-ing in Him-



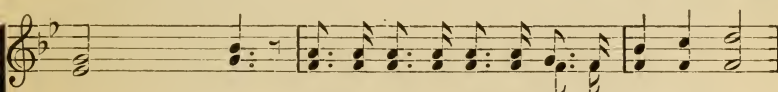
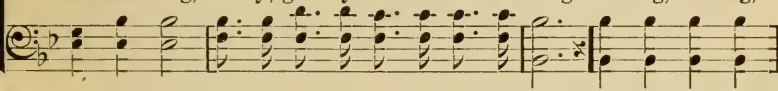
full-ness of His own sure word, Rest-ing on His mer-cy, on His  
shad-ow from the noon-tide rays, Rest-ing at the ev-en-tide be-  
life-boat while the waves roll high, Rest-ing in His char-iot for the  
self the Lord our right-eous-ness, Rest-ing and re-joic-ing, let His



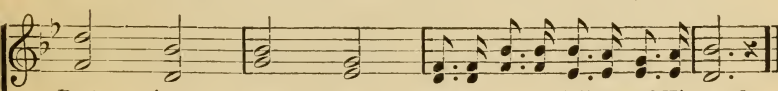
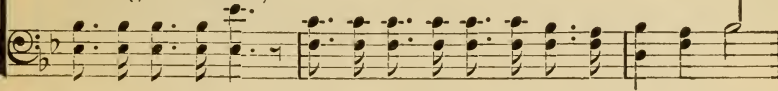
REFRAIN.



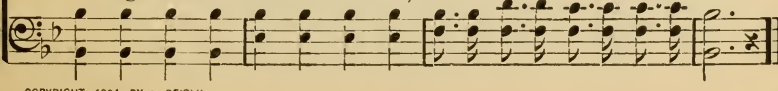
love un-told, Rest-ing on His cov-e-nant of old. Rest-ing,  
neath His wing, Resting with our Savior, Lord and King.  
swift, glad race, Resting al-ways in His boundless grace.  
sav'd ones sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Christ our King. Rest-ing, rest-ing,



rest-ing, Rest-ing on the faithfulness of Christ, my Lord;  
rest-ing ev-er-more,



Rest-ing, rest-ing, Rest-ing on the fullness of His word.  
Rest-ing ev-er-more in Je-sus,



# No. 26. I WILL FOLLOW ONLY THEE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I will fol - low on - ly Thee, oh, Thou kind and lov - ing Friend,  
 2. I will fol - low on each day, keep - ing close to my dear Lord,  
 3. An - y - where, my gracious Lord, I will fol - low an - y - where,

I will fol - low on - ly Thee, pre - cious Lord, un - til the end,  
 I will walk the nar - row way, trust - ing Thy un - fail - ing word;  
 For I know with Christ be - side me, there is no dan - ger there;

Un - til faith is chang'd to sight, and I stand in robes of white,  
 And what - ev - er will be - tide, with Thy lov - ing hand to guide,  
 How can an - y ill be - fall while Thy love is o - ver me?

'Mid the mul - ti - tude re - deem'd in yon pal - a - ces of light,  
 I can walk in per - fect safe - ty and glad - ness at Thy side.  
 How can harm come to my soul while I fol - low close to Thee?

## CHORUS.

I will fol - - low, ev - er fol - - low, Tho' the  
 I will fol - low, fol - low on, ev - er fol - low, fol - low on,



# I WILL FOLLOW ONLY THEE.—Concluded.

way be dark or bright, Crown'd with shadow or with light, Yes, I'll fol - low,  
Yes, I'll follow, follow on,

ev-er fol - low, Till I enter, rob'd in white, Yonder palaces of light.  
ev-er follow, follow on,

## No. 27. THE GUIDING STAR.

Rev. O. E. MURRAY.

Male Voices.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Speak to me, Guid-ing Star, If Thou canst speak so far;  
2. Speak to me, Guid-ing Star, Of where my loved ones are;  
3. O Star of Beth-le-hem, Thou art my soul's bright gem;

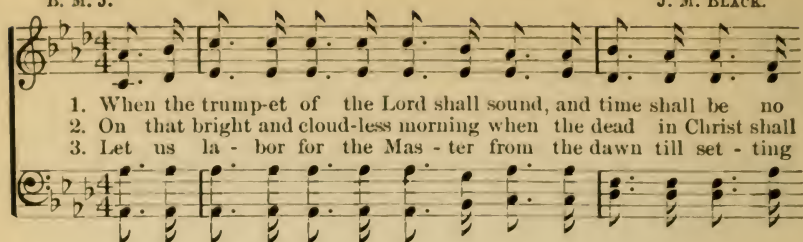
Tell of the lov'd and lost, If safe or tem-pest-toss'd;  
I hear the moan-ing sea Sound-ing mys-te-rious-ly;  
I know that Thou wilt guide O-ver the dark-some tide;

Tell where my loved ones are, For I soon may cross the bar.  
Oh, let Thy light a-far Guide me o'er the o-cean bar.  
Lead me, O Guid-ing Star, As I cross the har-bor bar.

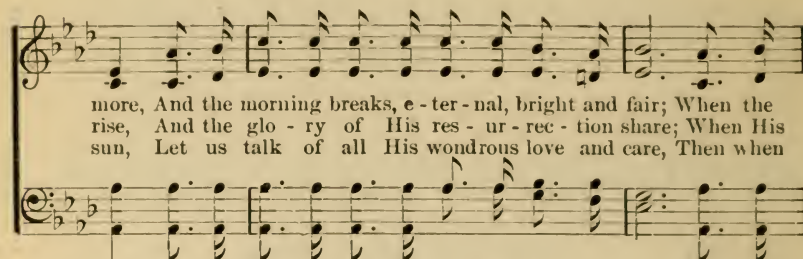
# No. 28. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

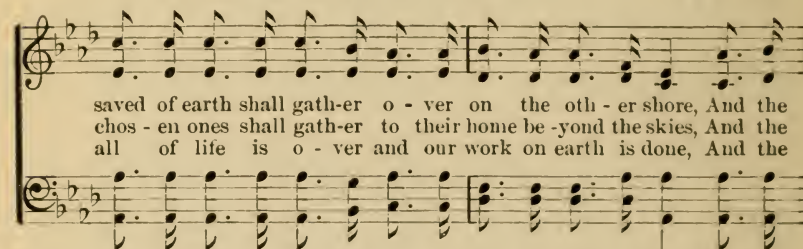
J. M. BLACK.



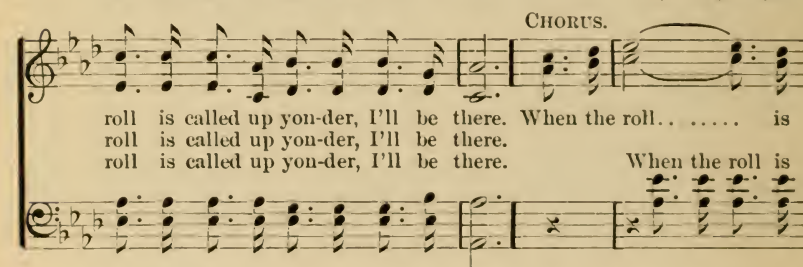
1. When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no  
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morning when the dead in Christ shall  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting



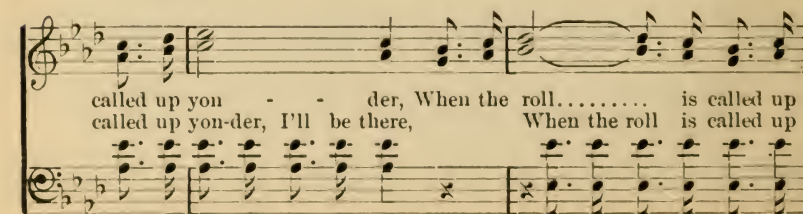
more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the  
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His  
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when



saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the  
 chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the  
 all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.  
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is  
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is



called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up  
 called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.—Concluded.

yon - der, When the roll..... is called up  
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

## No. 29.

## ITALIAN HYMN.

C. WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing;  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-  
 Our prayer at - tend; Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour; Thou who al-might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.



Rev. Wm. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sing of the freedom which Christ has be-stow'd On all who be-  
 2. O sing of the freedom which oth-ers en-joy, Who walk in the  
 3. O sing of the freedom which all may pos-sess, Who cry un-to

lieve on His name; A free-dom from bondage, from sin, and from death,  
 law of His love; Who've broken their fet-ters, and cast them a-way,  
 God in their need; A freedom from guilt, and tor-men-ting, and fear,

CHORUS,  
 Blest free-dom from sor-row and shame. I am free,..... So  
 Thro' Je-sus, who reigneth a-bove.  
 A grand, glorious freedom in-deed. I am free,

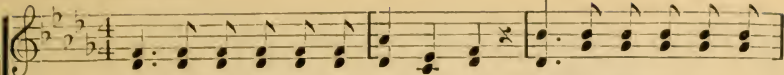
glo-rious-ly free! For the time of my bond-age is o'er; I am

free,..... So glo-rious-ly free! I will serve the op-pres-sor no more.  
 I am free,

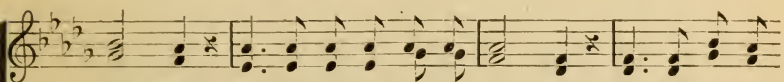
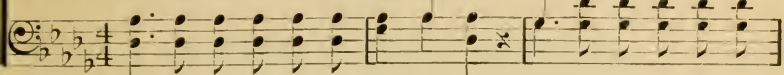


No. 31. GOD BE WITH YOU.

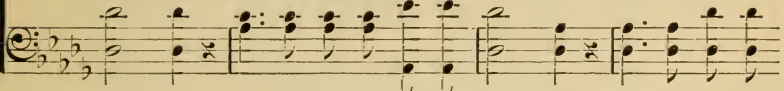
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. W. G. TOMER.



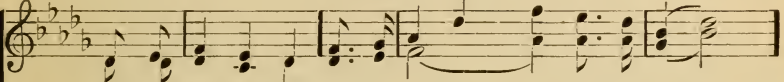
- 1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, up-
- 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely
- 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
- 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating



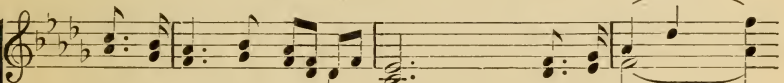
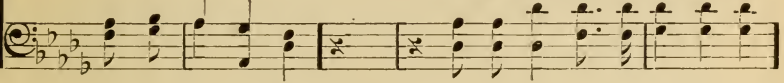
hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you  
hide you; Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you  
found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you  
o'er you, Smite death's threat'-ning wave before you, God be with you



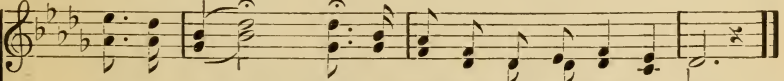
CHORUS.



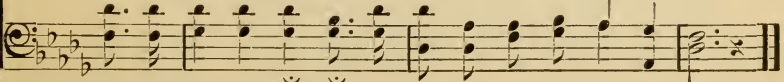
till we meet a - gain, Till we meet, . . . . . till we meet,  
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . . .  
Till we meet, till we meet,



till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
till we meet a - gain,



## No. 32.

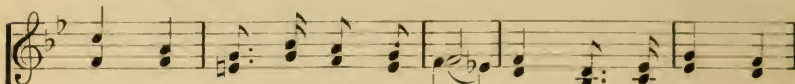
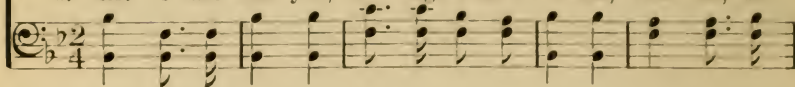
## LO! I AM WITH YOU.

J. E. H.

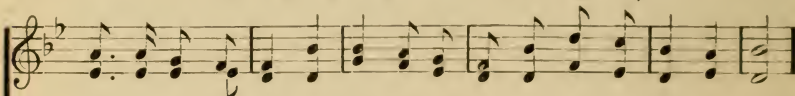
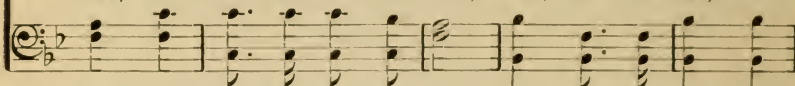
J. E. HALL.



1. "Lo! I am with you;" hear the words that Je-sus Saith to His
2. "Lo! I am with you;" sweet the words of Je-sus; With us in
3. "Lo! I am with you;" bless-ed words of Je-sus, When days are
4. "Lo! I am with you;" cheer-ing words of Je-sus; With all who
5. "Lo! I am with you;" lov - ing words of Je-sus; Near me, so



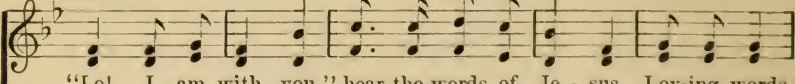
fol - low'rs, all the wide world o'er, Words full of com - fort,  
 sor - row, driv - ing care a - way; With us in tri - al,  
 dark - est, fill - ing us with light, And when earth's pleasures  
 seek His gos - pel to de - fend; When in the strug - gle  
 near, I feel His touch of love, Near, ev - er near, I



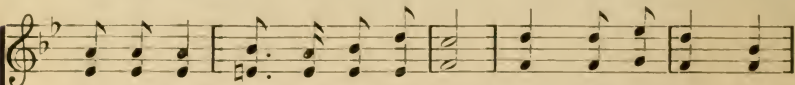
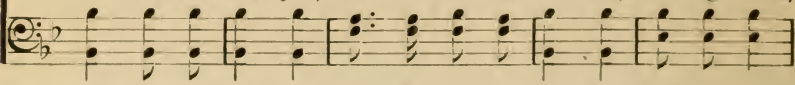
full of con - so - la - tion; Hear Je-sus' message and dis-trust no more.  
 with us in temp-tation, Yes, sweetly with us when we meet to pray.  
 shall have lost their charming, There in His presence all our way is bright.  
 giv - ing aid and cour-age, With us till vic - tors, we this life shall end.  
 hear His ten - der ac - cents, And have a fore-taste of the bliss a - bove.



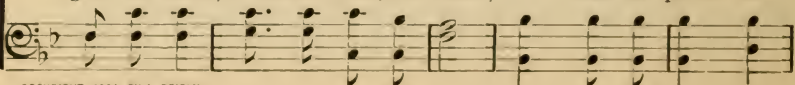
## CHORUS.



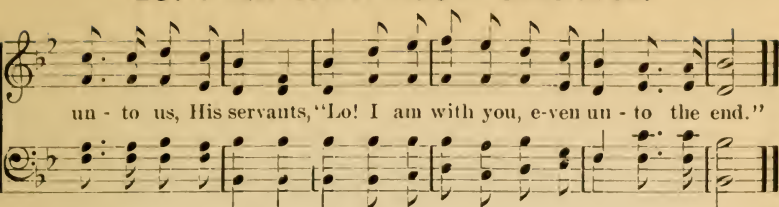
"Lo! I am with you," hear the words of Je - sus, Lov-ing words,



gen - tle words, Words of Christ, our friend; O bless - ed prom - ise



# LO! I AM WITH YOU.—Concluded.

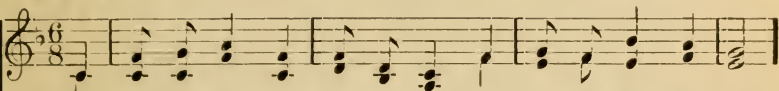


un - to us, His servants, "Lo! I am with you, e - ven un - to the end."

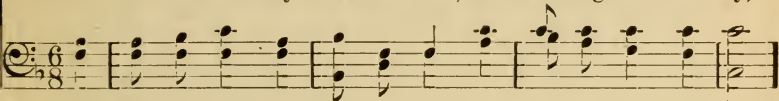
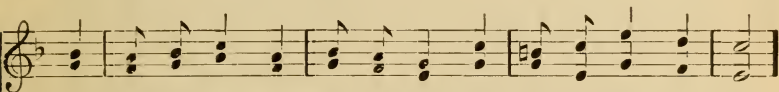
## No. 33. I CANNOT DOUBT HIS LOVE.

E. E. HEWITT.

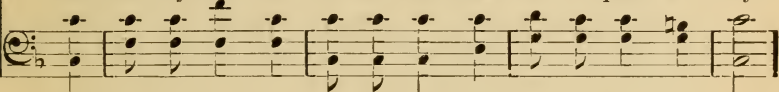
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



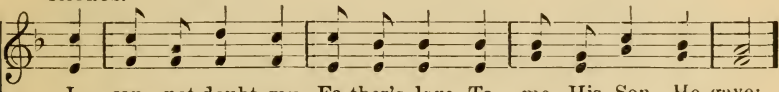
1. I can - not doubt my Fa - ther's love, Tho' dark the way may be,
2. Why should I doubt His ten - der care? He guides me with His eye,
3. He sees my path - way to the end, He know - eth all my need;
4. I can - not doubt my Fa - ther's love, Tho' all things else de - cay,

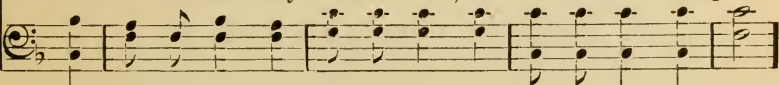
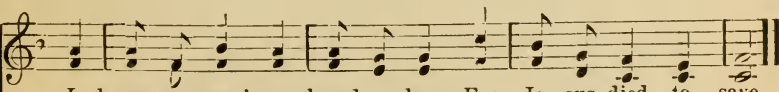
A light from hap - py realms a - bove Is shin - ing still for me.  
For ev' - ry cross He bids me bear I'll praise Him by and by.  
His grace and truth my steps at - tend Where - ev - er He may lead.  
The mer - cy stored for me a - bove Shall nev - er pass a - way.



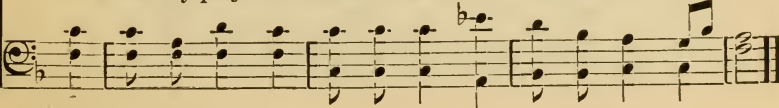
### CHORUS.



I can - not doubt my Fa - ther's love, To me His Son He gave;

I know my pray'rs are heard a - bove. For Je - sus died to save.

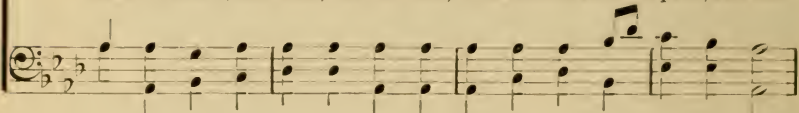




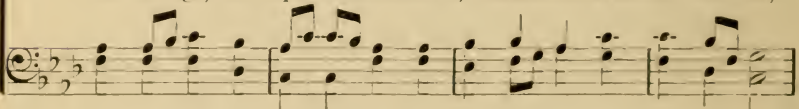
1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest,
2. Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no note of woe,
3. Let me go, why should I tar-ry? What has earth to bind me here?



Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has pre-pared His peo-ple's rest.  
 Let me go and bathe my spir-it In the rapt-ure an-gels know.  
 What but cares, and toils, and sorrows, What but death, and pain, and fear.



I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for evermore;  
 Let me go, for bliss e-ter-nal Lures my soul to heav'n a-way;  
 Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd, Blasted round me oft-en lie;



I would gain the friends that wait me, O-ver on the oth-er shore.  
 And the vic-tor's song triumphant, Thrills my heart, I can-not stay.  
 Oh, I've gather'd brightest flow-ers, But to see them fade and die.





# No. 35. ONLY A LITTLE LONGER.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

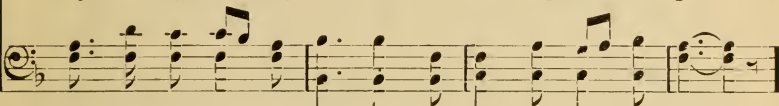
A. BEIRLY.



1. On - ly a lit - tle long - er Of bat - tle here be - low;
2. On - ly a lit - tle watch - ing 'Mid shad - ows of the night,
3. On - ly a lit - tle heart - pang In bid - ding earth good - by;
4. On - ly a lit - tle si - lence, And then the glad re - frain,



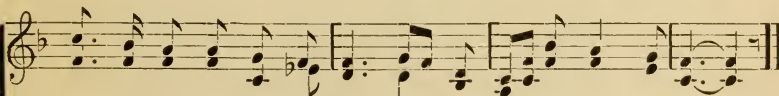
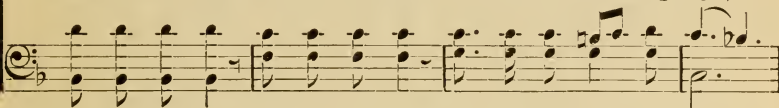
On - ly a lit - tle far - ther, Dear heart, hast Thou to go.  
Then is the dawn - ing splen - dor Of heav'n's un cloud - ed light.  
On - ly a lit - tle tear - drop Out of the clos - ing eye.  
Joy - ful - ly swell - ing ev - er, Of tri - umph o - ver pain.



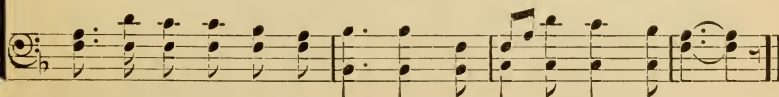
## REFRAIN.



'Twill not be long, Glad be our song, Je - sus is draw - ing nigh;



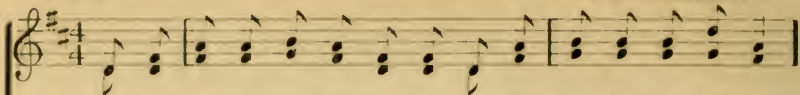
On - ly a lit - tle more serv - ice, — We'll meet Him by and by.



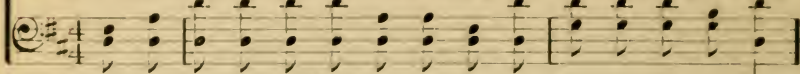
# No. 36. WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE!

J. H. K.

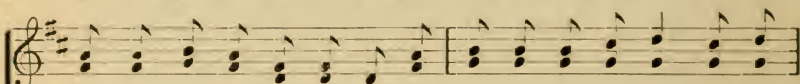
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



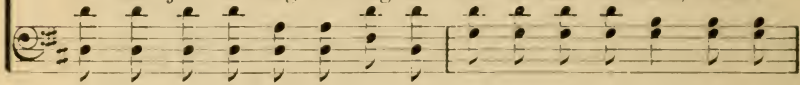
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold en harps are sounding and the an - gel bands proclaim,



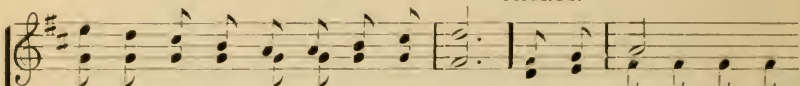
We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, (crystal sea,) With the  
We shall gath - er, and the sav'd and ransom'd see, (glad - ly see,) Then to  
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,) At the  
In tri - umph ant strains, the glorious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,) Then to



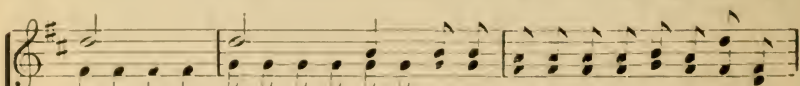
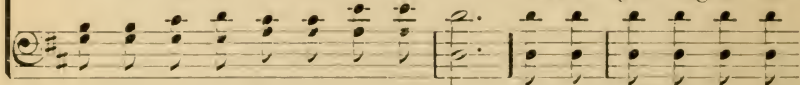
friends and all the lov'd ones there a - wait - ing us to come: What a  
meet a - gain to - geth - er on the bright ce - les - tial shore: What a  
bid - ding of our Sav ior, "Come, ye bless - ed, to my right," What a  
meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a



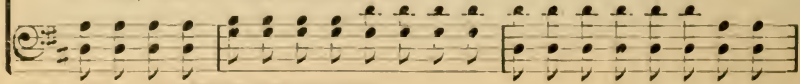
## CHORUS.



gath - ring of the faith - ful that will be! What a gath - - -  
What a gath - ring of the



'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious jubi -  
lov'd ones, when we'll meet with one another.



# WHAT A GATHERING!—Concluded.

lee! What a gath - - 'ring,  
lee, ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
dear ones meet each other,

## No. 37. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
{ While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

*D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven gñide, Oh, re ceive my soul at last.*

*D. C.*  
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## No. 38.

## THERE'LL BE JOY.

A. B.

A. BEIRLY.

1. There'll be joy at the dawn-ing of that glo - rious day, When the  
 2. There'll be joy in the greet-ing of the lov'd ones there, Bless-ed  
 3. There'll be joy in the morn-ing on that gold - en shore, When the

face of my Sav - ior I be - hold; In the pres-ence of the King in  
 spir - its with Je - sus now at rest; 'Twill be rapt-ure all di-vine to  
 throng of the blest in praise u - nite; Hal - le - lu-jahs loud and clear the

yon - der home of joy, There are pleasures for the soul un - told.  
 join the glo - rious host, Ev - er-more to live a - mong the blest.  
 sanc - ti - fied will sing Un - to Him up - on the throne of light.

## CHORUS.

There'll be joy by - and - by, When the  
 There'll be joy by - and - by,

Mes - sen - ger of Light has come; There'll be joy  
 has come; There'll be joy



## THERE'LL BE JOY.—Concluded.

by and by, When He bears my spir - it home; There'll be  
by and by,

joy by and by, When He bears my spir - it home.  
There'll be joy by and by,

## No. 39. SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep;
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine, Have spurned to-day the voice divine—

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.  
A - bide with me, when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

## No. 40.

## LONGING OF MY SOUL.

Rev. Wm. Appel.

A. BEIRLY.

1. There's a long-ing in my soul To be made completely whole, And to  
 2. On the Al-tar all I lay, Sanc-ti-fy the gift to-day; Send the  
 3. Lord, to Thee my all in-cline, Let my will be whol-ly Thine; May it

glo-ri-fy the Lord in all I do; At Thy feet I hum-bly bow  
 fire, the Ho-ly Spir-it from a-bove. Shed a-broad Thy light di-vine,  
 be my joy to do Thy bless-ed will. Hid-den depths to me re-veal,

To ful-fill my ev-'ry vow, And to con-se-crate my-self to Thee a new.  
 That my life may brightly shine; Fill my soul with all consuming, perfect love.  
 Crown my heart with burning zeal, And the longing of my soul to day fulfill.

## REFRAIN.

Con-se-crate me to Thy service, Fulfill the longing of my soul;.....  
 my waiting soul;

Con-se-crate me to Thy serv-ice, And make me complete-ly whole.

# No. 41.

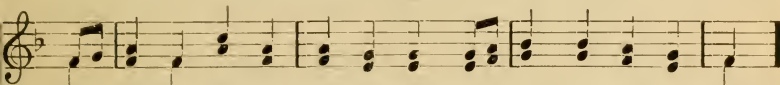
# SWEET ZION BELLS.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

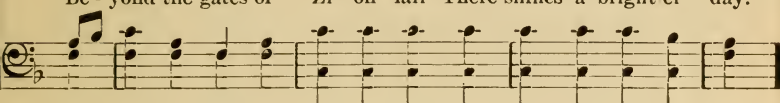
J. H. FILLMORE.



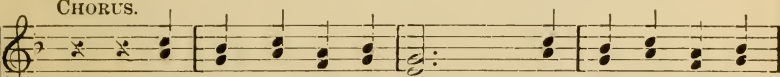
1. O'er heav'nly plains the gold-en chimes Of Zi-on ring to - day;
2. And we, who walk in earth-ly vales, Their joy-ful mu-sic hear,
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft-ly seem to say:



For pass-ing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their way.  
In mel-o-o-dy di-vine-ly sweet, So faint and yet so clear.  
Be-yond the gates of Zi-on fair There shines a bright-er day.



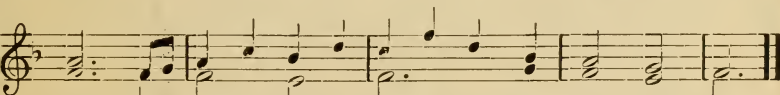
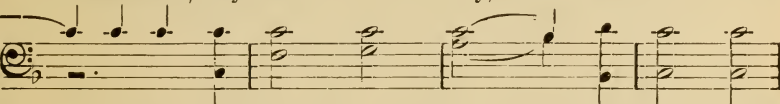
## CHORUS.



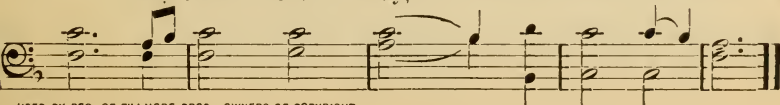
Sweet chim-ing Zi-on bells, Sweet chim-ing Zi-on  
Sweet bells,..... Sweet bells,.....



bells, They cheer us on our pleas-ant way, Sweet chim-ing  
..... Sweet bells, They cheer our way,.....



bells, They cheer us on our pleas-ant way, Sweet chim-ing bells.  
They cheer our way,



## No. 42.

## JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the seas, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



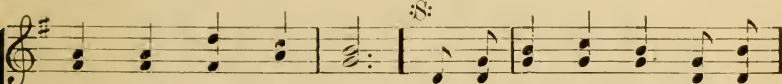
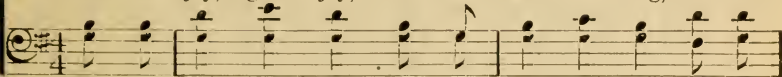
# No. 43. LOVE, REST, PEACE AND JOY.

P. P. B.

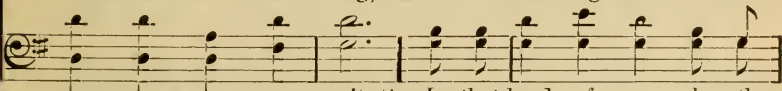
P. P. BILHORN.



1. There is love, true love, in the heav'n-ly home, Ma-ny  
 2. There is rest, sweet rest, in the home of God; 'Tis the  
 3. There is peace, sweet peace, in the home a - bove; For we'll  
 4. There is joy, glad joy, in the land of song, For in

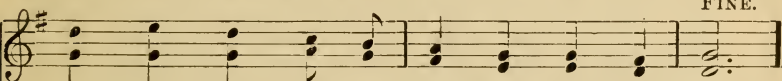


dear ones there have gone, To be free from care, here no  
 rest that Christ doth give, To the souls who trust in His  
 know no heart - aches there; Sor-row ne'er shall come, 'tis a  
 heav'n we all shall sing; We are near - ing home soon to

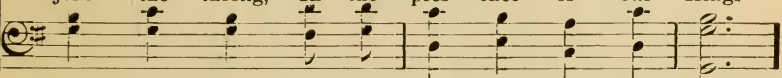


*D. S.—In that land of song, where the*

FINE.

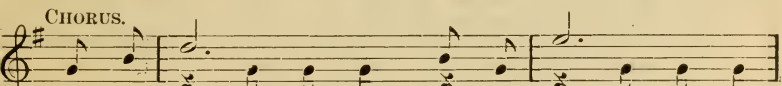


more to roam, They have joined that hap - py throng.  
 pre - cious blood, They for ev - er - more shall live.  
 home of love, Of that peace we all may share.  
 join the throng, In the pres - ence of our King.

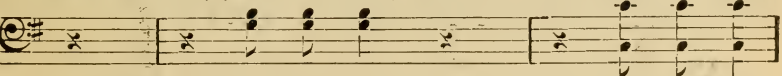


*loved have gone, There is love, rest, peace and joy.*

CHORUS.



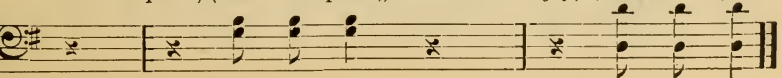
There is love, (there is love,) There is rest, (there is rest,)



*D. S.*




There is peace, (there is peace,) There is joy, (there is joy,)



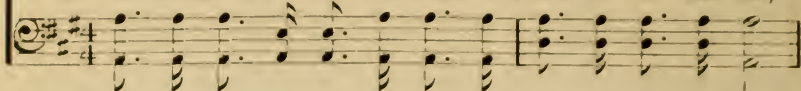
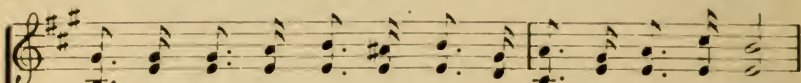
# No. 44. HE PURCHASED OUR SALVATION.

JENNIE CRANSTON.

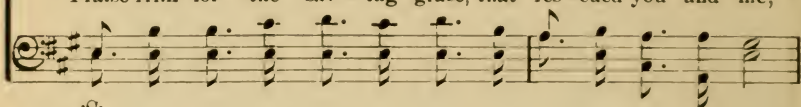
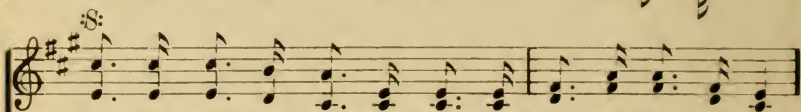
W. A. OGDEN.



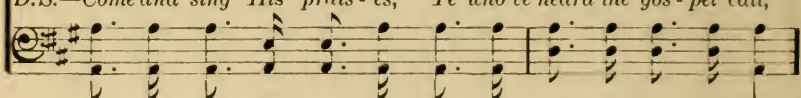
1. Come and stand for Je - sus now, and let your voic - es ring;  
 2. Let us give the life to Him He saved from er - ror's night,  
 3. We will praise Him for the love that flow'd so full and free,

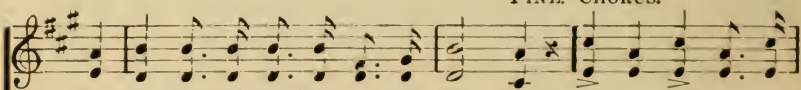
Mag - ni - fy His glo - rious name, His praise e - ter - nal sing;  
 Show our col - ors in the strife, and fight the God - ly fight;  
 Praise Him for the sav - ing grace, that res - cued you and me;

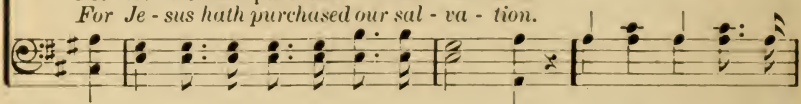

To the world your joy make known, and to His prom - ise cling;  
 Work for Je - sus here be - low, and work with all our might;  
 Wor - ship Him who suf - fer'd for us in Geth-sem - a - ne;  
*D.S.—Come and sing His prais - es, Ye who've heard the gos - pel call;*




FINE. CHORUS.



For Je - sus hath purchased our sal - va - tion.  
 For lo! He hath purchased our sal - va - tion. Praise Him, praise Him, He  
 For lo! He hath purchased our sal - va - tion.  
 For Je - sus hath purchased our sal - va - tion.

*D. S.*  
 paid the price for all! Praise Him, praise Him, He saved us from the fall!



# No. 45.

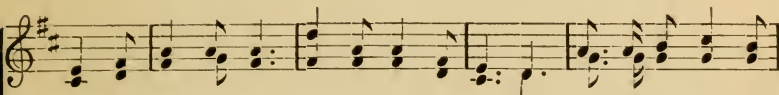
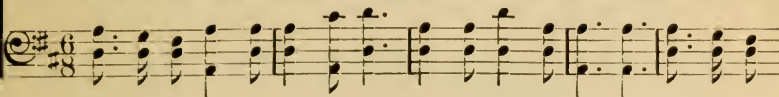
# NEARER THE CROSS.

F. J. CROSBY.

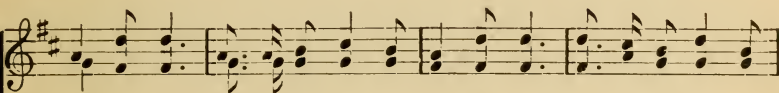
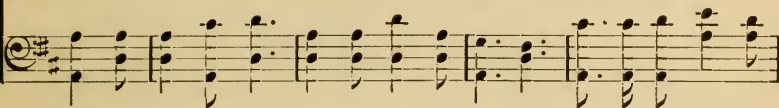
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



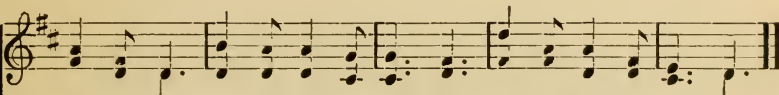
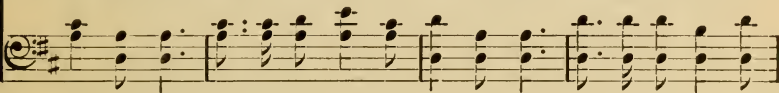
1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the



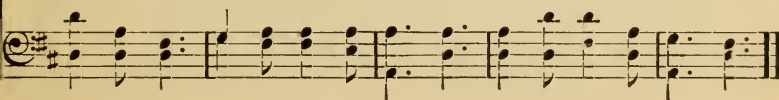
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more  
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's  
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I  
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

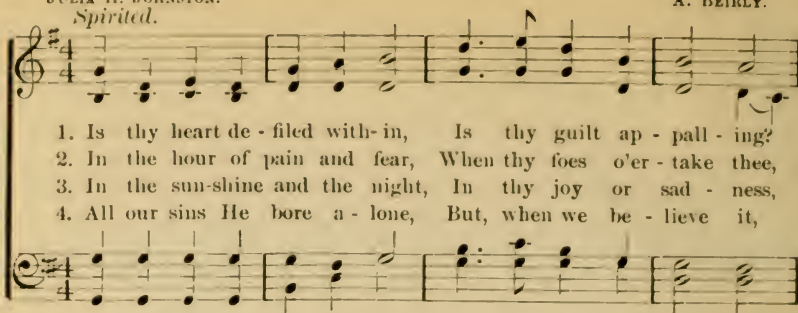


wound-ed side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.  
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.  
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

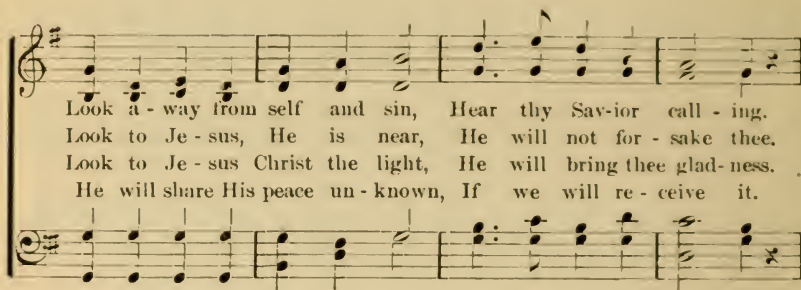


JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

A. BEIRLY.

*Spirited.*


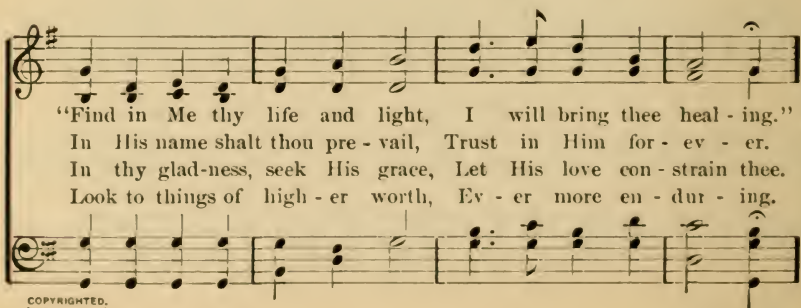
1. Is thy heart de - filed with-in, Is thy guilt ap - pall - ing?  
 2. In the hour of pain and fear, When thy foes o'er - take thee,  
 3. In the sun-shine and the night, In thy joy or sad - ness,  
 4. All our sins He bore a - lone, But, when we be - lieve it,



Look a - way from self and sin, Hear thy Sav-ior call - ing.  
 Look to Je - sus, He is near, He will not for - sake thee.  
 Look to Je - sus Christ the light, He will bring thee glad-ness.  
 He will share His peace un - known, If we will re - ceive it.



'Tis the voice of love and might, Ten - der - ly ap - peal - ing,  
 Earth - ly help - ers faint and fail, Je - sus fail - eth nev - er,  
 From thy bur - den turn thy face, He can well sus - tain thee,  
 Turn from joys of world - ly birth, Fit - ful - ly al - lur - ing,



"Find in Me thy life and light, I will bring thee heal - ing."  
 In His name shalt thou pre - vail, Trust in Him for - ev - er.  
 In thy glad-ness, seek His grace, Let His love con - strain thee.  
 Look to things of high - er worth, Ev - er more en - dur - ing.



# LOOK AWAY TO JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Look a-way from self and sin, Look a-way to Je-sus, Let Him reign supreme within, Look a-way to Je-sus.

*Rit.*

## No. 47. ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee;  
D.C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal-ing flood,

*FINE.* *D.C.*

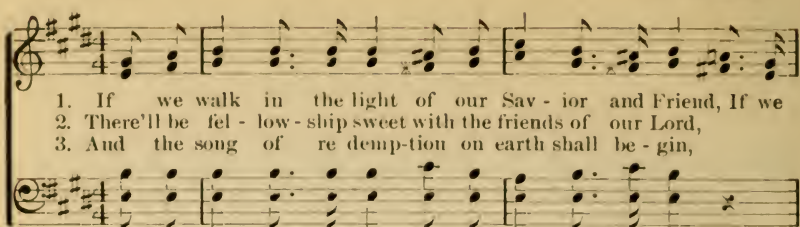
2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not a-tone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

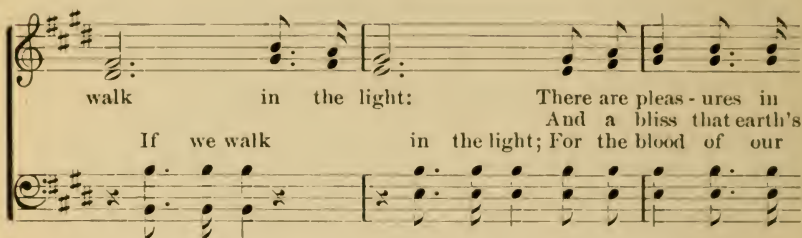
# No. 48. IF WE WALK IN THE LIGHT.

A. P. COBB.

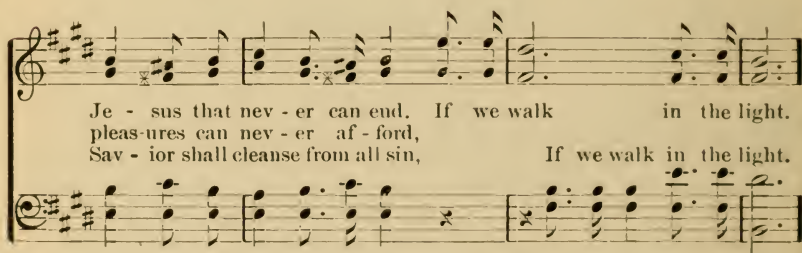
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. If we walk in the light of our Sav - ior and Friend, If we  
 2. There'll be fel - low - ship sweet with the friends of our Lord,  
 3. And the song of re demp - tion on earth shall be - gin,

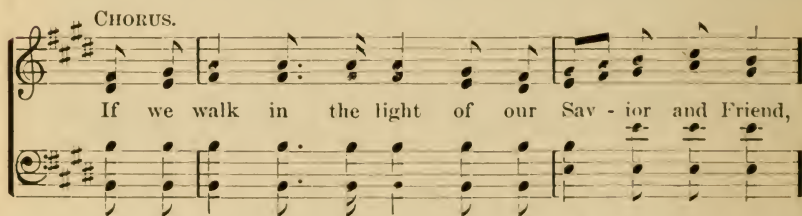


walk in the light: There are pleas - ures in  
 If we walk in the light; For the blood of our

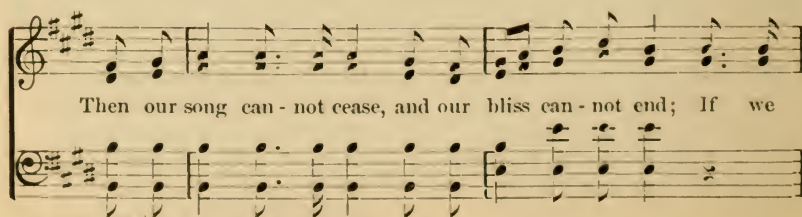


Je - sus that nev - er can end, If we walk in the light.  
 pleas - ures can nev - er af - ford,  
 Sav - ior shall cleanse from all sin, If we walk in the light.

CHORUS.



If we walk in the light of our Sav - ior and Friend,



Then our song can - not cease, and our bliss can - not end; If we

# IF WE WALK IN THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

walk in the light, If we walk in the light of God.  
If we walk in the light,

## No. 49. COME AND BLESS ME NOW.

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bless-ed Sav - ior, be Thou near me When the storms a-bove me roll;  
2. Bless-ed Sav - ior, be Thou near me, For I can - not walk a - lone,  
3. Bless-ed Sav - ior, do not leave me, All the world is dark and cold;

Let Thy pres - ence ev - er cheer me, Come and bless my wait - ing soul.  
To Thy - self, O Lord, en - dear me, Make and keep me all Thine own.  
Earth - ly tri - als sore - ly grieve me, Keep me in Thy ten - der fold.

### CHORUS.

Bless me now, bless me now, Sav - ior, come and bless me  
Bless, oh, bless me now, bless, oh, bless me now,

now, While my troubled soul is wait - ing, Savior, come and bless me now.

## No. 50.

## THE OPEN TOMB.

JOSHUA SMITH.

A. BEIRLY.

1. The deed was done, the debt was paid, Our Lord was cru - ci - fied;  
 2. The night winds sigh'd among the boughs, Above the lone ly way,

The earth in sol-emn awe was wrapt, The Prince of peace had died;  
 Of two as soft - ly they drew nigh The tomb where Je - sus lay;

A - bove Gol - goth - a's cru - el site The stars their vig - ils gave;  
 A - near, in heav'nly vest - ure clad, One spoke with an - gel voice;

Be - low the guards thro' sleepless night In vain watch'd o'er His grave.  
 "He is a - ris'n, He is not here;" Let all the earth re - joice.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Hark, hark! the seal is brok - en, Be - hold! the tomb is o - pen,



## THE OPEN TOMB.—Concluded.

The stone is rolled a - way, The stone is rolled a - way;

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'The Open Tomb'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## No. 51.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A foll'w-er of the Lamb,—  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease;  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Arlington'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## No. 52.

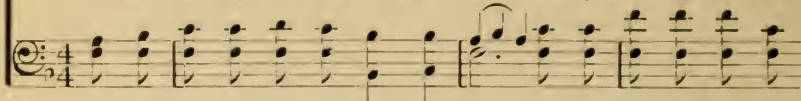
## THE GOLDEN SHORE.

ALICE L. CRISS.

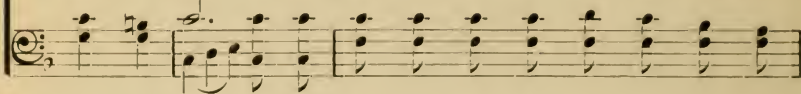
A. BEIRLY.



1. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Gen-tly drift-ing tow'rd the
2. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Gen-tly drift-ing far-ther
3. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Gen-tly near-ing now the



gold - en shore; But I do not heed the bil - lows, For the  
on each day; But I do not dread my voy - age, For my  
gold - en gate. I am near - er to the por - tal, Where de -



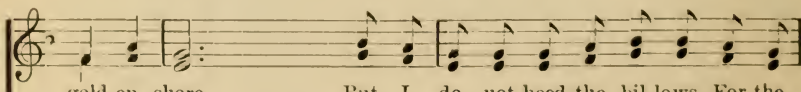
Sav - ior guides my oar, As I'm drift-ing tow'rd the gold-en shore.  
Sav - ior points the way, As I'm drift-ing far - ther on each day.  
part - ed loved ones wait, There to en - ter thro' the gold - en gate.



## CHORUS.



I am drift-ing, gen - tly drift-ing, I am drift-ing tow'rd the  
I am drift-ing, gen-tly drift-ing on,



gold-en shore, But I do not heed the bil-lows, For the  
gold-en shore;



# THE GOLDEN SHORE.—Concluded.

Sav - ior guides my oar, As I'm drift-ing tow'rd the gold - en shore.

## No. 53. FEED MY LAMBS.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

*Infant Class Song.*

A. BEIRLY.

1. Once the bless-ed, lov-ing Je-sus, Spoke with ten-der-ness and care:  
 2. Lead them to the liv-ing wa-ters, Where the fountains ev-er play,  
 3. Feed them till the day is o-ver, Till the night is on the plain,

Feed the lit-tle lambs a-round you, With a shepherd's watchful care.  
 And the food of life e-ter-nal Grows be-side them all the way.  
 Lead them gen-tly to the Sav-ior Shel-ter'd there from sin and pain.

### REFRAIN.

Feed my lambs, pre-cious lambs, You can find them ev-'ry where;

Feed my lambs, ten-der lambs, With a shep-herd's watch-ful care.

## No. 54.

## BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert  
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit-tle  
 3. Out in the des-ert, hear their cry, Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray,  
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold?  
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee:

## CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. }  
 Where they'll be shel-ter'd from the cold. } Bring them in,  
 "Go, find my lambs, wher-e'er they be." }

bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.



# No. 55.

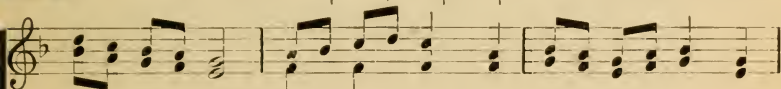
# GOD WILL AID.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

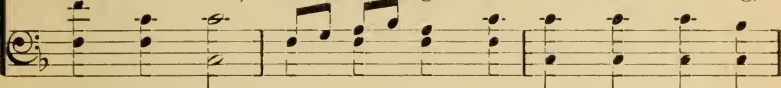
A. BEIRLY.



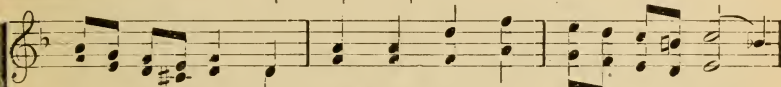
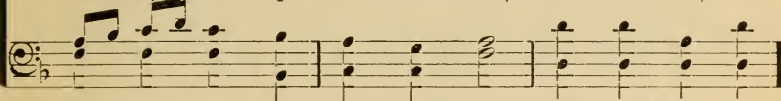
1. God will aid His chos - en peo - ple, Trust His grace so
2. Love and hope must be thy watch-word, Faith thy burn-ing
3. Can ye trust? the ten - der ra - diance Of His love shall



full and free; Know His heart is ev - er beat - ing,  
bea - cou be, Tho' the light may burn but dim - ly,  
nev - er dim; Tho' thro' night and dark - ness lead - ing,



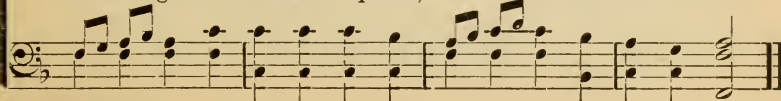
Throb-bing with true love free Thee. Tho' you'r wan - dring  
It will ne'er ex - tin - guished be; Should'st thou feel thy  
Let thy foot - steps fol - low Him; Thou art safe, tho'



in the des - ert, Pil-grim, thro' a wea - ry land,  
hope de - sert thee, Grasp His ev - er out-stretch'd hand;  
clouds and tem - pests Threat-en thee on ev - 'ry hand;

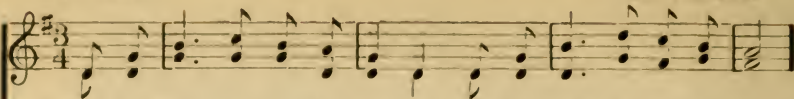


Trust His love to aid and help thee, God will aid His chos - en band.  
Trust His love to aid and help thee, He will save His chos - en band.  
Trust His grace to aid and help thee, He will aid His chos - en band.

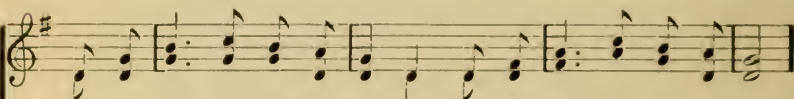
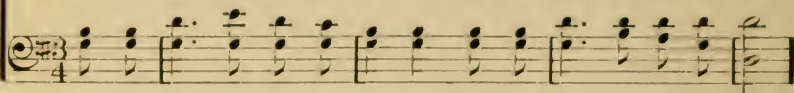


IDA L. REED.

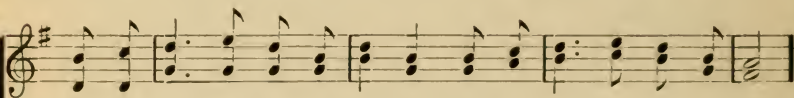
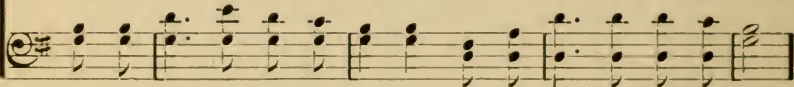
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



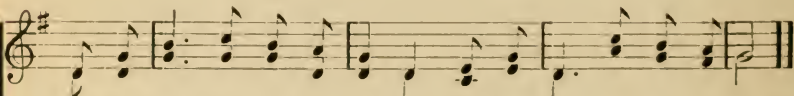
1. Has thy life a hid - den sor - row, Is thy soul be - neath a cloud?
2. Are there thorns thy path be - strew - ing, Stones to wound thy wea - ry feet,
3. Art thou sad and heav - y la - den, Light will fol - low af - ter this,



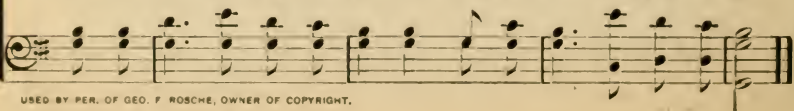
Waits for thee no glad to - mor - row, Shad - ows dark thy way enshroud;  
 Burn - ing tears thine eyes be - dew - ing, Bit - ter drops with ev - 'ry sweet.  
 And thy joy will e'er be deep - er, In the heav'n - ly realms of bliss.



Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav - ior, He will all thy griefs dis - pel,  
 Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav - ior, He doth all thy troub - les see,  
 Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav - ior, He thy spir - it will sus - tain;



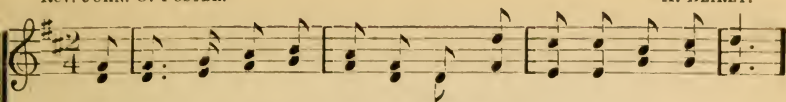
Fill thy heart with joy tri - umph - ant, For He do - eth all things well.  
 And His ten - der grace shall ev - er, For thy day suf - fi - cient be.  
 Trust Him tho' the shad - ows gath - er, It will soon be light a - gain.



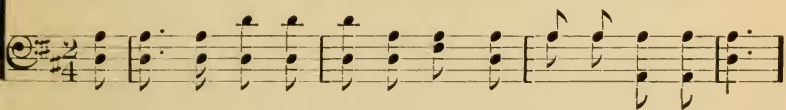
# No. 57. THE DAY OF THE LORD IS COMING.

REV. JOHN. O. FOSTER.

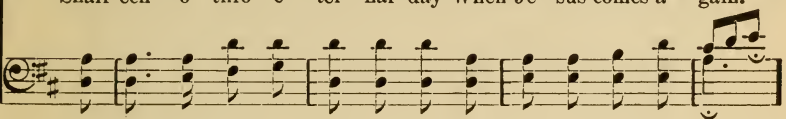
A. BEIRLY.



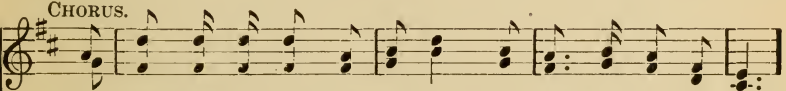
1. The day of Christ is com-ing on With sure and stead-y ray;
2. The day is com-ing when the world Shall be from bond-age free;
3. The day is com-ing when the shout Of vic - to - ry shall rise
4. The song the an - gel choir be - gan On bright Ju - de - a's plain,



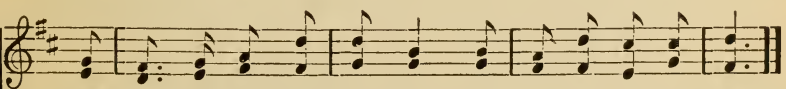
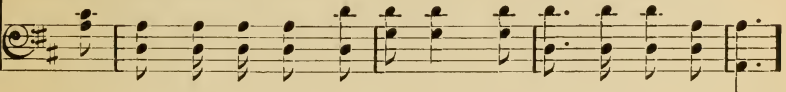
For bright-er glows the morn-ing light A - long the heav'nly way.  
When all the tribes of broth-er-hood Shall keep her ju - bi - lee.  
O'er all the hills and vales of earth, Tri-umph-ant to the skies.  
Shall ech - o thro' e - ter - nal day When Je - sus comes a - gain.



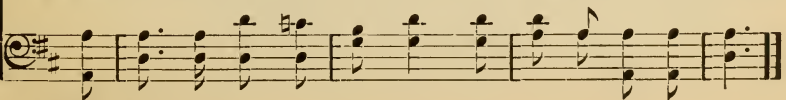
## CHORUS.



The day of the Lord is com-ing, Is sure - ly com-ing on,




When all the saints in glo - ry Shall praise Him on His throne.



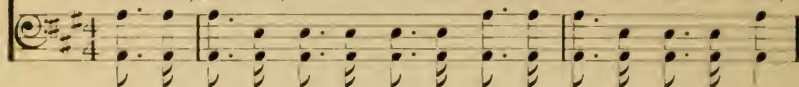

# No. 58. SOLDIERS OF THE LORD.

JOSHUA SMITH.

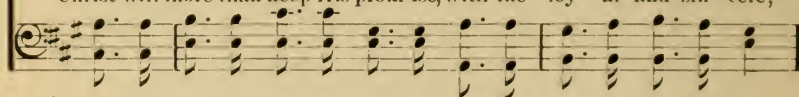
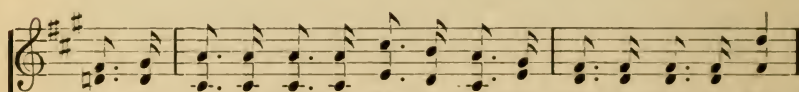
A. BEIRLY.



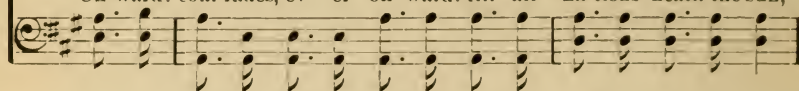
1. We are sol-diers true and val-iant in the ar-my of the Lord,  
 2. We are bold-ly march-ing on-ward, with the Right we're keeping pace,  
 3. For-ward, sol-diers, ev-er for-ward! let there be no room for fear,

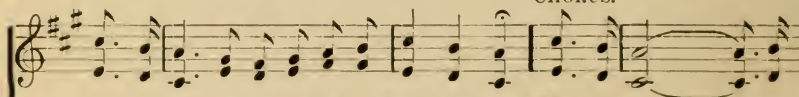
We shall con-quer in the bat-tle, by the pow-er of His word,  
 And we'll help to make for Je-sus, in this world of sin a place,  
 Christ will more than keep His prom-ise, with the loy-al and sin-cere;

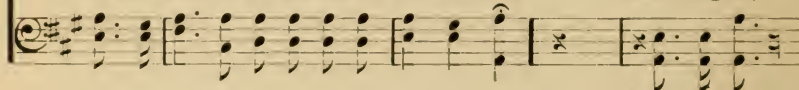
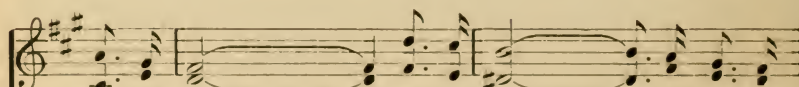
If we nev-er faint nor fal-ter, we shall sure-ly nev-er fail,  
 For the cross shall be our standard, and we'll nev-er turn a-side,  
 On-ward! com-rades, ev-er on-ward! till all na-tions 'neath the sun,




## CHORUS.



For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail. Marching on,..... yes,  
 But to Christ our Captain ev-er true a-bide.  
 To the cause of Je-sus are for-ev-er won. Marching on,

march-ing on,..... Sol-diers true..... we're marching  
 yes, marching on, Sol-diers true





## SOLDIERS OF THE LORD.—Concluded.

on,..... If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall  
we're marching on,

sure - ly nev - er fail, For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail.

## No. 59. REMEMBER ME.

Anon.

Male Voices.

JOANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt - ers' voic - es call - ing,  
When from its dan - gers shrink - ing, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,  
All through the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!

# No. 60. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saint have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voic - es In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.  
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - - diers, March - ing as to

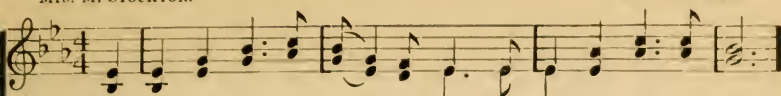
war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
 With the cross of Je - sus

# No. 61.

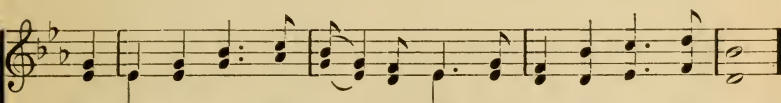
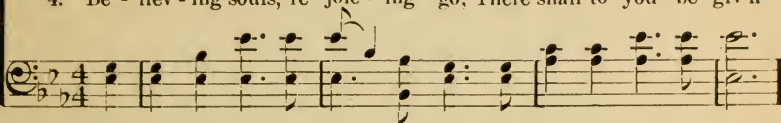
# WONDROUS LOVE.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

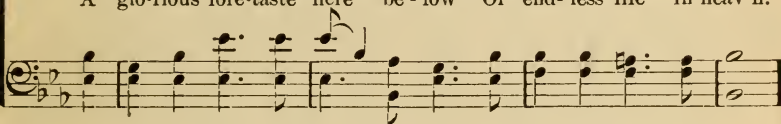
Wm. G. FISCHER.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners, lost And ru - in'd by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n



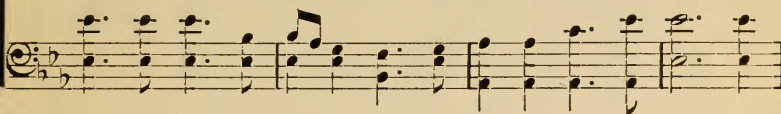
Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.  
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.  
 A glo - rious fore - taste here be - low Of end - less life in heav'n.



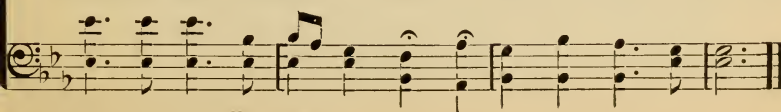
## REFRAIN.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love—The love of God to me; It



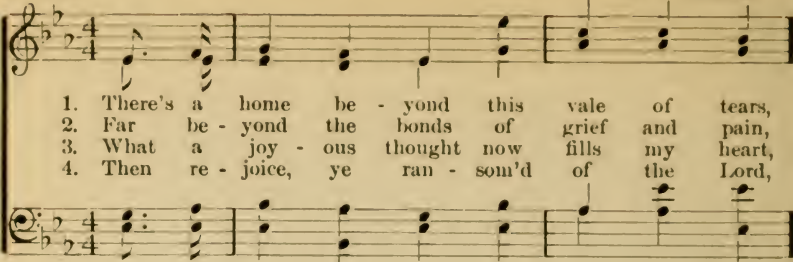
brought my Sav - ior from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry.



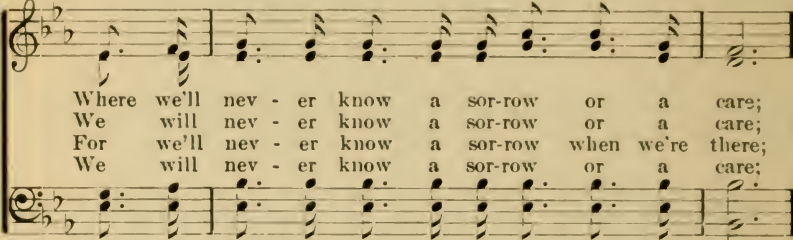
# No. 62. THE HOME WITHOUT A SORROW.

P. P. B.

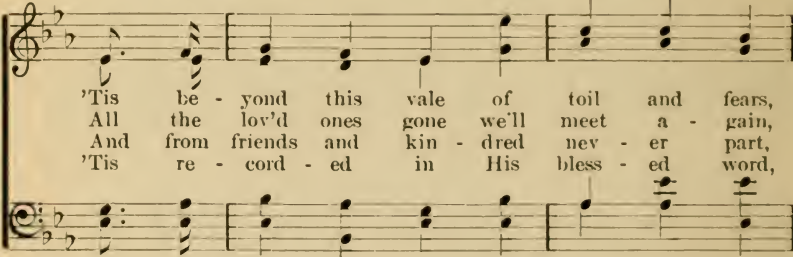
P. P. BILHORN.



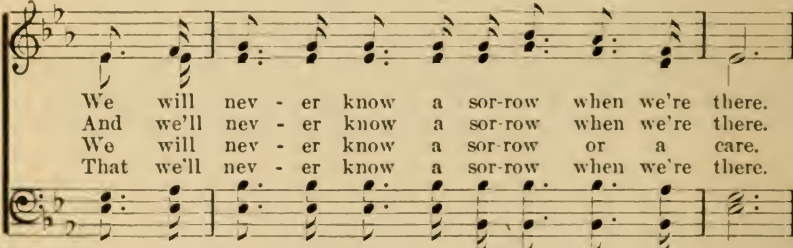
1. There's a home be - yond this vale of tears,  
 2. Far be - yond the bonds of grief and pain,  
 3. What a joy - ous thought now fills my heart,  
 4. Then re - joice, ye ran - som'd of the Lord,



Where we'll nev - er know a sor-row or a care;  
 We will nev - er know a sor-row or a care;  
 For we'll nev - er know a sor-row when we're there;  
 We will nev - er know a sor-row or a care;

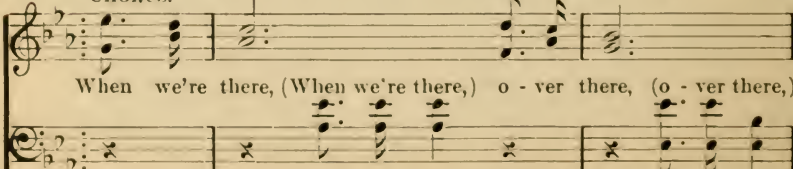


'Tis be - yond this vale of toil and fears,  
 All the lov'd ones gone we'll meet a - gain,  
 And from friends and kin - dred nev - er part,  
 'Tis re - cord - ed in His bless - ed word,



We will nev - er know a sor-row when we're there.  
 And we'll nev - er know a sor-row when we're there.  
 We will nev - er know a sor-row or a care.  
 That we'll nev - er know a sor-row when we're there.

## CHORUS.



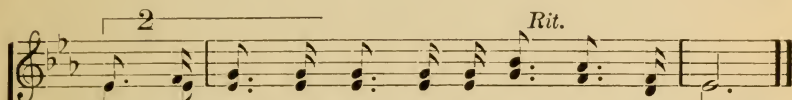
When we're there, (When we're there,) o - ver there, (o - ver there,)



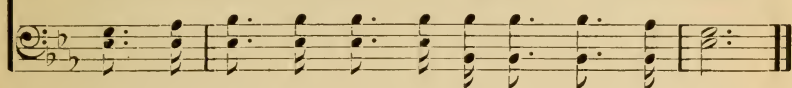
# HOME WITHOUT A SORROW.—Concluded.



We will nev - er know a sor - row or a care, (o - ver there,)



We will nev - er know a sor-row o - ver there.

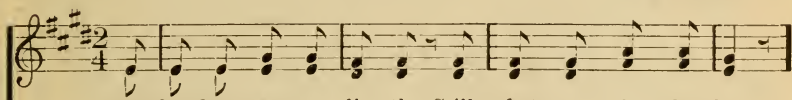


## No. 63.

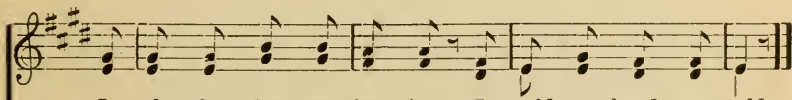
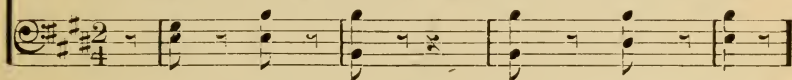
## CHILD'S OFFERING.

*Duet for Children.*

E. M. HERNDON.



1. These hands are ver - y lit - tle, Still, what - so - e'er they hold
2. My feet are ver - y lit - tle, They can - not trav - el far;
3. My speech is ver - y lit - tle, My words are few and poor;
4. My home is ver - y lit - tle, Its rooms how mean they be!
5. O Sav - ior Thou art speaking—What dost Thou say to me?



I of - fer Thee, dear Sav - ior, I would my hands were gold.  
 But they can fol - low meek - ly Ju - de - a's guid - ing star.  
 But I can sing of Cal - v'ry, That bless - ed song of yore.  
 I would I had a pal - ace, Some man - sion all for Thee.  
 Thou dwell - est with the low - ly! My heart Thy home shall be.



ADA BLENKHORN.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, He is call-ing thee to - day,  
 2. Now a - rise and say: "My Fa-ther, I have sinn'd and griev'd Thee sore,  
 3. Ere thou reachest home He'll see thee and will hast-en thee to greet,  
 4. He will spread for thee a ban-quet, all the sav'd will join the throng,

Why from Him in cold and hun - ger wilt thou roam? He so  
 I have spurned Thy lov - ing fa - vor ma - ny years; Oh, have  
 With His arms out-stretch'd to clasp thee to His breast; He will  
 He will clothe thee in a robe of right-eous - ness; All the

pa - tient - ly en - treat - eth thee no long - er to de - lay,  
 mer - cy, I be - seech Thee, Thy for - give-ness I im - plore;  
 glad - ly give thee wel - come and with ten - der - ness will meet;  
 saints and an - gels gath - er'd round the throne will sing the song

For there's food and shel - ter wait - ing thee at home.  
 With a par - don ban - ish all my doubts and fears."  
 Thou at home wilt be thy Fa - ther's fa - vor'd guest.  
 Of re - demp - tion — and the Fa - ther's name will bless.

# HE CALLETH FOR THEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is call - - ing, He is call - - ing,  
He is call-ing thee, my broth - er, He is call - ing thee to - day,

He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, to come home, (to come home,)

He is call - - ing, He is call - - ing,  
He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, He is call-ing thee to - day,

He is call - ing thee, my broth-er, to come home. (to come home.)

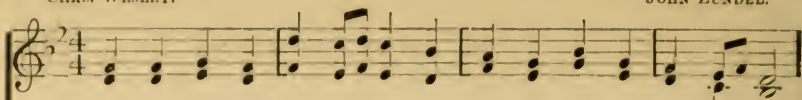
No. 65.

## GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, World without end. Amen.

CHAR. WESLEY.

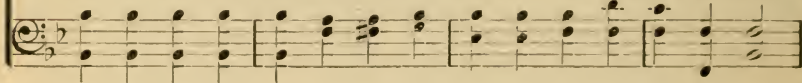
JOHN ZUNDEL.



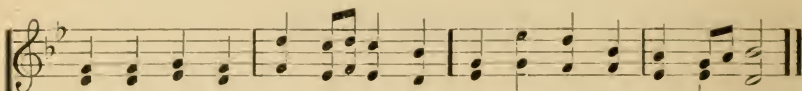
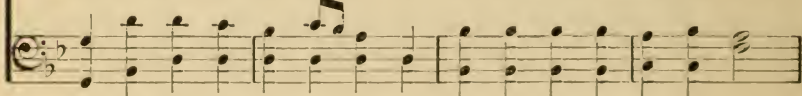
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



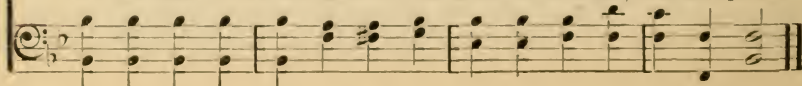
Fix us in Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in-her - it, Let us find that see - ond rest.  
 Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er-more Thy tem-ples leave;  
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;  
 Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Chang'd from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee: Lost in won - der, love and praise.

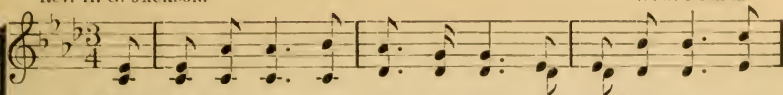




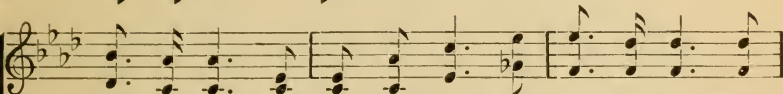
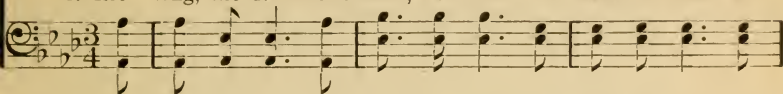
# No. 67. WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



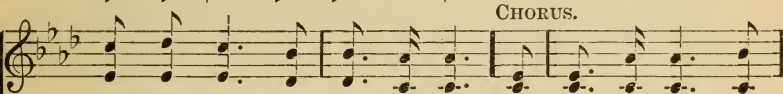
1. From E-gypt's cru - el bond-age fled, O - be-dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the Riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ransom'd host at



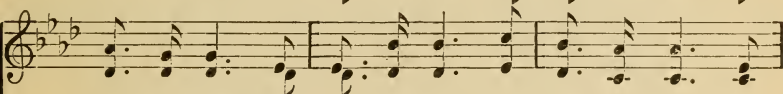
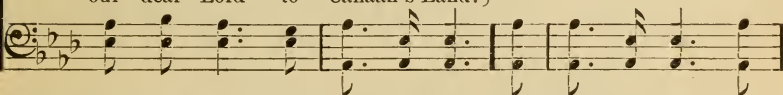
Lord's command, And by His word and spir - it led, We're  
steps a - right, Be - hold to prove His pres-ence here, The  
need sup-plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With  
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose  
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet, From



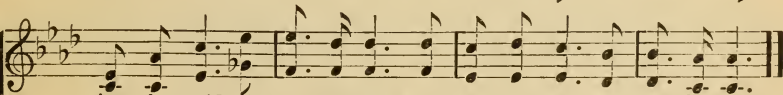
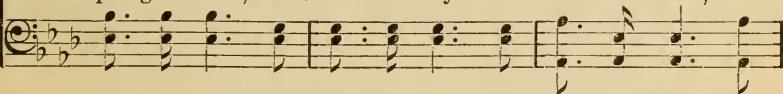
## CHORUS.



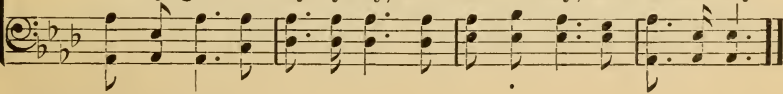
on the way to Canaan's Land!  
cloud by day, the fire by night!  
dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a  
pres-ence cheers us on the way.  
our dear Lord to Canaan's Land!



pil - grim band; We're on the way to Ca-naan's Land; Di -



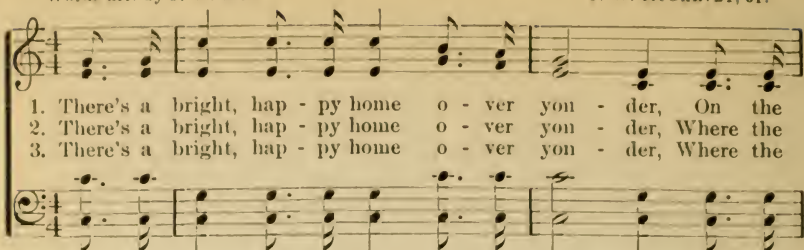
vine - ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.



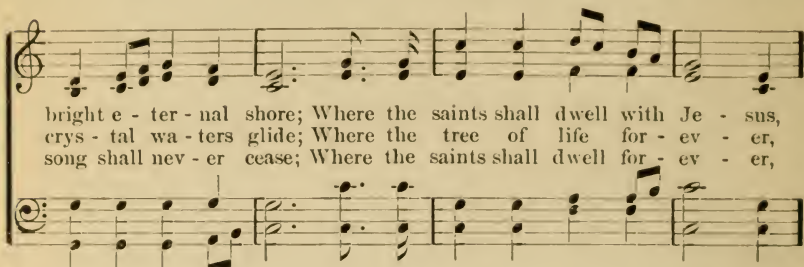
# No. 68. THE BRIGHT, HAPPY HOME.

Words arr. by J. W. McG.

J. W. MCGARVEY, JR.

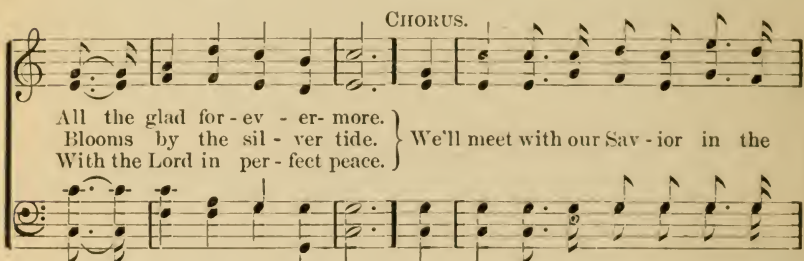


1. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, On the  
 2. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the  
 3. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the

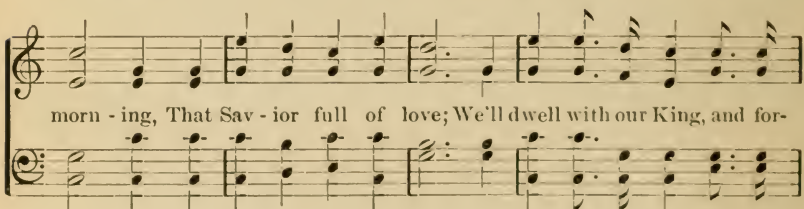


bright e - ter - nal shore; Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus,  
 crys - tal wa - ters glide; Where the tree of life for - ev - er,  
 song shall nev - er cease; Where the saints shall dwell for - ev - er,

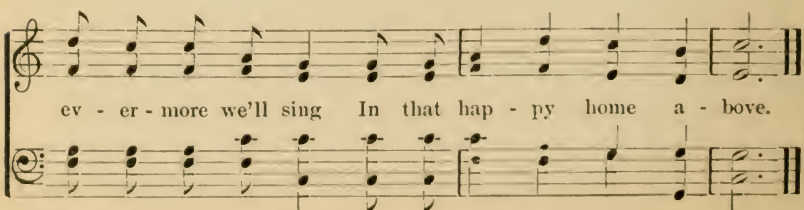
CHORUS.



All the glad for - ev - er - more.  
 Blooms by the sil - ver tide. } We'll meet with our Sav - ior in the  
 With the Lord in per - fect peace. }



morn - ing, That Sav - ior full of love; We'll dwell with our King, and for -



ev - er - more we'll sing In that hap - py home a - bove.

# No. 69.

# 'Twas LOVE DIVINE.

C. H. G.

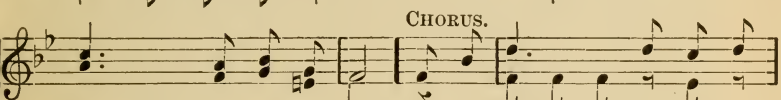
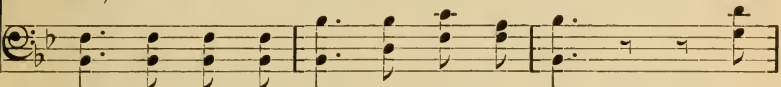
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. 'Twas love di-vine that paid the price Of my sal-va - tion full and
2. 'Twas love di-vine so free-ly giv'n That touch'd my heart of un - be-
3. 'Twas love di-vine prepar'd for me With-in my Fa - ther's house a-  
Of my sal-va-tion full and

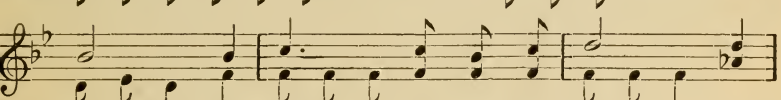
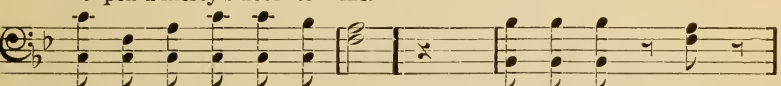


free; And love di - vine, God's sac - ri - fice, Has o - pen'd  
 lief; That point - ed to the joys of heav'n, And gave me  
 love, A man - sion where my soul shall see The full fru -  
 free; Has

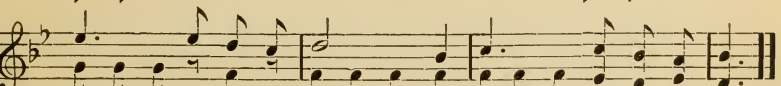
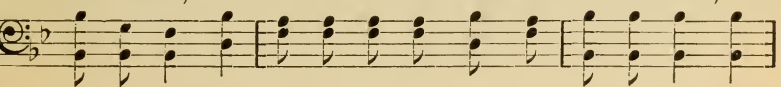


## CHORUS.

mer - - cy's door to me. Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love di -  
 pleas - - ure for my grief.  
 i - - - tion of His love. Oh, 'tis love, 'tis  
 o - pen'd mercy's door to me.



vine, That makes the sin - ner whole, And  
 love di-vine, 'Tis love di-vine that makes the sin - ner whole, And



love di-vine a - lone, Can reach and save the soul.  
 love di-vine, yea, love di-vine, 'Tis love divine that saves the soul.



# No. 70.

# OPENING HYMN.

J. H. K.

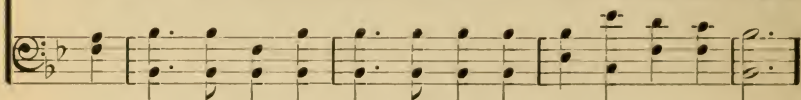
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. A - gain we meet with one ac - cord, In God's ap-point-ed way,
2. Well may our voice with mel - o - dy And heart-felt trib-ute blend,
3. With grate-ful hearts we laud Thy grace; O Fa - ther lend Thine ear!
4. Oh, may these earth-ly courts be - low E'er be our souls' de - light,



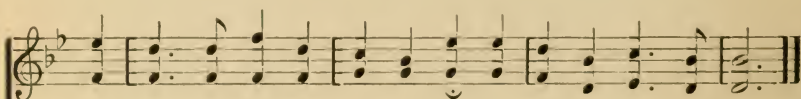
To learn of Je - sus in His word, And wor-ship Him to - day.  
For good - ness shall our por - tion be, And mer - cy, to the end.  
Ac - cept our hum-ble notes of praise, And our pe - ti - tions hear.  
Un - til we leave this world to go To man-sions fair and bright.



## CHORUS.



With saints and an - gels 'round the throne, Who wor-ship Him a - bove,



We join our voic - es all in one, And praise Him for His love.





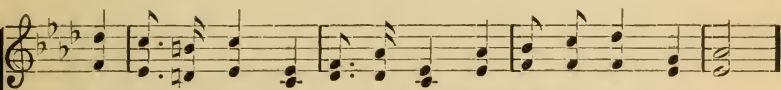
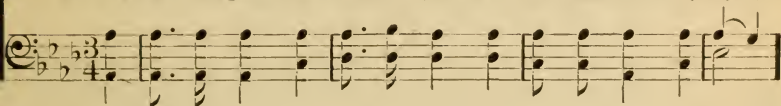
# No. 71. THE GATES OF PARADISE.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

A. BEIRLY.



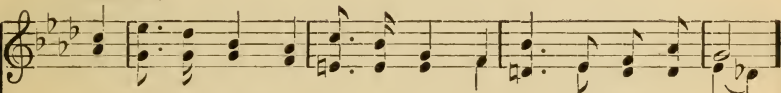
1. How oft I look with long-ing eyes To realms that lie a - far,
2. They stand a - jar for me, I know, To cheer me with their light,
3. And as I thro' these por-tals gaze, I see my friends once more,
4. With-in those gates that stand a - jar No tears shall dim my eyes,



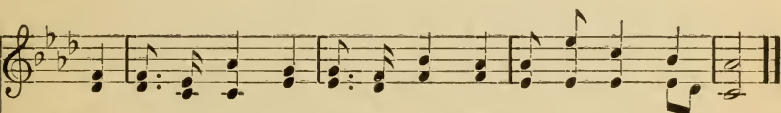
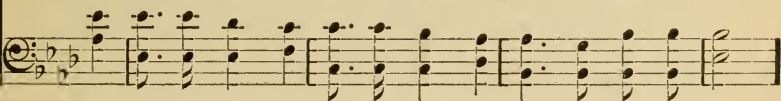
And see the walls of Par - a - dise, With all their gates a - jar.  
As on-ward thro' this world I go, A - mid the shades of night.  
Who walk'd with me in oth - er days Up - on life's rug - ged shore.  
But joy e - ter - nal dwelleth there,—O gates of Par - a - dise!



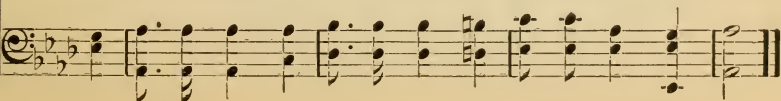
## REFRAIN.



O bless-ed gates! O pearl-y gates Be-yond the star-ry skies!



With joy my ran-som'd spir-it waits To en - ter Par - a - dise!



## No. 72.

## TELL IT OUT!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King;  
 2. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns;  
 3. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove;

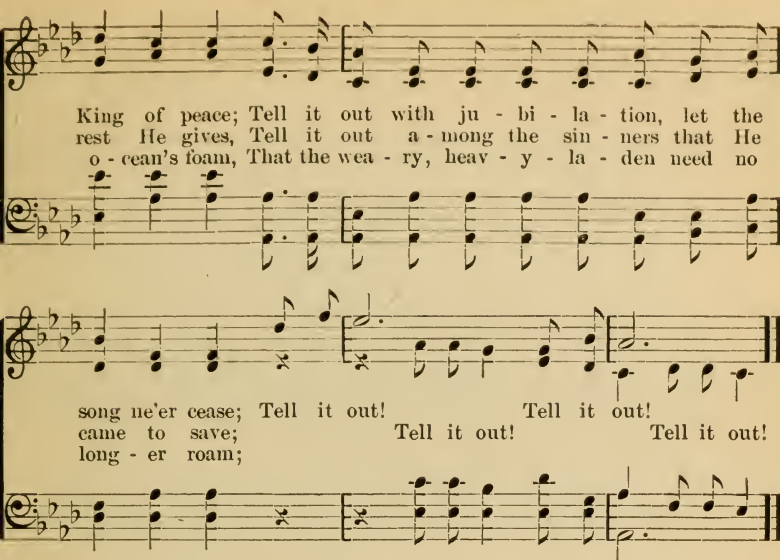
Tell it out! (tell it out!) Tell it out! (tell it out!) Tell it

out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out!  
 out a-mong the heathen, bid them break their chains;  
 out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love; Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He  
 Tell it out a - mong the weep - ing ones that  
 Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the high - ways and the

shall in - crease, That the might - y King of glo - ry is the  
 Je - sus lives, Tell it out a - mong the wea - ry ones what  
 lanes at home, Let it ring a - cross the mount - ains and the

## TELL IT OUT!—Concluded.



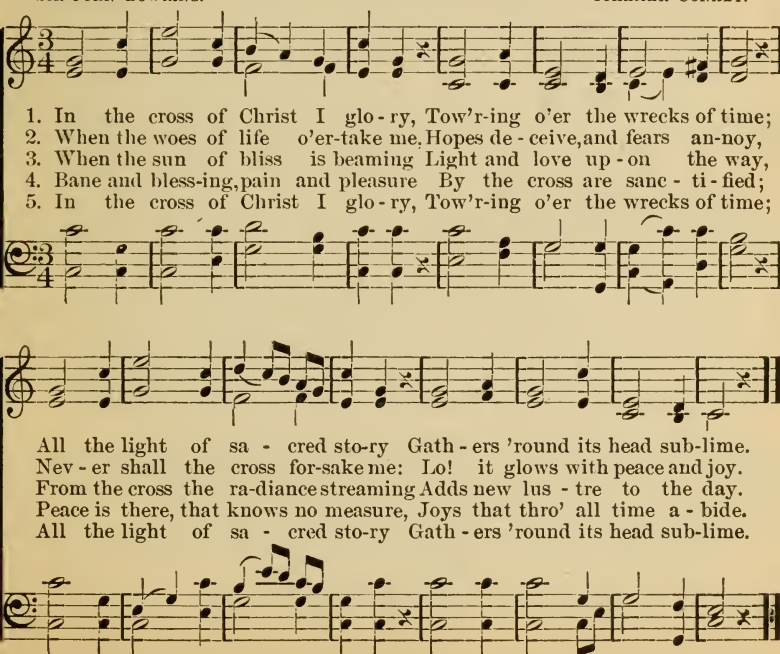
King of peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the  
rest He gives, Tell it out a - mong the sin - ners that He  
o - cean's foam, That the wea - ry, heav - y - la - den need no

song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!  
came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!  
long - er roam;

## No. 73. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on the way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.  
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
From the cross the ra - dian - ce stream - ing Adds new lus - tre to the day.  
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.  
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.

## No. 74.

## LAMB OF GOD, I COME.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, (with-out one plea,) But that Thy  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout, (tho' toss'd a-bout,) With many a  
 5. Just as I am, with-out one plea, (with-out one plea,) But that Thy

blood was shed for me, (shed for me,) And that Thou bid'st me come to  
 con - flict, many a doubt, (many a doubt,) Fightings with-in, and fears with-  
 blood was shed for me, (shed for me,) And that Thou bid'st me come to

FINE.

Thee, (come to Thee,) O Lamb of God, ..... I come...  
 out, (fears without,) O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 Thee, (come to Thee,)

2. Just as I am, (Just as I am,) and wait-ing not, (and wait-ing not,)  
 4. Just as I am, (Just as I am,) Thy love unknown, (Thy love unknown,)

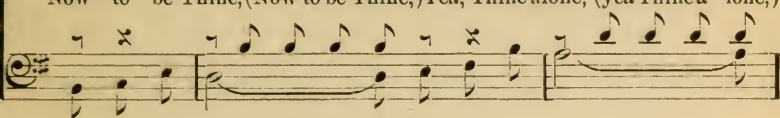
To rid my soul (To rid my soul) of one dark blot, (of one dark blot,)  
 Hath bro - ken now (Hath broken now) each barrier down: (each barrier down;)



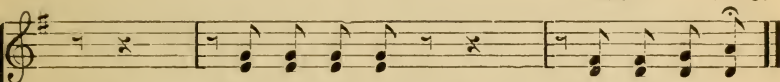
# LAMB OF GOD, I COME.—Concluded.



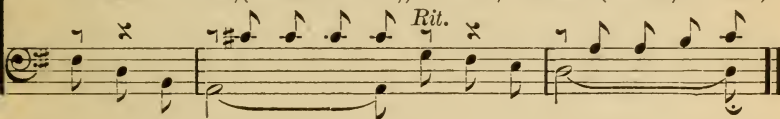
To Thee whose blood (To Thee whose blood) can cleanse each spot, (can cleanse each spot,) Now to be Thine, (Now to be Thine,) Yea, Thine alone, (yea Thine a - lone,)



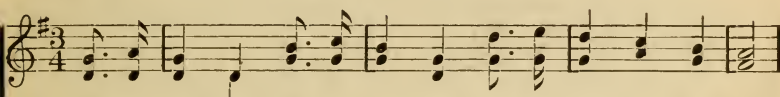
*Rit.* - - *D. C.*



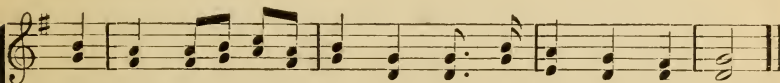
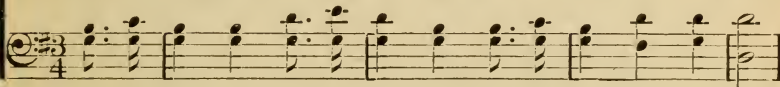
O Lamb of God, (O Lamb of God,) I come, I come. (I come, I come.)  
O Lamb of God, (O Lamb of God,) I come, I come. (I come, I come.)



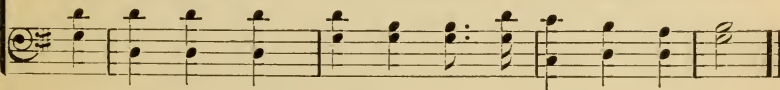
## No. 75. COME TO JESUS.



1. Come to Je - sus Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,



Just now come to Je - sus. Come to Je - sus just now.

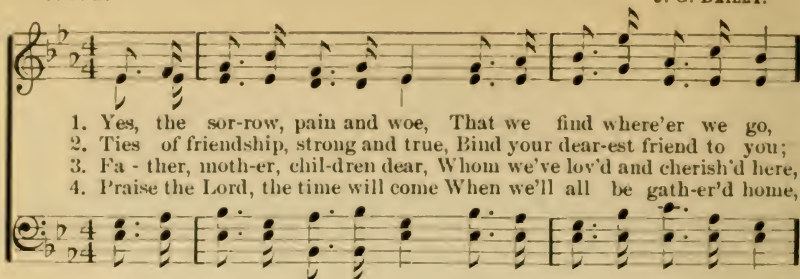


- |                       |                        |                       |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2. He will save you.  | 7. Call upon Him.      | 12. Only trust Him.   |
| 3. Oh, believe Him.   | 8. He will hear you.   | 13. Jesus loves you.  |
| 4. He is able.        | 9. Look unto Him.      | 14. Don't reject Him. |
| 5. He is willing.     | 10. He'll forgive you. | 15. I believe Him.    |
| 6. He'll receive you. | 11. Flee to Jesus.     | 16. Hallelujah, Amen. |

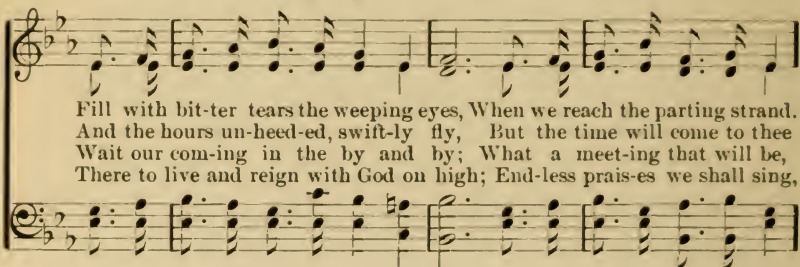
# No.76. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

J. G. D.

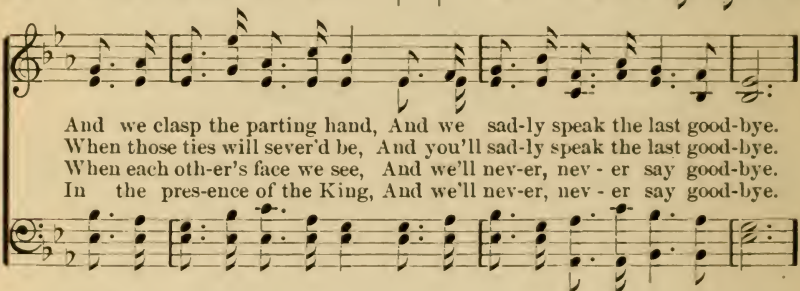
J. G. DAILEY.



1. Yes, the sor-row, pain and woe, That we find where'er we go,  
2. Ties of friendship, strong and true, Bind your dear-est friend to you;  
3. Fa - ther, moth-er, chil-dren dear, Whom we've lov'd and cherish'd here,  
4. Praise the Lord, the time will come When we'll all be gath-er'd home,

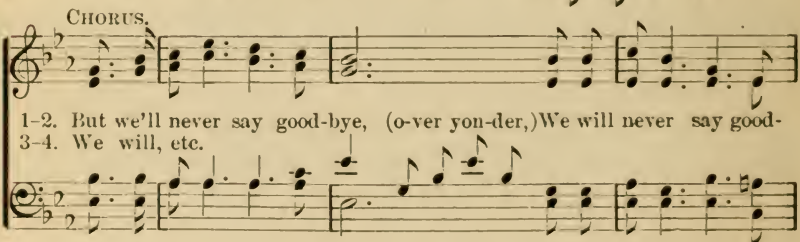


Fill with bit-ter tears the weeping eyes, When we reach the parting strand.  
And the hours un-heed-ed, swift-ly fly, But the time will come to thee  
Wait our com-ing in the by and by; What a meet-ing that will be,  
There to live and reign with God on high; End-less prais-es we shall sing,

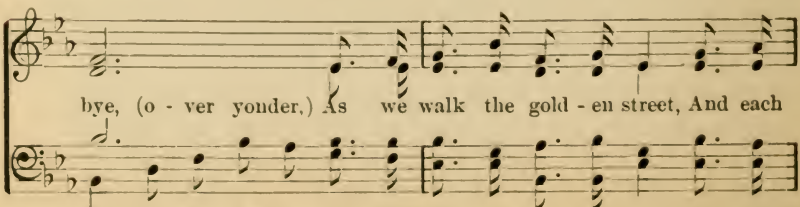


And we clasp the parting hand, And we sad-ly speak the last good-bye.  
When those ties will sever'd be, And you'll sad-ly speak the last good-bye.  
When each oth-er's face we see, And we'll nev-er, nev - er say good-bye.  
In the pres-ence of the King, And we'll nev-er, nev - er say good-bye.

CHORUS.



1-2. But we'll never say good-bye, (o-ver youn-der,) We will never say good-  
3-4. We will, etc.



bye, (o - ver youn-der,) As we walk the gold - en street, And each

# WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.—Concluded.



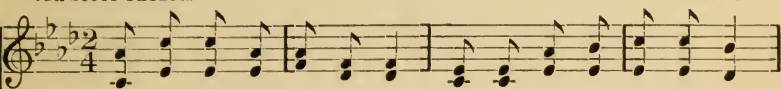
oth-er glad-ly greet, We will nev-er, nev-er say good-bye.



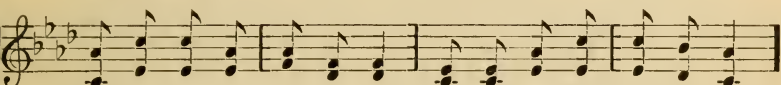
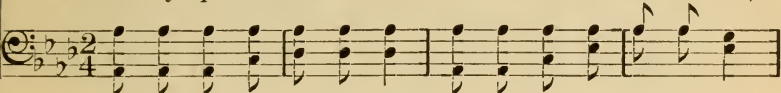
## No. 77. PERFECT IN HIS LOVE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

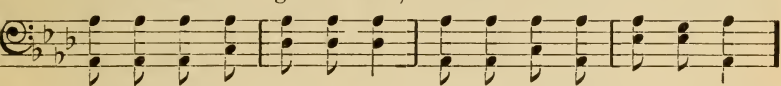
A. BEIRLY.



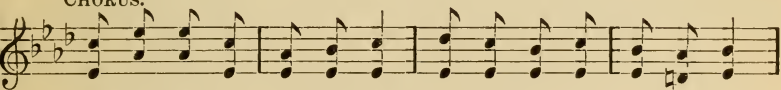
1. Once I walked in gloomy night, Je-sus led me to the light;
2. Once mine ears were slow to hear, And I knew not Christ was near—
3. Once I wander'd far a-way, Would not hearken and o-bey;
4. Once my spir-it seem'd un-blest In its sor-row and un-rest,



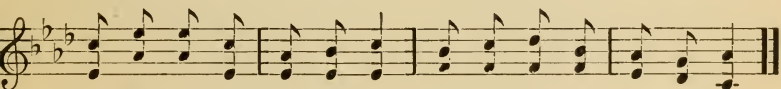
Blind was I, but now I see—Mind-ful of His love to me.  
Deaf was I, but now His voice Makes my trembling soul re-joice.  
Je-sus sav'd my dy-ing soul, Love and par-don made me whole.  
Now I soar to heights a-bove,—Per-fect in His wondrous love.



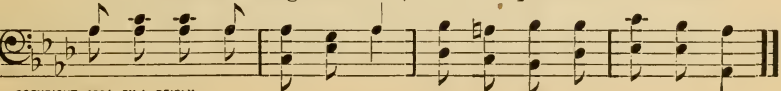
CHORUS.



Boundless mer-cy full and free! Christ is all in all to me;



Praise the Lord who reigns a-bove, I am per-fect in His love!





## No. 78.

## SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A-long the fer-tile field,  
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;  
 3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield.  
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.  
 With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-ner'd there.

## CHORUS.

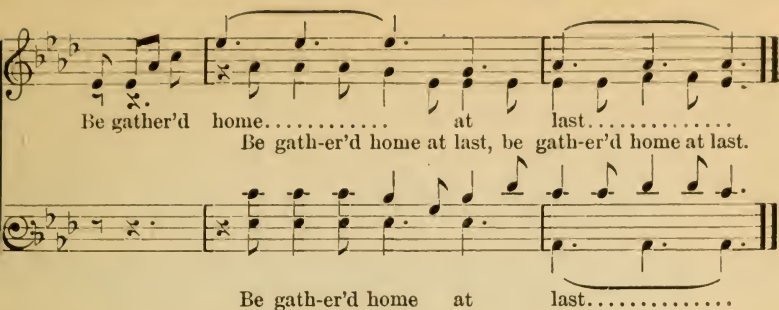
Then day by day..... a-long your way,.....  
 Then day by day a-long your way,

The seeds of prom-ise cast,.....  
 The seeds of prom-ise cast, the seeds of prom-ise cast,

That rip-en'd grain..... from hill and plain,.....  
 That rip-en'd grain from hill and plain,



# SEEDS OF PROMISE.—Concluded.



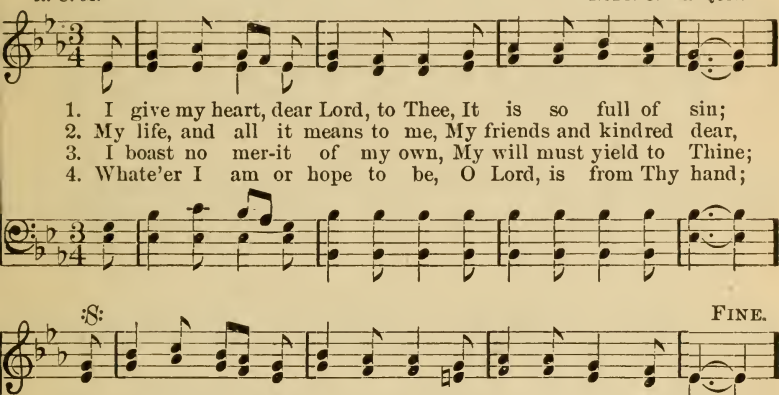
Be gather'd home..... at last.....  
 Be gath-er'd home at last, be gath-er'd home at last.

Be gath-er'd home at last.....

## No. 79. I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

R. C. M.

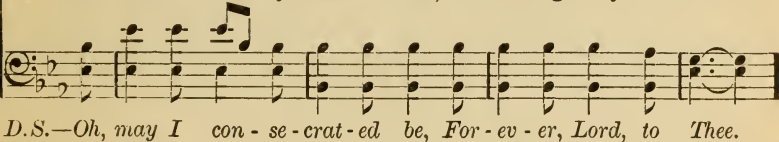
ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



1. I give my heart, dear Lord, to Thee, It is so full of sin;  
 2. My life, and all it means to me, My friends and kindred dear,  
 3. I boast no mer-it of my own, My will must yield to Thine;  
 4. Whate'er I am or hope to be, O Lord, is from Thy hand;

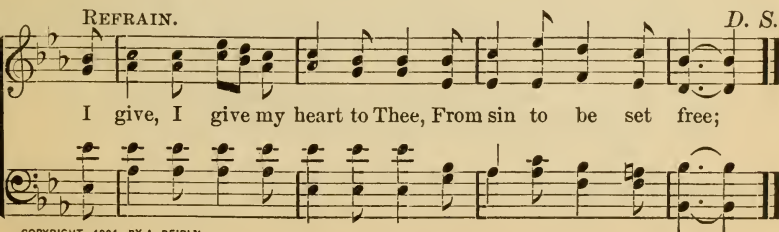
*FINE.*

I know Thou'lt cleanse and make it free; Come now, and dwell within.  
 I give them, Sav-ior, all to Thee, A-bide Thou ev - er near.  
 Oh, Thou so much for me hast done, What service shall be mine?  
 For now I whol-ly trust in Thee, A- wait-ing Thy com - mand.



*D.S.—Oh, may I con - se - crat - ed be, For - ev - er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN.



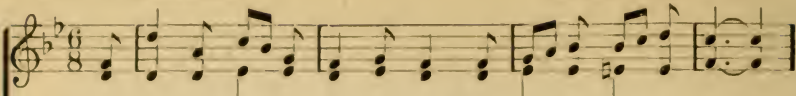
I give, I give my heart to Thee, From sin to be set free;

*D. S.*

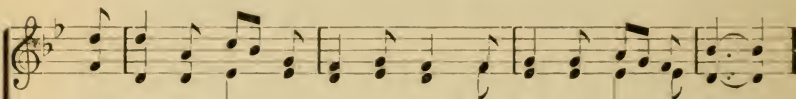
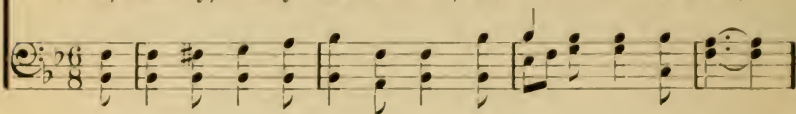
# No. 80. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

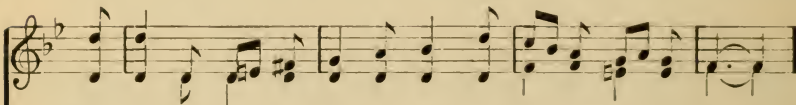
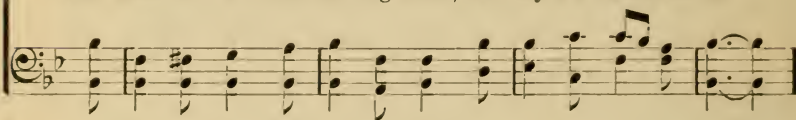
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



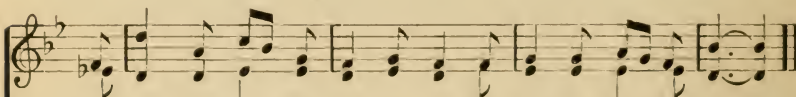
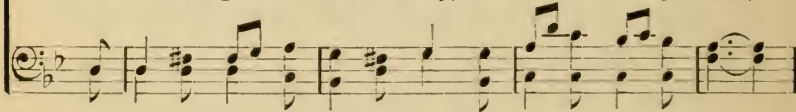
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He lov'd, And we must love Him too,



Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.  
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.  
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.



We may not know, we can-not tell, What pain He had to bear;  
There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;  
For there's a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,



But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.  
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.  
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.



## No. 81.

## NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Anon.

A. BEIRLY.

1. No night shall be in heav-en, no gath'ring gloom Shall  
 2. No night shall be in heav-en, no dread - ful hour Of  
 3. No night shall be in heav-en, but end - less noon; No

o'er that glo-rious land-scape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in  
 men-tal dark-ness of the tempter's pow'r; A-cross those skies no  
 fast de-clin-ing sun, no wan-ing moon; But there the Lamb shall

sad - ness o'er those flow'rs That breathe their fra - grance  
 en - vious clouds shall roll, To dim the sun - light  
 ev - er shed His light 'Mid past - ures green and

## REFRAIN.

thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs. No night, no night shall  
 of the rap-tur'd soul.  
 wa - ters ev - er bright. No night, no night

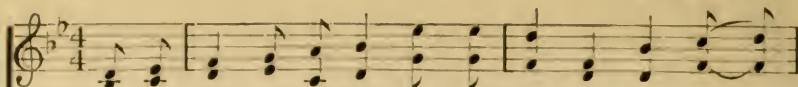
*May repeat pp.*

be in heav'n; No night, no night shall be in heav'n,  
 No night, no night

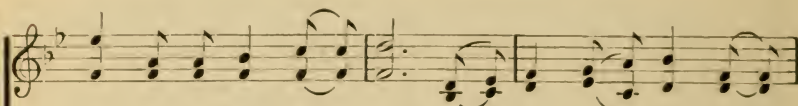
# No. 82. I'M LOOKING FOR HOME.

ANON.

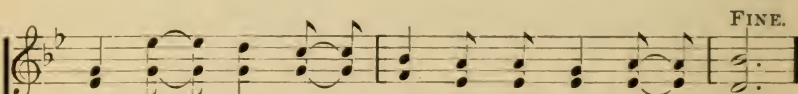
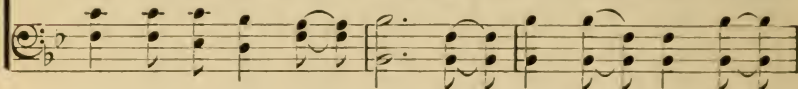
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. I am look - ing be - yond this a - bode of strife, With its
  2. I am look - ing a - way to the man - sions fair, Pre -
  3. I am look - ing a - way, for the day - star brings Its
- CHO.—I am look - ing for home, for my home, sweet home; I am



bur - den of tears and sighs, To the ra - dant realms of e -  
par'd for the bride of the Lamb; For those who the cross now  
prom - ise of glo - ry rare;—Till the rose - tipp'd fin - ger of  
long - ing its joys to share; With my Sav - ior and glo - ri - fied



ter - nal life, Where the sum - mits of glo - ry rise.  
faith - ful - ly bear, Shall soon share the crown and the palm.  
morn - ing flings Her ban - ner up - on the air.  
saints I'll roam; Oh, how sweet it will be to be there.



DUET.

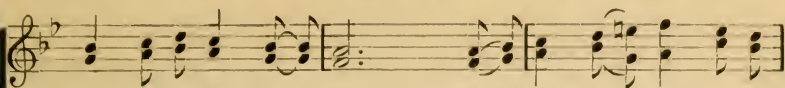


Where the fields of Par - a - dise o - pen to view, As hu -  
Oh! tho rap - tu - rous bliss of Bride - groom and bride, When the  
I heed not the scourge of the tem - pest's breath, I



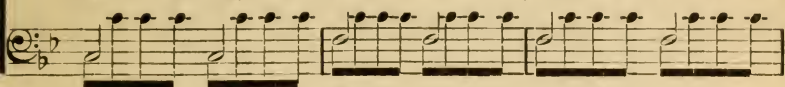


# I'M LOOKING FOR HOME.—Concluded.

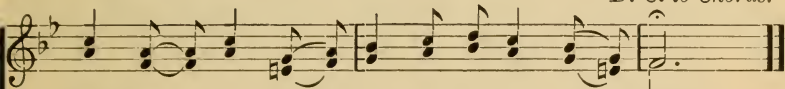


man - i - ty's last - ing home,  
long waiting sea - son is o'er,  
reck not the surg - es' foam,

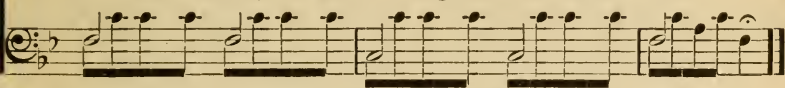
And the high - er bliss of a  
When hearts so faith - ful, so  
For be - yond the sad vis - tas of



*D. C. to Chorus.*



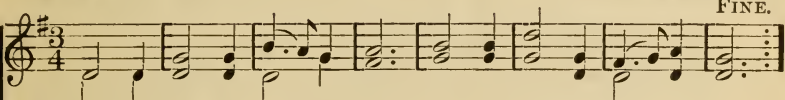
faith - ful few As - sur - ed - ly shall have come.  
loy - al and tried, Are u - nit - ed to sev - er no more.  
sin and death, I am look - ing for home, sweet home!



## No. 83. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

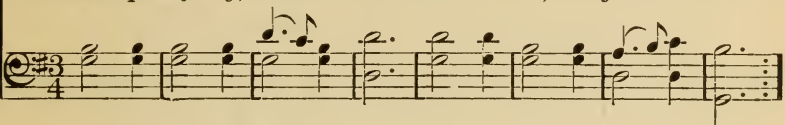
M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.  
FINE.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }  
    { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend; }  
    { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear; }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }  
    { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

*D.C.—Whisper soft - ly, "wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*



*D. C.*



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood,



## No. 84.

## THE LORD IS MY HOPE.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. The Lord is my hope and sal - va - tion, To Him will I pour  
 2. In God shall my trust be for - ev - er, My Sav - ior, my Friend  
 3. In God is my joy and my glad - ness, The light and the staff

out my soul; My song shall be sweet ad - o - ra - tion, Un - to  
 and my Guide; His mer - cy and love fail - eth nev - er, While I  
 of my way, He tak - eth a - way all my sad - ness, And He

## CHORUS.

Je - sus, my life and my all. }  
 walk by His dear, bless - ed side. } The Lord is my hope, my  
 turn - eth my night in - to day. }

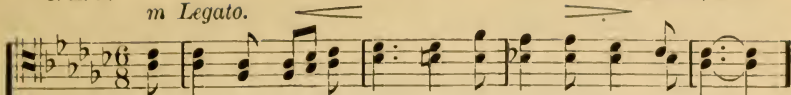
life and my sal - va - tion, He'll sure - ly de - fend me with His arm; My

strength shall not fail in trials and temptation, The Lord will protect me from harm.

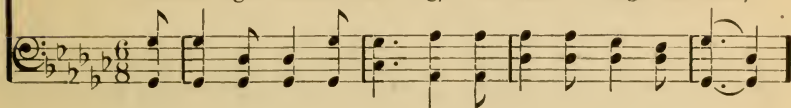
C. M. B.

Male Voices.

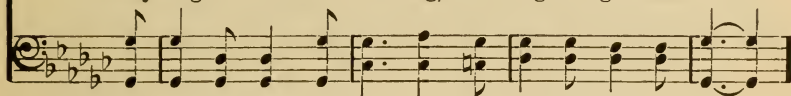
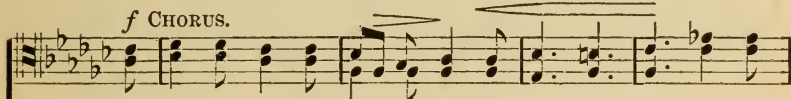
C. M. BABCOCK, M. D.

*m Legato.*

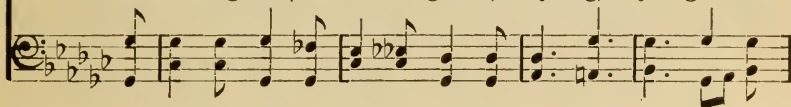
1. The bells, the bells are ring-ing Sweet sounds that charm the day;
2. They ring the dawn of morning,—Glad her-alds of the light,
3. Like an - gel - voices call - ing, From lands all bright and fair;



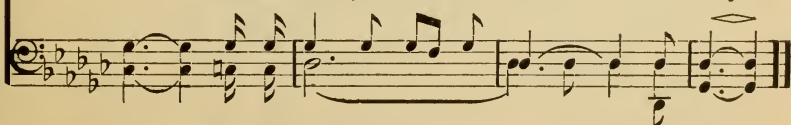
They sing the birth of Je - sus, Who in a man-ger lay.  
 And in the ev-'ning sing - ing, Proclaim the com-ing night.  
 They ring a Fa-ther's bless-ing, And sing His gra-cious care.

*f* CHORUS.

Those chiming bells, sweet chiming bells, They ring, they sing of the

*Rit.*

day, And the home..... so far..... a - way.  
 And the home, the home so far..... a - way.



And the home..... so far a - way.



# No. 86. TEMPERANCE LEGION MARCH.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

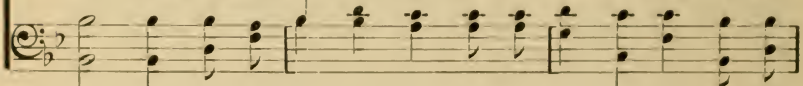
A. BEIRLY.



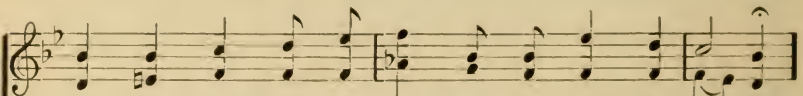
1. We're a temp'rance le-gion, marching on, With our ban-ners un-furl'd be
2. Our temp'rance ar-my march-es on, Tho' so fierce-ly the foe de-
3. We'll fight for temp'rance ev-ry day, For the cup bring-eth sin and



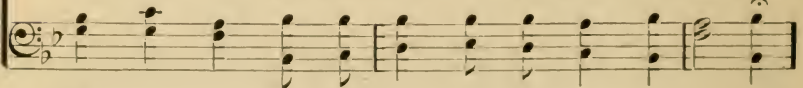
fore us; We are strong and true, And we'll dare and do, For the  
fy us; To the right we hold, And our faith is bold, For the  
sor - row; And we'll raise the cry: "Let the rum-fiend die, And we'll



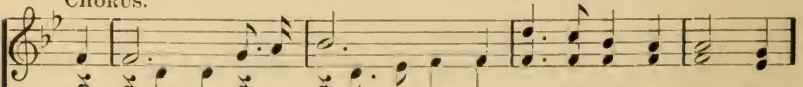
eye of the Lord is o'er us, We are strong and true, And we'll  
arm of the Lord is nigh us, To the right we hold, And our  
bring in a glad to - mor - row!" And we'll raise the cry: "Let the



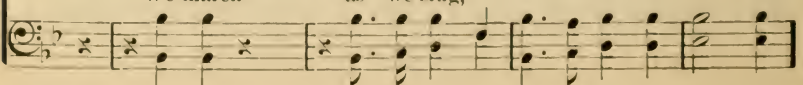
dare and do, For the eye of the Lord is o'er us.  
faith is bold, For the arm of the Lord is nigh us.  
rum - fiend die, And we'll bring in a glad to - mor - row!"



## CHORUS.



We march as we sing, Je - ho - vah is our Cap - tain,  
We march as we sing,





# TEMPERANCE LEGION MARCH.—Concluded.

Our praise we will bring, To Him who gives the vic - t'ry;  
Our praise we will bring,

In His name we trust as on we go, In His might we will triumph ev - er.

## No. 87. DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserv'd for me? }  
 { Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me the chief of sin-ners spare? }  
 2. { I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face; }  
 { Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls. }  
 3. { Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; }  
 { Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve and sin no more. }

CHORUS.

God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus lives, and loves me still;


Je - - sus lives, He lives and loves me still.

## No. 88.

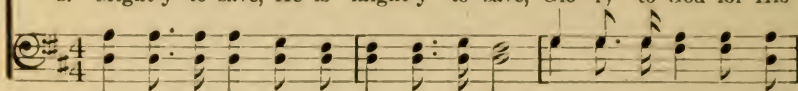
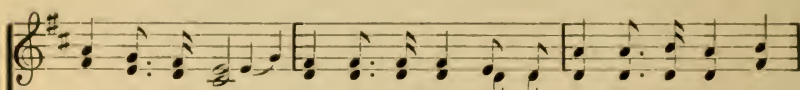
## MIGHTY TO SAVE.

J. H. A.

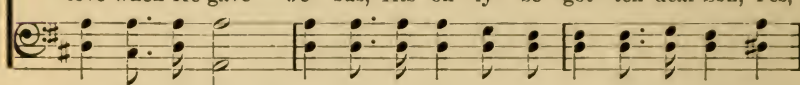
J. H. ALLEMAN.

*Joyfully.*


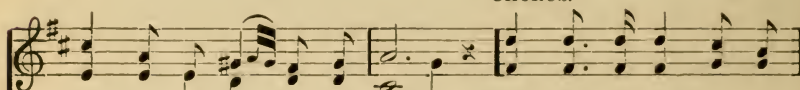
1. Might-y to save, He is might-y to save, He who in tri-umph a-  
 2. Might-y to save, He is might-y to save, Why then remain un-to  
 3. Might-y to save, He is might-y to save, Glo-ry to God for His


rose from the grave; Cast all your bur-dens on Him and be-lieve, For  
 sa - tan a slave? Flee to the cross; nothing else can a - vail, For  
 love when He gave Je - sus, His on - ly - be - got - ten dear Son, Yes,




## CHORUS.



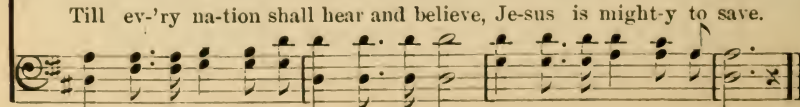
Je - sus is might-y to save. } Might-y to save, He is  
 Je - sus is might-y to save. }  
 Je - sus the might-y to save. }




might-y to save, On let it roll like a tur - bu - lent wave,

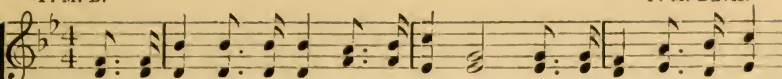
Till ev-'ry na-tion shall hear and believe, Je-sus is might-y to save.



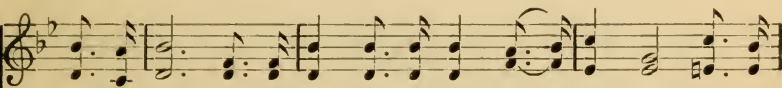
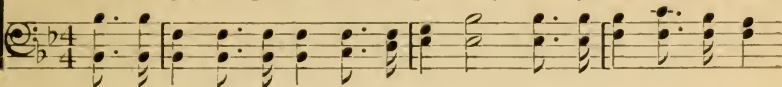
# No. 89. I WILL GO IN HIS STRENGTH.

F. M. D.

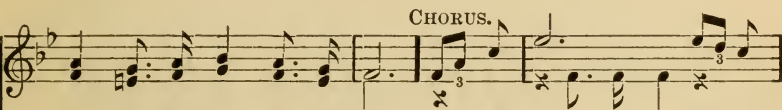
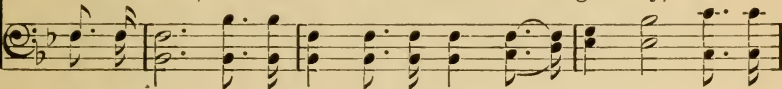
F. M. DAVIS.



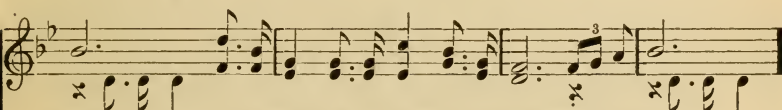
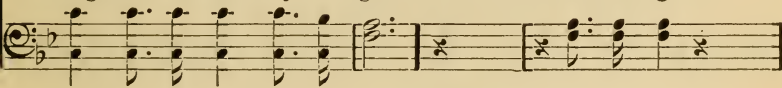
1. I will go in the strength of the Mast-er, I will walk in the light
2. I will go at the call of my Sav - ior, I will tell of His mer -
3. I will go, strong in faith in His prom - ise, In my weakness His pow'r



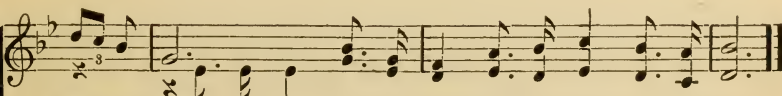
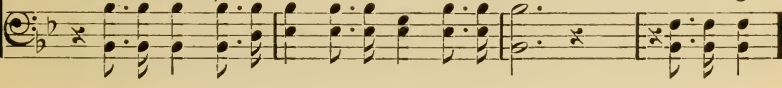
of His word; I am clad in the heav - en - ly ar - mor, Pressing  
 cy and love Bring - ing cheer to the poor and need - y Point - ing  
 I shall know, I will la - bor a - lone for His glo - ry, In His



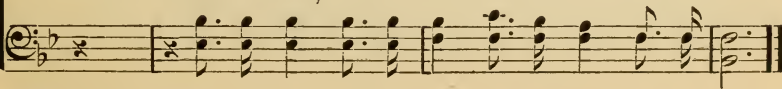
on in the name of the Lord. I will go where He  
 souls to His king - dom a - bove.  
 strength on to vic - t'ry I'll go. I will go



leads, In my weakness His pow'r I shall know, I will go I will go  
 where He leads, where He leads,



where He leads, In the strength of the Lord I will go.  
 where He leads,





IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. { Crown Him, crown Him! o - ver all na - tions vic - to - rious,  
 { Crown Him, crown Him! tell of His king - dom all - glo - rious,  
 2. { Crown Him, crown Him! now and for - ev - er a - dore Him,  
 { Crown Him, crown Him! ye, who have wander'd, im - plore Him,

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign; }  
 Raise the stand - ard, ev - er His cause main - tain. }  
 Lo, He com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim; }  
 Seek His par - don, He will your souls re - claim; }

Laud Him! praise Him, join in the night-y cho - rus, Joy - ful sing the  
 Hail Him! bless Him! wor - ship and fall be - fore Him, Joy - ful sing the

## CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. }  
 song with its glad re - frain. } Crown Him, crown Him! wor - ship the

King of Sal - va - tion, Shout ho-san-na! Je - sus has come to reign!



# No. 91. OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

LESSUR.

1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide,
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv - er, Coming from underneath the throne;

Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the oth-er side,  
Man-sions of beau-ty are pro-vid - ed, And the King of the saints is seen.  
There, too, the Savior reigns for-ev-er, And He'll welcome the faithful home.

Some are sing - ing of bright crowns of glo - ry; Some of  
Soon my con - flicts and toils will be end - ed; I shall  
Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er With the  
CHO. — O the pros - pect! it is so trans- port - ing, And no

dear ones who stand near the shore; For the fond heart must ev - er be  
join those who've pass'd on be - fore; For my lov'd ones, oh, how I do  
friends you have lov'd by your side? Would you join in the song of the  
dan - ger I fear from the tide; Let me go 'to the home of the

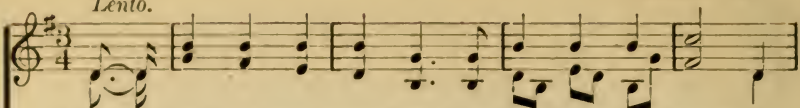
*D.S. for Chorus.*

cling - ing To the faith - ful we love ev - er - more.  
miss them! I must press on and meet them once more.  
an - gels? Then be read - y to fol - low your guide.  
Chris - tian, Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

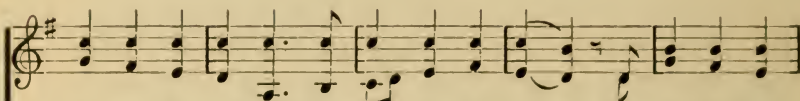
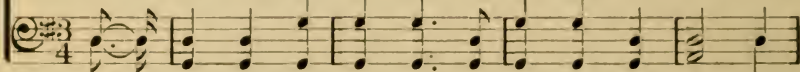
# No. 92. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

T. KOSCHAT. Arr.

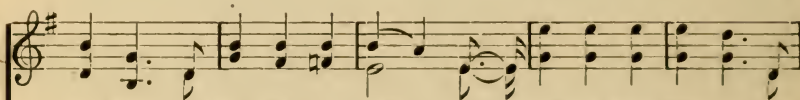
*Lento.*



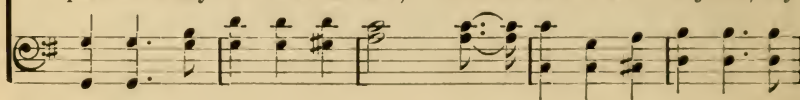
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know. I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas-tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my  
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-  
bless-ings un-meas-ur'd my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and  
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the



soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-  
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my  
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy  
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy



*Rit.*



deems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-press'd.  
Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.  
prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.  
king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

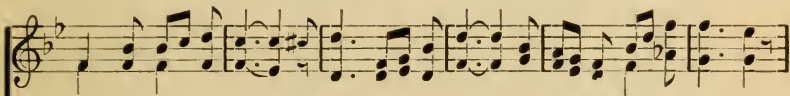


F. W. FABER.

A. BEIRLY.

*Grazioso.*

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'-ning pealing, The voice of Je - sus.
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweetly ringing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands, meekly stealing,  
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

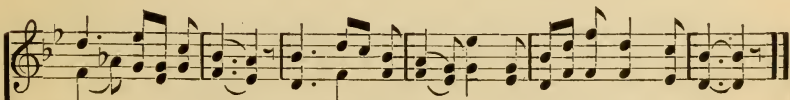
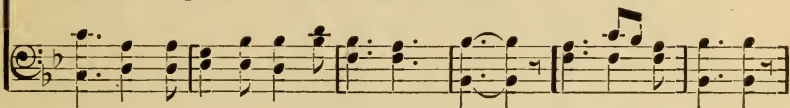


## REFRAIN.

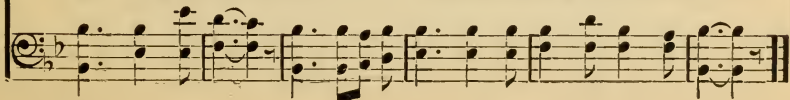


Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

} An - gels of Je - sus,



an - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.





## No. 94.

## THE COMING LORD.

REV. L. WHITE.

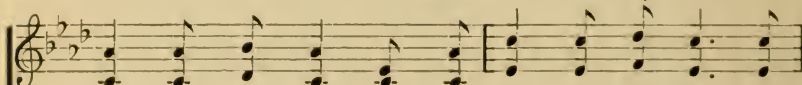
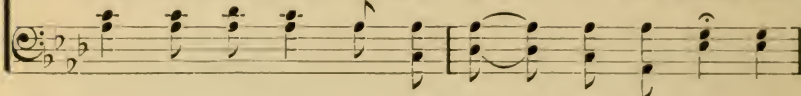
O. S. GRINNELL.



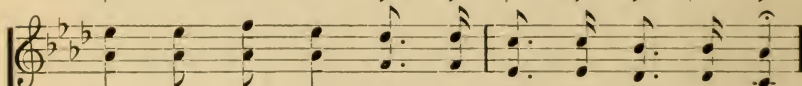
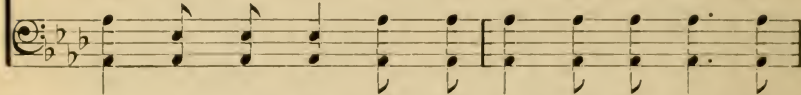
1. God's king-dom is com-ing, and soon will ap-pear; The  
 2. The Lord hath proclaimed to the chil-dren of men To  
 3. A-rise, then, and shine in the light of the Lord; The



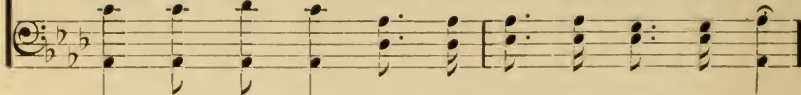
day of His glo-ry is now draw-ing near; A-  
 en-ter His king-dom, "Ye must be born a-gain;" Then  
 Sav-ior will come, of His pow'r ye have heard; Go



rise, saints in tri-umph the glad cho-rus roll, The  
 come to the por-tal, the door's o-pen wide, Sal-  
 wash in the fount-ain your sin stains a-way; Make



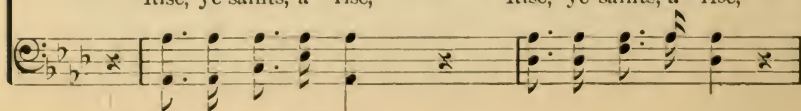
Sav-ior is com-ing to reign from pole to pole.  
 va-tion is free since the bless-ed Sav-ior died.  
 haste and be read-y, for He may call to-day;



## CHORUS.



A-rise,..... ye saints, a-rise,..... And  
 Rise, ye saints, a-rise, Rise, ye saints, a-rise,





## THE COMING LORD.—Concluded.

make..... His com - ing known;.....  
 Make His com - ing known,      Make His com - ing known;

{ Spread the joyful news abroad, That your blessed King and Lord, Soon will  
 Ev - er watch and trust and pray, And be read-y for that day; For as

come to earth a-gain to claim His own.  
 [Omit.....] Judge He will soon take the throne.

## No. 95. CROSS AND CROWN.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
 3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur-rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

## No. 96.

## REJOICE! REJOICE!

ANON.

M. L. McPHAIL.

*Joyfully.*

D. C.—1. Re - joice! re - joice! the prom-is'd time is com - ing;  
 D. C.—2. Re - joice! re - joice! the prom-is'd time is com - ing;  
 D. C.—3. Re - joice! re - joice! the prom-is'd time is com - ing;

FINE.

Re - joice!..... re - joice!..... the wil - der-ness shall bloom;  
 Re - joice!..... re - joice!..... Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing;  
 Re - joice!..... re - joice!..... the Prince of peace shall reign;

Re-joyce!                      re-joyce!

And Zi-on's children soon shall sing, The des-erts all are blos-som-ing.  
 From Zi-on shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north.  
 And lambs may with the leopard play, For naught shall harm in Zion's way.

Re - joice! re - joice! the wil-der-ness shall bloom. The  
 Re - joice! re - joice! Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing. And  
 Re - joice! re - joice! the Prince of peace shall reign. The

Re-joyce!                      re-joyce!

gos - pel ban-ner, wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in tri-umph o'er the world,  
 truth shall sit on ev-'ry hill, And blessings flow in ev-'ry rill,  
 sword and spear of needless worth, Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,

# REJOICE! REJOICE!—Concluded.

*D. C.*

And ev-'ry creature, bound or free, Shall hail the glorious ju-bi-lee.  
And praise shall ev-'ry heart employ, And ev-'ry voice shall shout for joy.  
For peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations shall have war no more.

## No. 97. CHIME ON, SWEET BELLS.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Chime on, sweet bells, your mu-sic tells The bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry,
2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho-rus swells Of hap-py voic-es blend-ing;
3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore-tells The nev-er-end-ing mor-row;

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je-sus veiled His glo-ry.  
On wings of love, songs rise a-bove, From grate-ful hearts as-cend-ing.  
The gold-en dawn of this bright morn Breaks thro' the night of sor-row.

CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, merry peals re-

sound-ing; Re-joyce to-day, the an-gels say, In grace and peace a-bounding.



WILLIAM HUNTER.

T. M. BOWDISH.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, At the sounding of the trumpet I'll be there;  
Nor pain nor death can enter there, At the sounding of the [Omit . . . . .]

2. { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, At the sounding of the trumpet I'll be there;  
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine At the sounding of the [Omit . . . . .]

2 CHORUS.

trum-pet I'll be there. I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there, . . . . In my  
trum-pet I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there,

heav'nly home up yonder, bright and fair, I'll be there, . . . . yes, I'll be  
bright and fair, I'll be there,

there, . . . . . At the sounding of the trumpet I'll be there.  
I'll be there, I'll be there.

- 3 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky.
- 4 When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 5 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may 'round me foam.
- 6 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure,

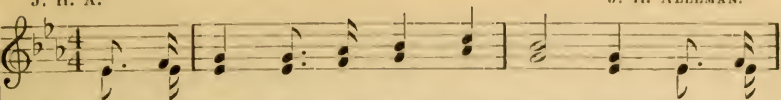
- 7 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.
- 8 Be mine the heavenly lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 9 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine.
- 10 All nature sink, and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.



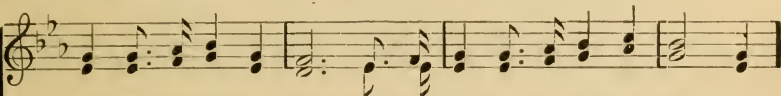
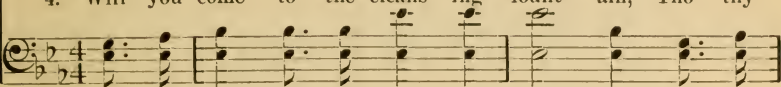
# No. 99. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

J. H. A.

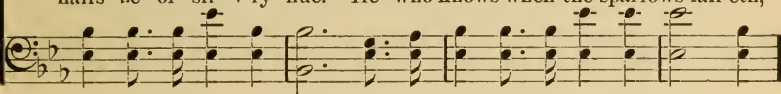
J. H. ALLEMAN.



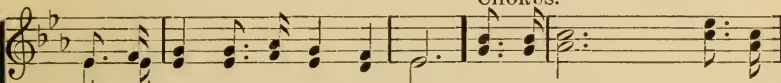
1. Will you come to the cleans - ing fount - ain, Will you
2. Will you come to the cleans - ing fount - ain, Will you
3. Will you come to the cleans - ing fount - ain, Will you
4. Will you come to the cleans - ing fount - ain, Tho' thy



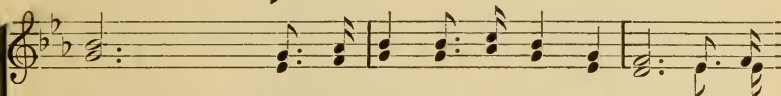
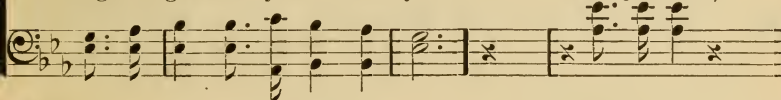
come, sin-ner, come to - day? Will you come to the bless-ed Sav - ior  
come in the morn of life? Will you come e'er thy heart is hard - en'd,  
come in the noon-day bright? Will you come e'er the darkness deep - ens  
hairs be of sil - v'ry hue? He who knows when the sparrows fall-eth,



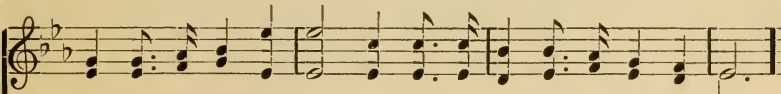
## CHORUS.



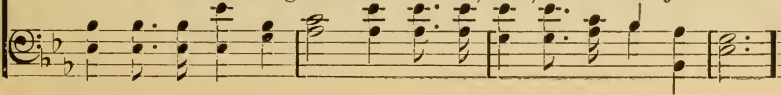
Who will wash all your sins a - way? Will you come, will you  
Will you come e'er it know-eth strife?  
In - to one long e - ter - nal night?  
Long hath gra-cious-ly cared for you. Will you come,



come, Will you now at His foot - stool bow? Will you  
will you come,



come to the cleans-ing fount-ain? Sin-ner, come, He will save just now.



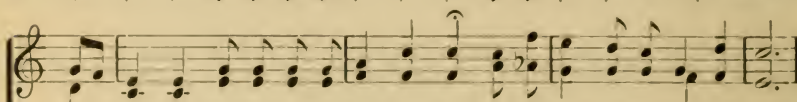
# No. 100. MY SOUL SHOUTS GLORY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

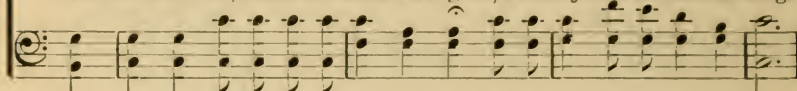
JNO. R. SWENEY.



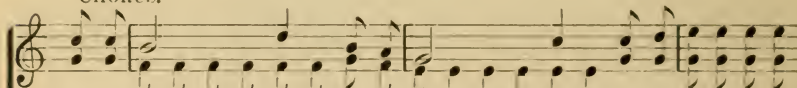
1. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
2. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
3. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, In His se-cret place I dwell;
4. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, And I know 'twill not be long



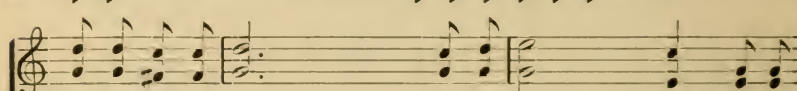
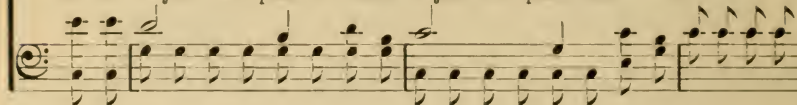
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.  
My hope is clinging with a perfect trust To the cross He has borne for me.  
His constant presence overshades me here, And my joy there is none can tell.  
Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their eternal song.



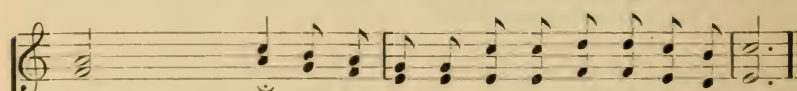
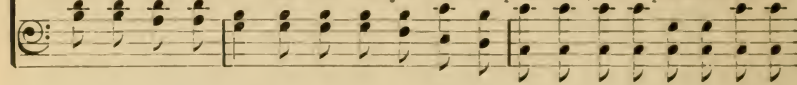
## CHORUS.



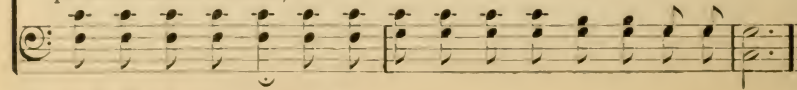
Hal-le-lu - - - jah! hal-le-lu - - - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the  
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him!



Sav-ior I a-dore; I will praise Him, I will  
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him, I will praise Him, I will



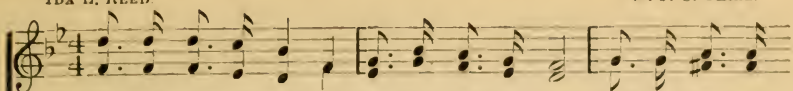
praise Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him ev-er-more.  
praise Him and a-dore,



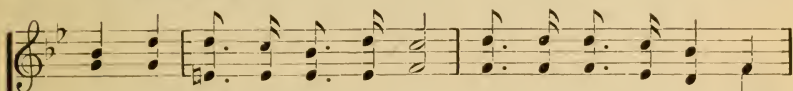
# No. 101. ONWARD WE ARE MARCHING.

IDA L. REED

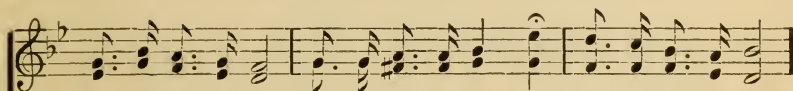
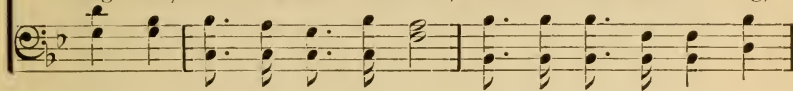
W. J. C. THIEL.



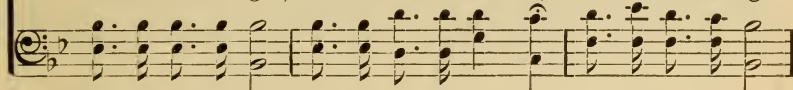
1. On-ward we are march-ing 'Neath our Lord's command, Many foes are
2. On-ward we are march-ing, We the fight shall win, Thro' His name we'll
3. On-ward we are march-ing, On - ward ev - er-more, Tow'rd the heav'n-ly



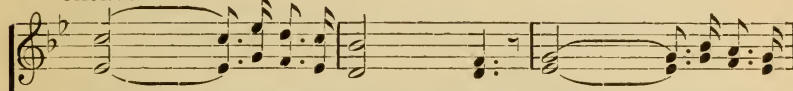
press - ing Hard on ev - 'ry hand; But we will not fear them  
con - quer All the ranks of sin; Fear - less - ly we'll meet them,  
king - dom, Tow'rd that fair sweet shore; Where there's no more toil - ing,



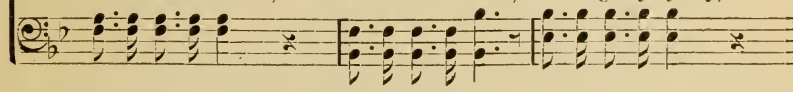
In the bat-tle fray; Brave-ly we'll go for - ward, Je - sus leads the way.  
Je - sus will sus-tain, And our strength renewing We'll the bat-tle gain.  
No more foes to fight; There we'll rest for-ev - er, Crown'd in fadeless light.



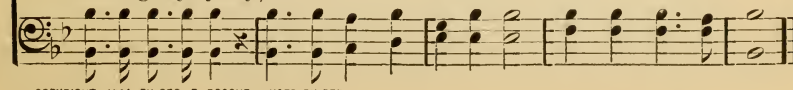
## CHORUS.



On - - - ward we are march - ing, March - - ing day by  
Onward now we march, onward now we march, Marching day by day,



day; Ours shall be the vic - to - ry, Je - sus leads the way.  
marching day by day;

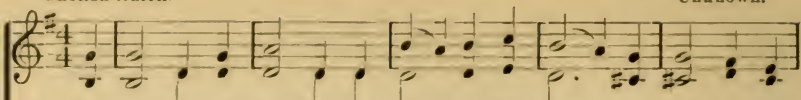




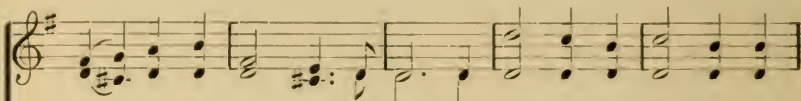
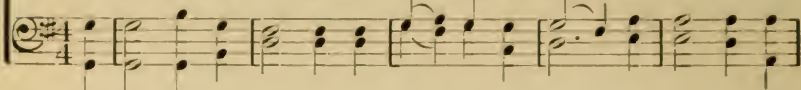
# No. 102. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

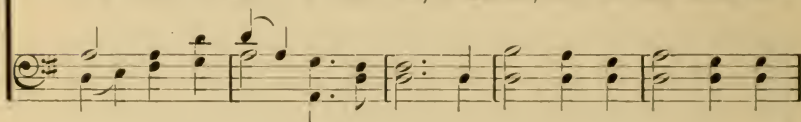
Unknown.



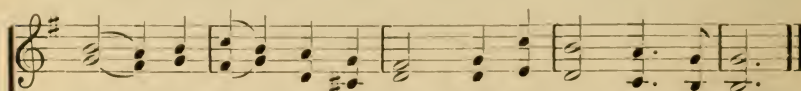
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dis - may'd; For I am thy
3. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all - suf -
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



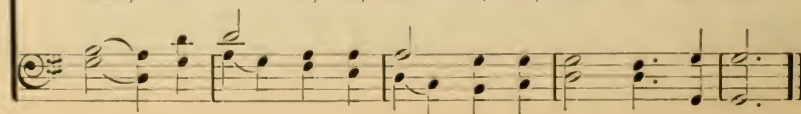
faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say than to  
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee: I  
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -



you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have  
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, Om - nip - o - tent  
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re -  
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for -



fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, Om - nip - o - tent hand.  
fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold - to re - fine.  
sake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake."





# No. 103.

# RESTING IN PEACE.

Rev. H. BONAR.

Memorial.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing  
 2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing  
 3. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, Be - yond the calm - ing

and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing,  
 and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing,  
 and the fret - ting, Be - yond re - mem - b'ring and for - get - ting,

## REFRAIN.

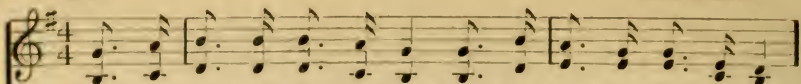
Our loved one has gone.  
 Our loved one has gone. } Rest, spir - it, rest, Nev - er - more to roam,  
 Our loved one has gone.

Up in yon bright world of light, Our loved one rests at home.....  
 at home.

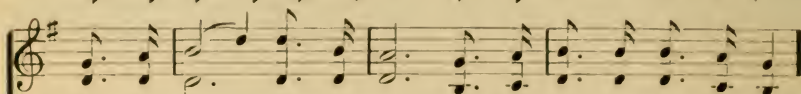
# No. 104. ON THE BRIGHT CELESTIAL SHORE.

J. B. S.

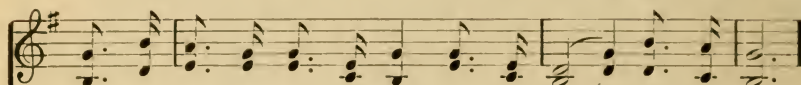
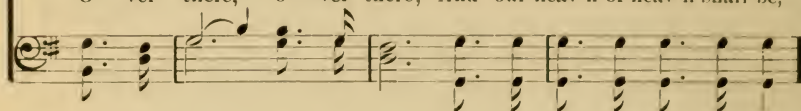
JOHN B. SHAW.



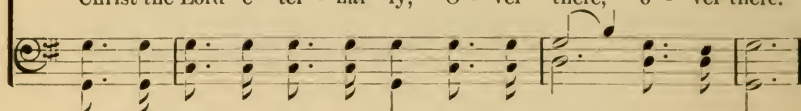
1. On the bright ce - les - tial shore, With the saints for - ev - er - more,
2. We will sing re - deem - ing love, On the heav'nly heights a - bove,
3. There in end - less a - ges sing, Je - sus, Lord, Re deem - er, King,



O - ver there, o - ver there, We will join the heav'n - ly band,  
O - ver there, o - ver there; And with an - gels cast our crown,  
O - ver there, o - ver there; And our heav'n of heav'n shall be,



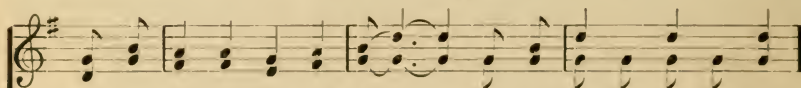
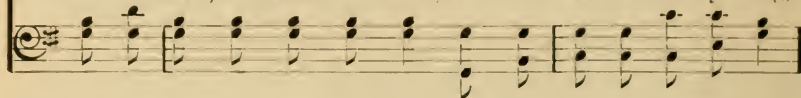
In that bless - ed glo - ry - land, O - ver there, o - ver there.  
At the feet of Je - sus down, O - ver there, o - ver there.  
Christ the Lord e - ter - nal - ly, O - ver there, o - ver there.



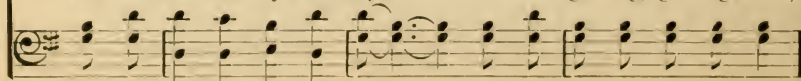
CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, For it won't be long,  
We will stand, will stand the storm, For it won't be ver - y long,



And we'll an - chor by and by; . . . . For we're go - ing home,  
And we'll an - chor by and by; . . . . For we're go - ing, go - ing home,



# CELESTIAL SHORE.—Concluded.

Nev-er-more to roam, To our man-sions built on high,  
Nev-er, nev-er-more to roam, To our man-sions built on high.

## No. 105. SING PRAISE TO HIS NAME.

Rev. Wm. Appel.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Come ye who know the joy-ful sound, And let your hearts in tune be found,  
2. All ye who love His blessed sway, Who serve Him gladly day by day,  
3. Let all who in His love a-bide, And in His safe pa-vil-ion hide,

To glo-ri-fy the Savior's name, And spread abroad His fame.  
Join in the sweet tri-umph-ant song—The note of praise pro-long.  
Who in His lib-er-ty re-joice, Lift up their heart and voice.

### REFRAIN.

Sing praise, sing praise, Sing prais-es un-to Christ our King;  
Sing praise, sing praise,

Sing praise, sing praise, To Him your prais-es bring.  
Sing praise, sing praise,

## No. 106.

## THE SOLID ROCK.

ORLANDO,

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Oh, if my house is built up-on a rock, I know it will stand for-  
 2. For He, whose truth is last-ing as the hills, Whose word is un-chang-ing  
 3. Then I will built my house up-on a rock, And there it will stand for-

ev - er; The floods may come, and the roll - ing thunder's shock May  
 ev - er; Hath said, my house on the sol - id rock shall stand; He'll  
 ev - er; The floods may come, and the roll - ing thunder's shock May

beat up - on my house That is built up - on a rock.  
 hold it by His might In the hol - low of His hand.  
 beat up - on my house That is built up - on a rock.

CHORUS.

It will nev - er fall, 'twill nev - er fall, It stand - eth sure for-

ev - er; In the roll - ing thun - der's shock my house is



## THE SOLID ROCK.—Concluded.

stand-ing on a rock, Thank God, a - men, hal - le - lu - jah!

## No. 107. ALL HAIL THE POWER!

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

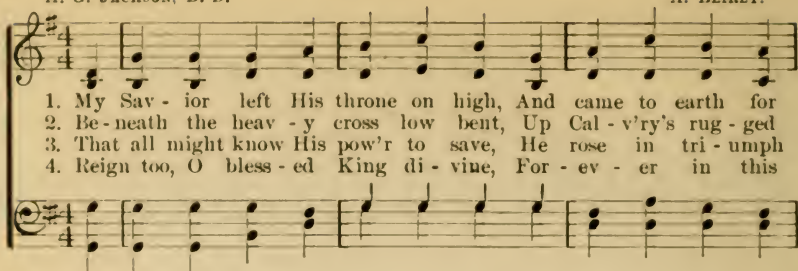
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

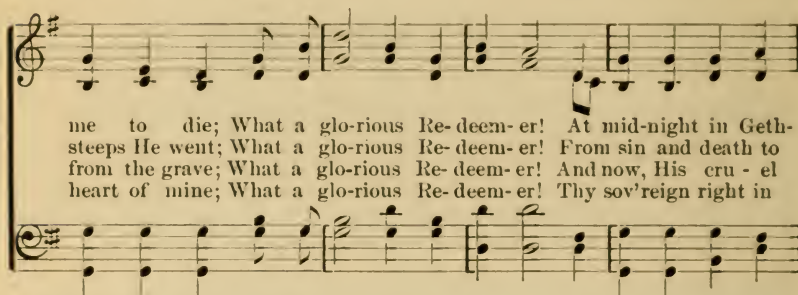
# No. 108. WHAT A GLORIOUS REDEEMER!

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

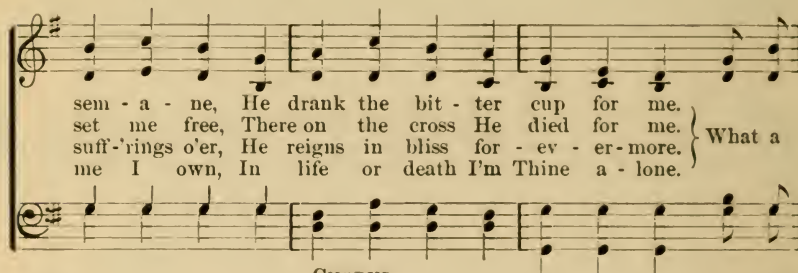
A. BEIRLY.



1. My Sav - ior left His throne on high, And came to earth for  
 2. Be - neath the heav - y cross low bent, Up Cal - v'ry's rug - ged  
 3. That all might know His pow'r to save, He rose in tri - umph  
 4. Reign too, O bless - ed King di - vine, For - ev - er in this

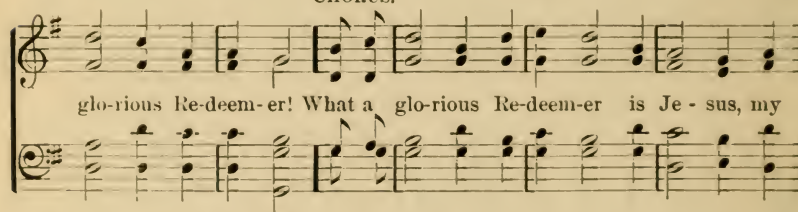


me to die; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! At mid - night in Geth -  
 steeps He went; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! From sin and death to  
 from the grave; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! And now, His cru - el  
 heart of mine; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! Thy sov'reign right in



sem - a - ne, He drank the bit - ter cup for me.  
 set me free, There on the cross He died for me.  
 suff'rings o'er, He reigns in bliss for - ev - er - more. } What a  
 me I own, In life or death I'm Thine a - lone.

## CHORUS.



glo - rious Re - deem - er! What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my



Sav - ior, What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my Lord.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - ber'd with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - ag'd, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our Re - fuge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

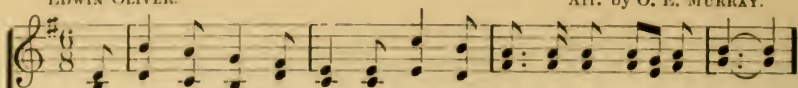
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.




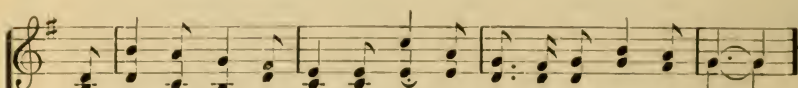
# No. 110. THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.

EDWIN OLIVER.


Arr. by O. E. MURRAY.



1. There is a gate that o - pens wide, The beau-ti-ful gold-en gate,
2. Do you de-sire to en - ter thro' The beau-ti-ful gold-en gate?
3. Pre-pare, for soon the time will come, To en - ter that gold-en gate,
4. How sad the words "too late, too late" To en - ter the gold-en gate!
5. O would you walk the streets of gold, Then en-ter the gold-en gate,

'Twas o-pened when the Sav-ior died, The beau-ti-ful gold-en gate.  
 Re - pent, or you will nev - er view The beau-ti-ful gold-en gate.  
 Ex - cept ye be con - vert - ed here, None en-ter the gold-en gate.  
 May they not seal your last es - tate, Come en-ter the gold-en gate.  
 Would see the glo - ry long fore-told, Then en-ter the gold-en gate.




CHORUS.



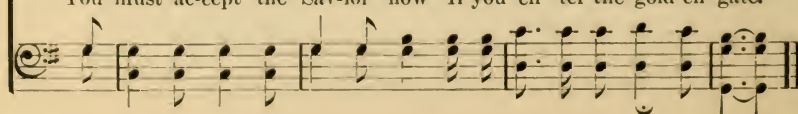
The beau-ti-ful gold - en gate, Where heav-en-ly an - gels wait,



*Repeat Chorus pp.*



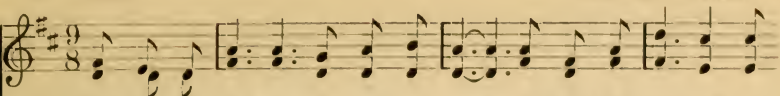
You must ac-cept the Sav-ior now If you en - ter the gold-en gate,



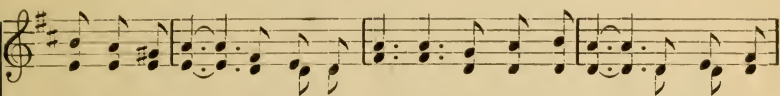
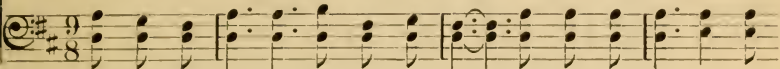


F. J. CROSBY.

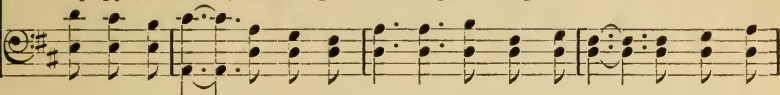
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



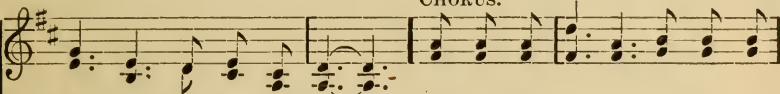
1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am



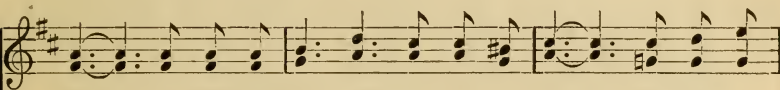
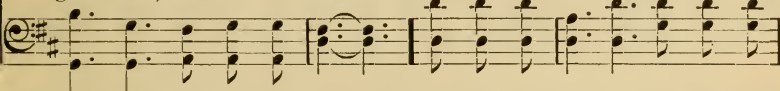
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His



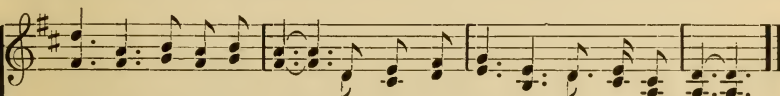
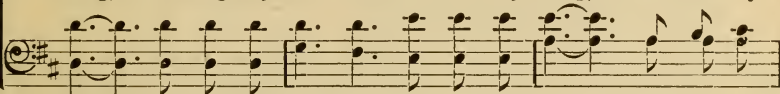
## CHORUS.



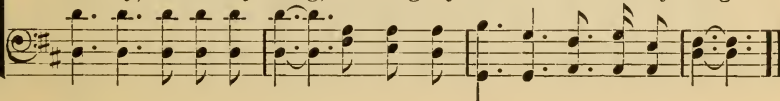
Spir - it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. }  
 good - ness, lost in His love. }



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



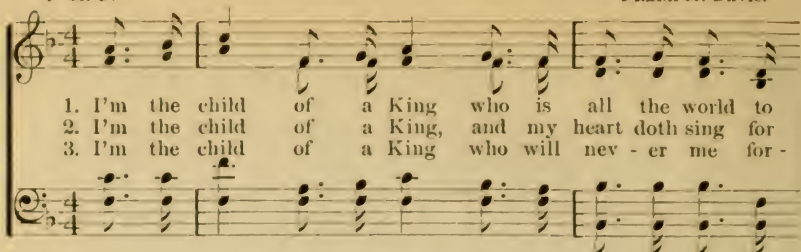
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



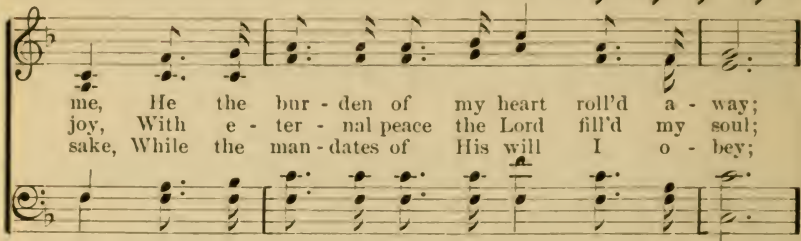
# No. 112. THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

F. M. D.

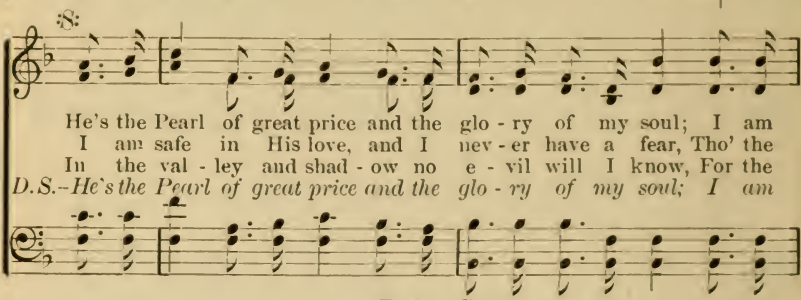
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. I'm the child of a King who is all the world to  
 2. I'm the child of a King, and my heart doth sing for  
 3. I'm the child of a King who will nev - er me for -

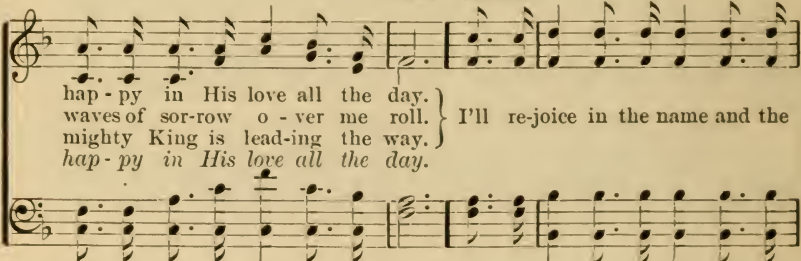


me, He the bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way;  
 joy, With e - ter - nal peace the Lord fill'd my soul;  
 sake, While the man - dates of His will I o - bey;

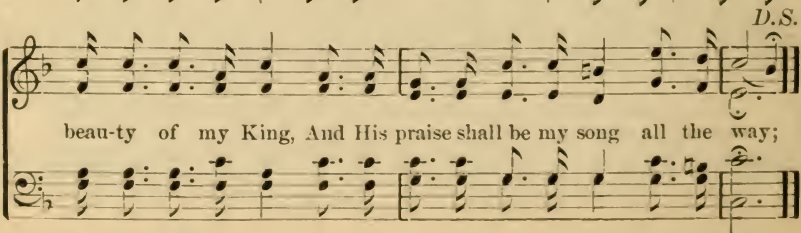


He's the Pearl of great price and the glo - ry of my soul; I am  
 I am safe in His love, and I nev - er have a fear, Tho' the  
 In the val - ley and shad - ow no e - vil will I know, For the  
*D.S.* - He's the Pearl of great price and the glo - ry of my soul; I am

FINE. CHORUS.



hap - py in His love all the day. } I'll re-joyce in the name and the  
 waves of sor - row o - ver me roll. }  
 mighty King is lead - ing the way. }  
*hap - py in His love all the day.*



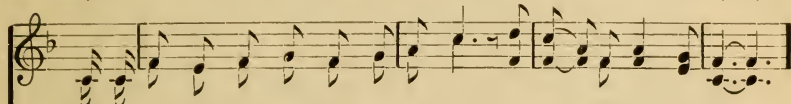
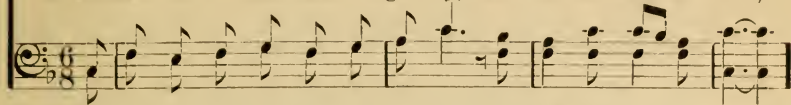
*D.S.*  
 beau - ty of my King, And His praise shall be my song all the way;

J. H. A.

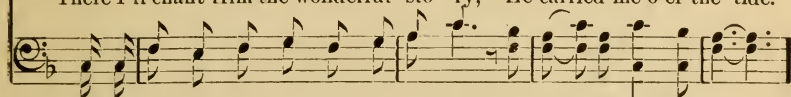
J. H. ALLEMAN.



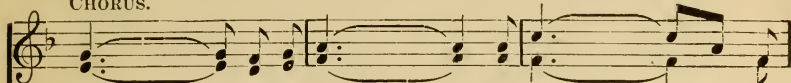
1. My boat-man will car - ry me o - ver The roll - ing, pur - ling tide,
2. Thro' tri - als, temp - ta - tion and sor - rows, If we in Him a - bide,
3. With Je - sus, my Pi - lot and Cap - tain, My boat will safe - ly glide
4. Here aft - er I'll meet Him in glo - ry, Safe on the oth - er side;



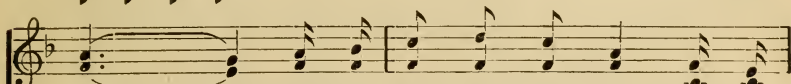
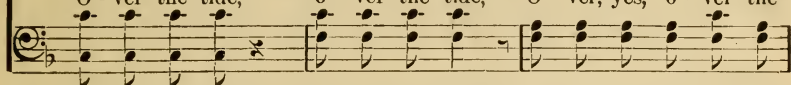
At the ev - 'ning of life I'll drop an - chor, Safe on the oth - er side.  
 He has promis'd to car - ry us safe - ly Be - yond the drifting tide.  
 O'er the riv - er of death's dark wa - ters, Safe to the oth - er side.  
 There I'll chant Him the wonderful sto - ry, He carried me o'er the tide.



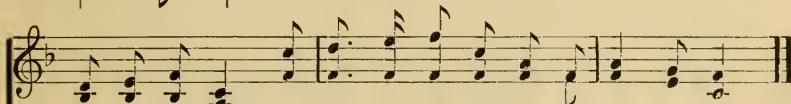
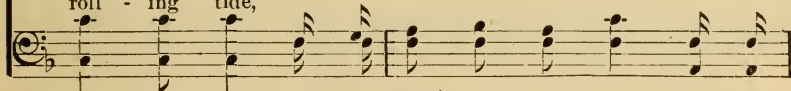
## CHORUS.



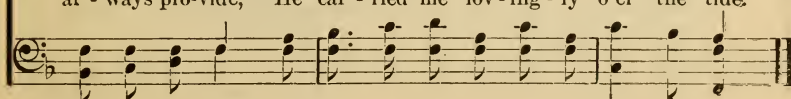
O - - - ver the tide, . . . . . The roll - - - ing  
 O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, O - ver, yes, o - ver the



tide, . . . . . 1, 2, 3 v. Walk - ing close at His side, Trust - ing  
 tide, . . . . . 4th. v. Hav - ing walked at His side, He did  
 roll - ing tide,



Him to pro - vide, At last He will car - ry me o'er the tide.  
 al - ways pro - vide, He car - ried me lov - ing - ly o'er the tide.



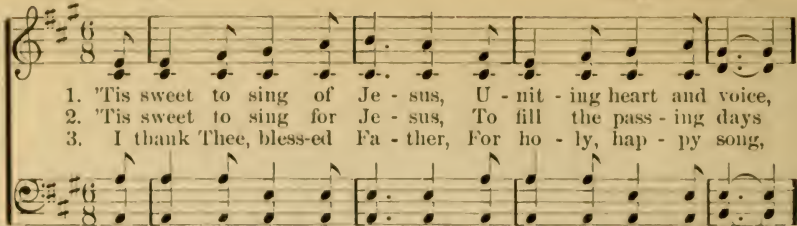


## No. 114.

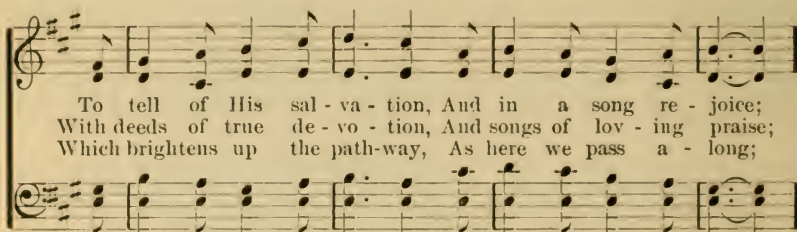
## I'LL SING OF JESUS.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

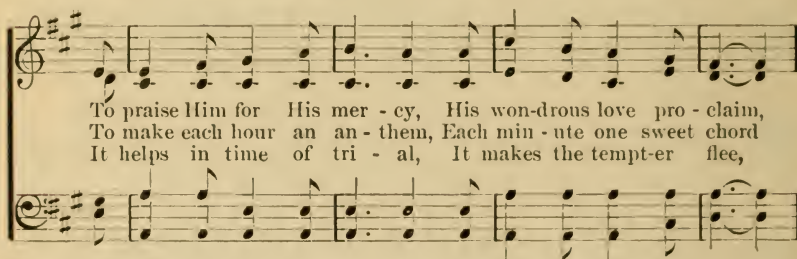
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



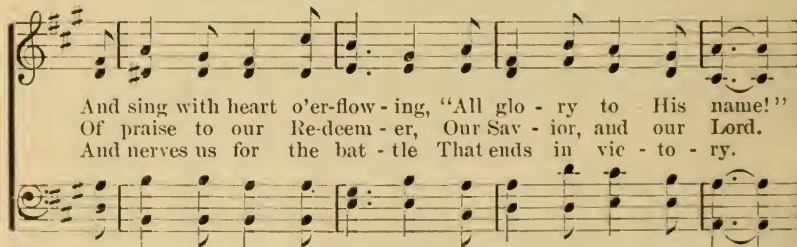
1. 'Tis sweet to sing of Je - sus, U - nit - ing heart and voice,  
 2. 'Tis sweet to sing for Je - sus, To fill the pass - ing days  
 3. I thank Thee, bless - ed Fa - ther, For ho - ly, hap - py song,



To tell of His sal - va - tion, And in a song re - joice;  
 With deeds of true de - vo - tion, And songs of lov - ing praise;  
 Which brightens up the path - way, As here we pass a - long;



To praise Him for His mer - cy, His won - drous love pro - claim,  
 To make each hour an an - them, Each min - ute one sweet chord  
 It helps in time of tri - al, It makes the tempt - er flee,



And sing with heart o'er - flow - ing, "All glo - ry to - His name!"  
 Of praise to our Re - deem - er, Our Sav - ior, and our Lord.  
 And nerves us for the bat - tle That ends in vic - to - ry.

## CHORUS.



I'll sing, . . . . of Je - sus Till time shall cease to be, . . . . .  
 Sing, oh, sing of Je - sus' love Till time shall cease, shall cease to be;



# I'LL SING OF JESUS.—Concluded.

I'll sing..... of Je - sus Who died for you and me;  
Sing, oh, sing of Je - sus' love, Who died for you and me;

I'll sing ..... of Je - sus, Till time shall cease to be,.....  
Sing, oh, sing of Je - sus' love Till time shall cease, shall cease to be,

And then pro-claim His glo - ry Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 115. JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.  
FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;  
*D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

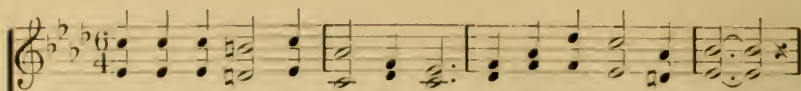
3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar,  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

# No. 116. JESUS CAN MAKE YOU WHOLE.

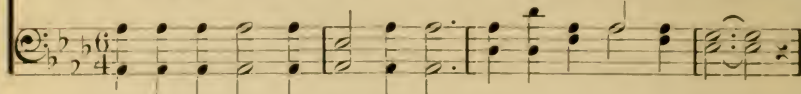
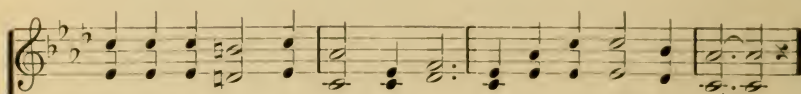
M. L. McP.

M. L. McPHAIL.

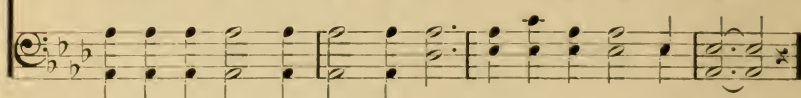
*Not too fast.*



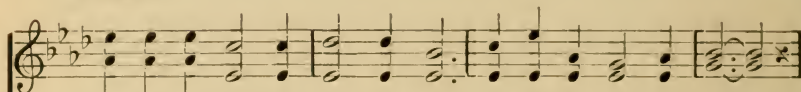
1. Look to the Sav - ior, sin - sick one— Je - sus can make you whole;  
 2. Ye who are la - den down with care, Je - sus can make you whole;  
 3. If you but feel your need of Him, Je - sus can make you whole;  
 4. If you de - sire His fa - vor now, Je - sus can make you whole;

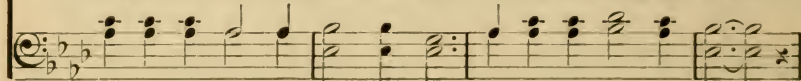
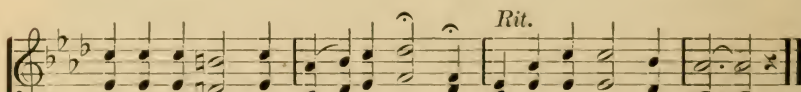
Ask but His fa - vor,—then 'tis done, Je - sus can make you whole.  
 He will your burdens glad - ly bear, Je - sus can make you whole.  
 If to His fold you'd en - ter in, Je - sus can make you whole.  
 On - ly believe,—He'll grace bestow, Je - sus can make you whole.



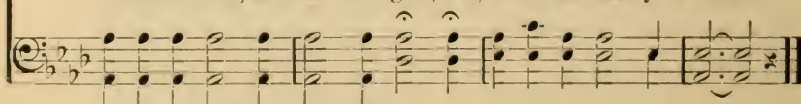
## CHORUS.



Look un-to Him, your soul shall live, Je - sus can make you whole;

*Rit.*  
 Your sins confess, and He'll for-give, Yes, Jesus can make you whole.

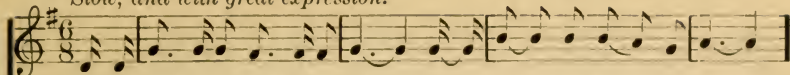


# No. 117. MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

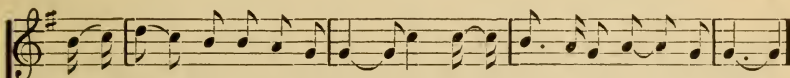
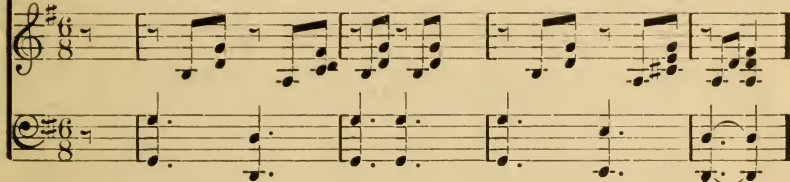
Mrs. M. E. B. W.

Mrs. M. E. B. WILLSON.

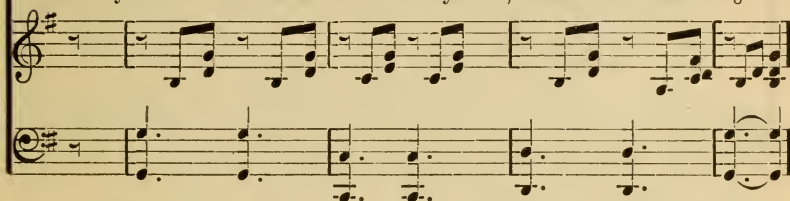
*Slow, and with great expression.*



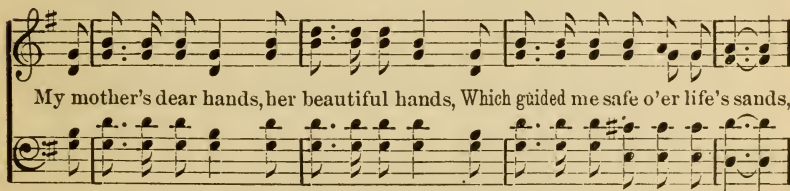
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they press'd my ach-ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,



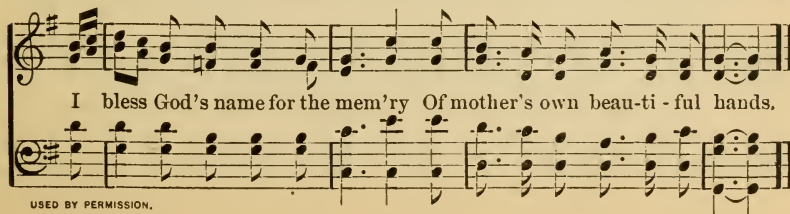
Yet my mother's hands were the fairest, And love - li - est hands of all.  
 They guid-ed my feet in-to pleasant paths, And smooth'd all the rugged ways.  
 They cool'd the fe-ver and eased the pain, Me-thinks I can feel them now.  
 But still they toil'd on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.  
 And I kiss'd those hands so cold and white, As qui-et and peaceful she lay,  
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



## CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



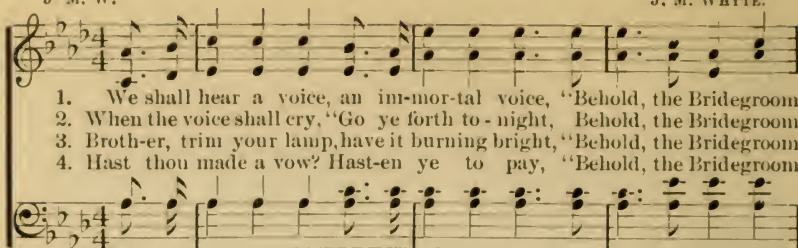
I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti - ful hands.



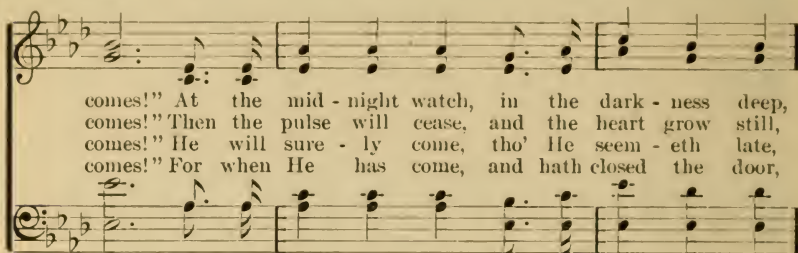
# No. 118. BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

J. M. W.

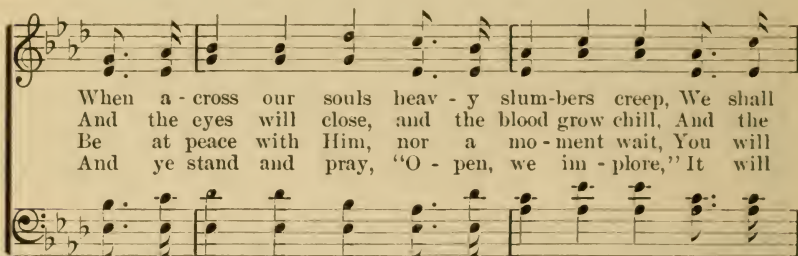
J. M. WHYTE.



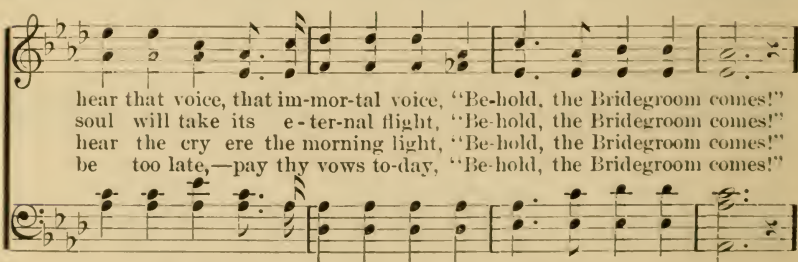
1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom  
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom  
3. Broth-er, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom  
4. Hast thou made a vow? Hast-en ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom



comes!" At the mid - night watch, in the dark - ness deep,  
comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,  
comes!" He will sure - ly come, tho' He seem - eth late,  
comes!" For when He has come, and hath closed the door,

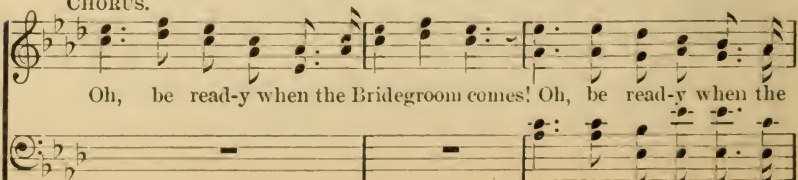


When a - cross our souls heav - y slum-bers creep, We shall  
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the  
Be at peace with Him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will  
And ye stand and pray, "O - pen, we im - plore," It will



hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"  
soul will take its e - ter-nal flight, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"  
hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"  
be too late, - pay thy vows to-day, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"

## CHORUS.



Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! Oh, be read-y when the



# THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.—Concluded.

Bride-groom comes! At the noon-tide, in the eve-ning, At the  
He comes, He comes, He

mid-night, in the morn - - ing, Oh, be read-y,  
comes, in the morn-ing, Oh, be read-y, He

Oh, be read-y, Oh, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes!  
comes, He comes, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes!

## No. 119. DUKE STREET. L. M.

ROBERT A. WEST.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Come, let us tune our loft-iest song, And raise to Christ our joy-ful strain;
2. His sov'reign pow'r our bod-ies made; Our souls are His im-mor-tal breath;
3. Ex-tol the Lamb with loft-iest song, Ascend for Him our cheerful strain;

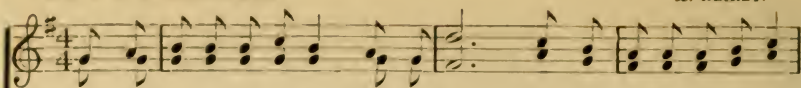
Wor-ship and thanks to Him be-long, Who reigns, and shall for-ev-er reign.  
And when His creatures sinn'd He bled, To save us from e-ter-nal death.  
Wor-ship and thanks to Him be-long, Who reigns, and shall for-ev-er reign.

## No. 120.

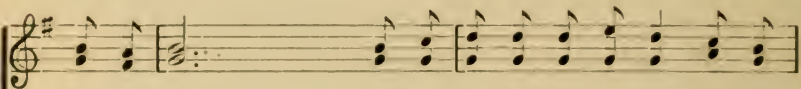
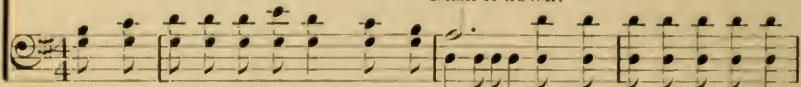
## DASH IT DOWN!

Mrs. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

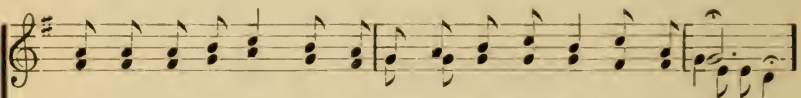
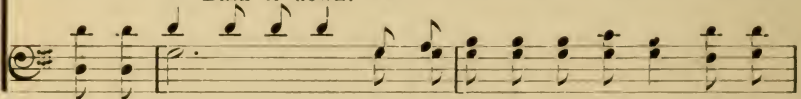
A. BEIRLY.



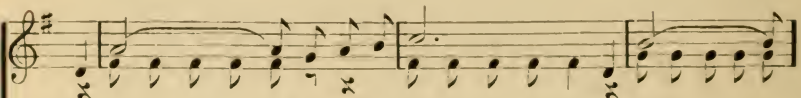
1. There is poison in the bowl, Dash it down! It will ruin heart and soul,
2. There is poison in the bowl, Dash it down! Lest its ills up-on you roll,
3. There is poison in the bowl, Dash it down! Drink pure water and be whole,  
Dash it down!



Dash it down! And with-out a hope or pray'r, Be your  
 Dash it down! Life is not for self and sin, Not to  
 Dash it down! Sparkling fountains full and free, Pass-ing  
 Dash it down!



fu-ture e'er so fair, Spread destruction ev-'ry-where; Dash it down!  
 waste our moments in, But to strive and no-bly win; Dash it down!  
 on-ward to the sea, Rise on ev-'ry side for thee; Dash it down!  
 Dash it down!



Then shun..... it while you may! Oh, shun.....  
 Shun it while you may, Shun it while you may! Shun it ev-'ry day,



# DASH IT DOWN!—Concluded.

it ev-'ry day! Shun it ev-'ry day! E-vil snares..... Snares be-set your way,  
be-set your way! Take the right step, Oh, dash it down!  
Snares be-set your way!

## No. 121.

## "COME."

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. "Come un-to me," O precious in-vi-ta-tion, "Come un-to me and  
2. "Come un-to me," O ho-ly, blessed promise, "Come un-to me ye  
3. "Come un-to me, ye weak and heavy-la-den, Come un-to me ye

I will give you rest; Rest from your ills, your care and trib-u-  
wea-ry and op-press'd, I'll heal your woes, and share your ev-'ry  
suff'ring and dis-tress'd, Come all ye err-ing, come to me, ye

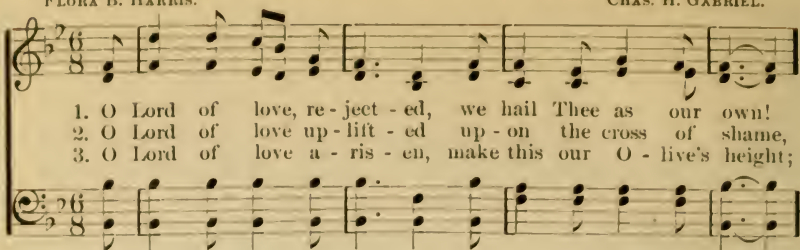
la-tion, Come un-to me, and ev-er-more be blest."  
sor-row, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."  
stray-ing, Kneel at my feet, and I will give you rest."



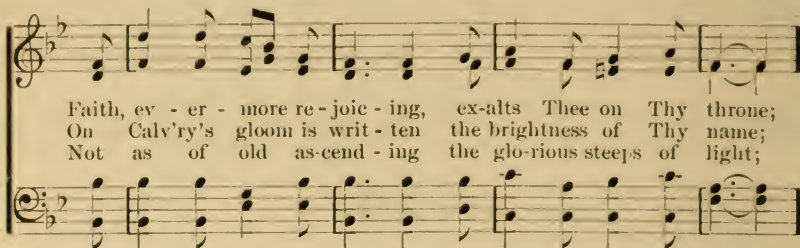
# No. 122. WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

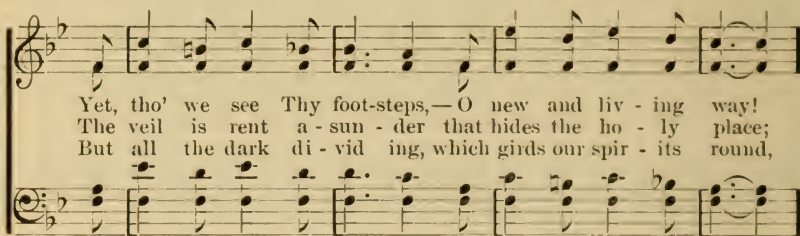
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



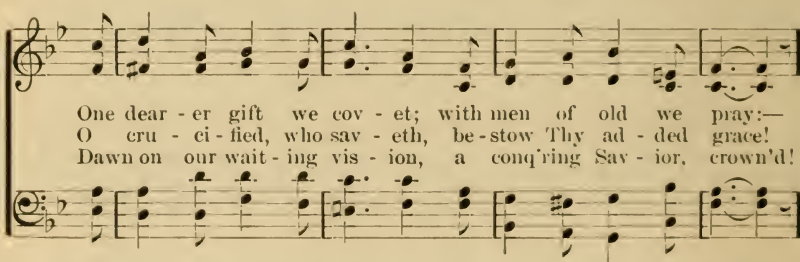
1. O Lord of love, re-ject-ed, we hail Thee as our own!  
 2. O Lord of love up-lift-ed up-on the cross of shame,  
 3. O Lord of love a-ris-en, make this our O-live's height;



Faith, ev-er-more re-joic-ing, ex-alts Thee on Thy throne;  
 On Calv'ry's gloom is writ-ten the brightness of Thy name;  
 Not as of old as-cend-ing the glo-rious steep's of light;

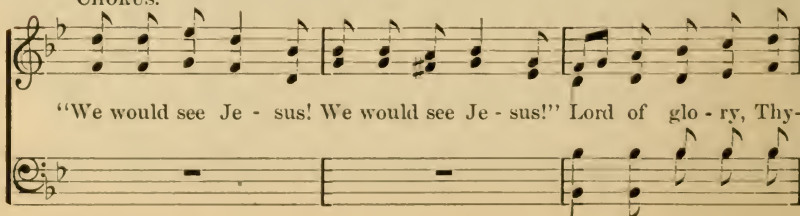


Yet, tho' we see Thy foot-steps,—O new and liv-ing way!  
 The veil is rent a-sun-der that hides the ho-ly place;  
 But all the dark di-vid-ing, which girds our spir-its round,



One dear-er gift we cov-et; with men of old we pray:—  
 O cru-ci-fied, who sav-eth, be-stow Thy ad-ded grace!  
 Dawn on our wait-ing vis-ion, a con-quer-ing Sav-ior, crown'd!

CHORUS.



"We would see Je-sus! We would see Je-sus!" Lord of glo-ry, Thy-



## WE WOULD SEE JESUS.—Concluded.

self be-stow! All Thy matchless sweetness, All Thy love's completeness

We would know, we would know, Yes, we would see Je - sus!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The first line of music corresponds to the lyrics 'self be-stow! All Thy matchless sweetness, All Thy love's completeness'. The second line of music corresponds to the lyrics 'We would know, we would know, Yes, we would see Je - sus!'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No. 123. IN TIME OF NEED.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Fear not the path-less wil-der-ness, O heav'n-ward pilgrim, onward press;  
2. The tempter's darts may oft as-sail, But hope and courage will not fail;  
3. In storm and dark-ness and dis-may, A hand di-vine shall guide the way;

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. Fear not the path-less wil-der-ness, O heav'n-ward pilgrim, onward press; 2. The tempter's darts may oft as-sail, But hope and courage will not fail; 3. In storm and dark-ness and dis-may, A hand di-vine shall guide the way;'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

His word of prom-ise bold-ly plead, Who giv-eth help in time of need.  
Lift up thy heart, dismiss thy fear, For One who loves thy soul is near.  
Till Canaan's shore is won at last, And all thy "time of need" is past.  
*D.S. Come near-er still, it is His will To give thee help in time of need.*

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 'His word of prom-ise bold-ly plead, Who giv-eth help in time of need. Lift up thy heart, dismiss thy fear, For One who loves thy soul is near. Till Canaan's shore is won at last, And all thy "time of need" is past. D.S. Come near-er still, it is His will To give thee help in time of need.'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

In time of need, in time of need, His prom-ise true, sin-cre-ly plead;

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 'In time of need, in time of need, His prom-ise true, sin-cre-ly plead;'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

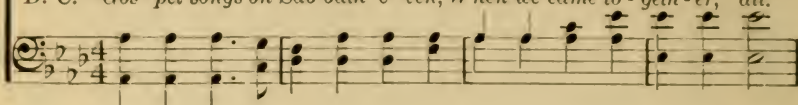
# No. 124. GOSPEL SONGS ON SABBATH EVEN.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

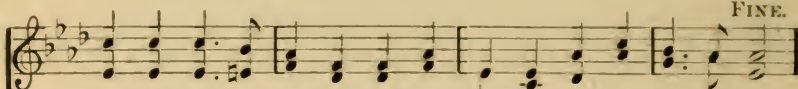
R. DEWITT MALLARY. ARR.



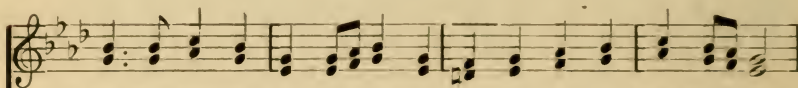
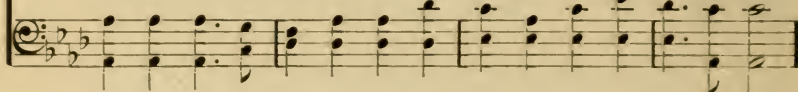
1. Gos - pel songs on Sab-bath e - ven, When we came to - geth-er, all,
  2. There are hymns, if we but sing them, All those vanished joys re - turn;
  3. Gos - pel songs on Sab-bath e - ven, How each chord of mem'ry thrills,
  4. Gos - pel songs on Sab-bath e - ven, Do they charm our lov'd ones there?
- D. C.—Gos - pel songs on Sab-bath e - ven, When we came to - geth-er, all.*



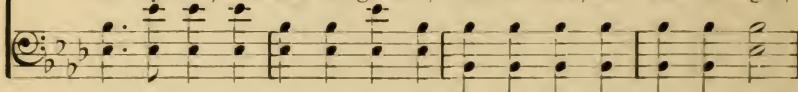
FINE.



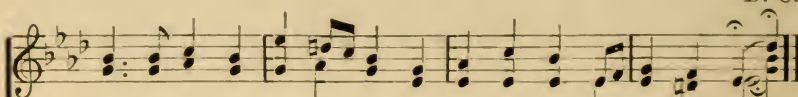
How like ca - denc-es from heav-en They up - on the mem'ry fall!  
 Back our lost ones seem to wing them; Lov'd and lost for whom we yearn;  
 For the dear ones gone to heav-en; Walk-ing the ce - les - tial hills.  
 Do they sing them o'er in heav-en, Earth-ly songs of praise and pray'r?  
*How like ca - denc-es from heav-en They up - on the mem'ry fall!*



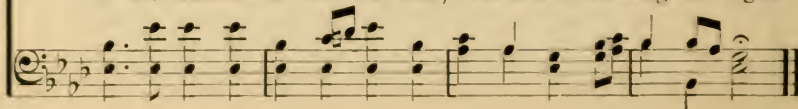
Then we gather'd, fath - er, moth-er, All our voic - es blend-ing sweet;  
 Round the or - gan in the twilight, All the old-time plac - es take;  
 With what ech-oes do they haunt us, As fa - mil - iar words we sing;  
 One by one, to them we gath-er; Still our own, tho' lost to sight;



*D. C.*

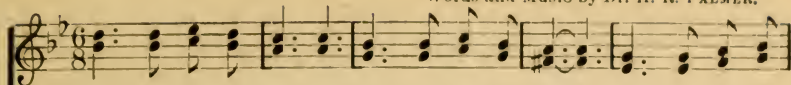


Then we gather'd, sis - ter, broth-er, Who no more on earth shall meet.  
 And be-neath the ten - der sky-light, All the old - time ech-oes wake.  
 With what ca-denc-es en-chant us, In the mem'-ry lin - ger - ing!  
 To the mansions of our Fa - ther; To that realm of song and light.

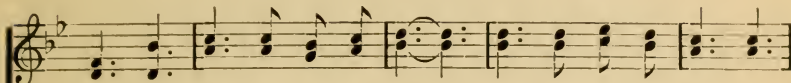


# No. 125. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

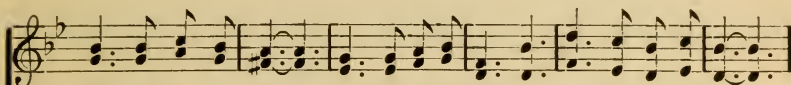
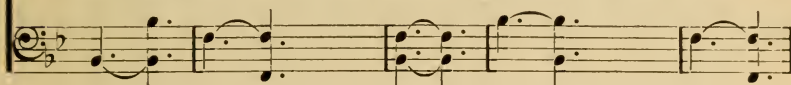
Words and Music by Dr. H. R. PALMER.



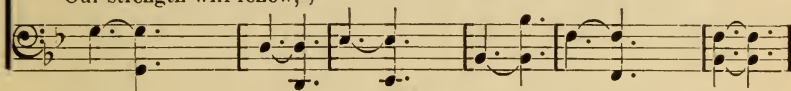
1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall



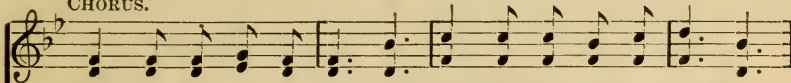
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,  
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn-est,  
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,



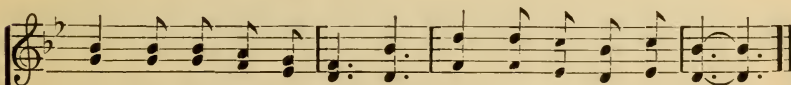
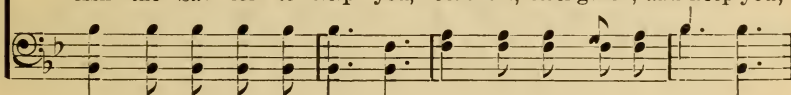
Dark passions sub-due, }  
Kind-heart-ed and true, } Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
Our strength will renew, }



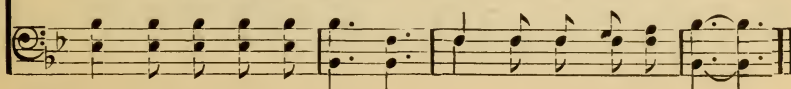
## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



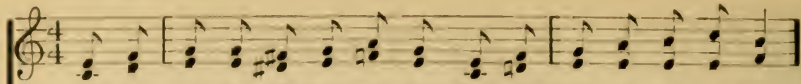
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.






IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

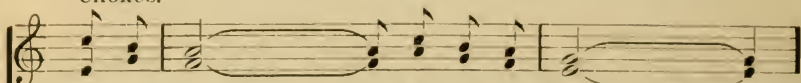


1. Tell to Je - sus all your sor - row, Bear it brave - ly as you go,  
 2. Tell the Sav - ior all your sor - row, When your friends are all un - kind;  
 3. Tell the Sav - ior all your sor - row, He your faithful Friend will prove;

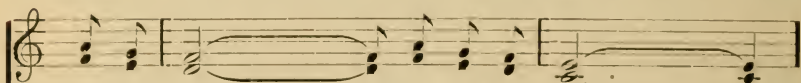


He has borne it all be - fore you, All the bit - ter - ness and woe.  
 Go to Him, He will not fail you, There sweet com - fort you will find.  
 He will share your ev - 'ry bur - den, And will cheer you with His love.

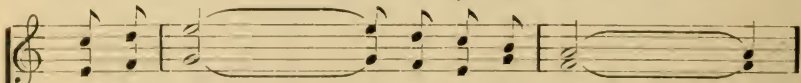
## CHORUS.



Tell the Sav - - - - - ior all your woe,.....  
 Tell the Sav - ior all your woe, Tell the Sav - ior all your woe,



All the sto - - - - - ry of your wrong;.....  
 All the sto - ry of your wrong, All the sto - ry of your wrong;



He will take..... your grief a - way,.....  
 He will take your grief a - way, He will take your grief a - way,



# TELL THE SAVIOR ALL.—Concluded.

And will fill your heart with song.....  
 And will fill your heart and soul with hap-py song, (with hap-py song.)

## No. 127. PRECIOUS SAVIOR!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior, Whom yet un - seen we love;
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. O grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.  
 Thy-self the rev - e - la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.  
 The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine.  
 In end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love.

### CHORUS.

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!

We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our Sav - ior, Lord and King!

Prof. F. S. STRATTON.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. I sing of His love, who came from the skies, To suf - fer and  
 2. I sing of the Arm that shields me from ill, Up holds me when  
 3. 'Mid pastures of green I walk ev - er-more, And drink of the

die for my sin; Who held in His hand the crown and the prize;  
 read - y to fall; Of His mer - cy that doth the prom - ise ful - fill,  
 riv - er of love; I breathe the soft gales from balm - la - den shores,

CHORUS.

Who wash'd my soul spotless and clean. Sing, oh, sing, ..... the Lord is  
 Who giv - eth His bless - ing to all.  
 And press tow'rd the mansion a - bove. Sing, oh, sing,

King; ..... Wake the song, ..... the chorus ring; .....  
 the Lord is King; Wake the song, the chorus ring;

Let my soul ..... on Christ re - ly, .....  
 Oh, let my soul on Christ re - ly,

# I SING OF HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

*Rit.*

Till I rest..... with Christ on high.....  
 Un - til I rest with Christ on high, (with Christ on high.)

## No. 129.

## CHRIST IS RISEN.

V. J. K.

Arr. by Miss CORA BADEAU.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He who slept with-in the tomb;  
 2. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! And for ev - er-more shall be  
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Ev - er-more to reign a - bove;

*FINE.*

Ris - en in His light and glo-ry; Come and shout with glad-ness, come!  
 Our de-fense and our sal - va-tion, Now and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Watching o - ver all the faith-ful, Fill - ing ev - 'ry heart with love.

*D. S.*—He hath conquer'd death for-ev - er, And to us will vic - t'ry bring.

*CHORUS.* *D. S.*

Glo - ry be to God, our Sav-ior, Glo - ry be to God, our King!

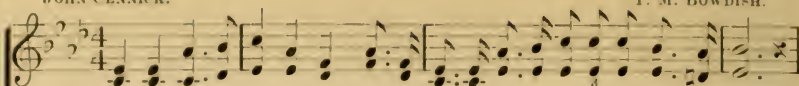


## No. 130.

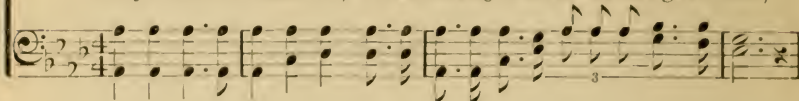
## WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

JOHN CENNICK.

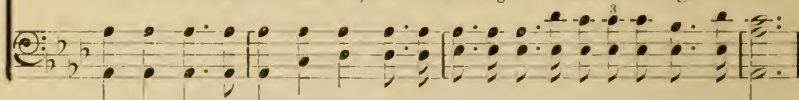
T. M. BOWDISH.



1. Children of the heav'nly King, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
2. We are trav'ling home to God, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
3. Oh, ye banish'd seed, be glad, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
5. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
6. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
7. On-ly Thon our Leader be, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;



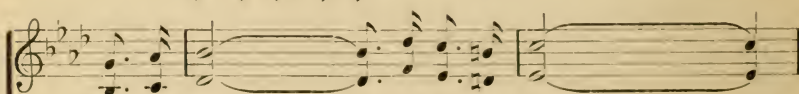
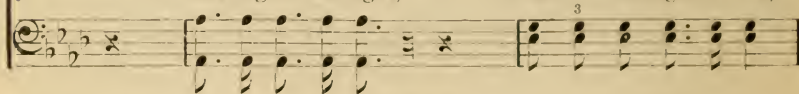
As we jour-ney, let us sing, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 In the way our fathers trod, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 Christ, our Advocate is made, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 Zi-on's cit-y is in sight, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 On the bor-ders of our land, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 And we still will follow Thee, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.



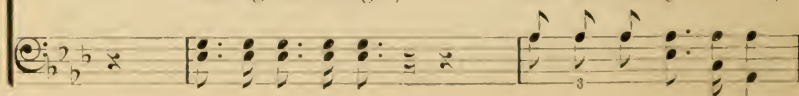
## CHORUS.



We are walk - - - ing in the light, . . . . .  
 Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti - ful light of God,



We are walk - - - ing in the light, . . . . .  
 Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti - ful light of God;





# WALKING IN THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

We are walk - - - ing in the light,  
Walk-ing in the light, walk-ing in the light,

We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

## No. 131.

## LINGER STILL.

JULIA A. SHEARMAN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Linger still, O blessed hours, Slowly fade, sweet light, Still descend, ye
2. Sacred songs, oh, do not cease, Sweet your echoes are, Sounds of praise and
3. 'Tis the third watch, blessed Lord, Come, oh, come with me, Thro' this silence

heav'nly show'rs, Backward roll, Onight, Tar - ry still, O sa - cred Dove,  
hymns of peace Min - gle with my pray'rs; Bu - sy world, lie still and sleep,  
speak the word—Life and lib - er - ty. Clasp my hand, nor let it go,

In this worthless breast; Come from Thine abode above; Make with me Thy rest.  
Far away from me, Heart of mine, oh, wakeful keep. Jesus calls for thee!  
Je - sus, Savior, Friend, Thy rich grace still let me know, Love me to the end.

## No. 132.

## O HAPPY LAND.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. { O hap - py land, so far a - way, I fan - cy I can see Thy  
I know that thou dost hold, dear land, Some precious joys for me, I  
2. { I know that there I'll find a - gain, My treasures fair and sweet, Who  
O hap - py land, where Je - sus reigns, Thro' all the end-less years; I

gates that close not night or day, Stand open wide for me.  
long to cross thy golden strand And [Omit. . . . .] find my rest in thee.  
long have pass'd beyond earth's pain, Into thy joys complete.  
know I shall be hap - py there, His [Omit. . . . .] hand shall dry my tears.

CHORUS.

Hap - py land, . . . . . dear, hap - py land, . . . . .  
Hap - py land, dear, hap - py land,

How I long . . . . . to dwell in thee; . . . . .  
How I long to dwell in thee;

I long with - in, . . . . . thy gates to stand, . . . . .  
I long with-in thy gates to stand,

# O HAPPY LAND.—Concluded.

To be from sin..... for - ev - er free.....  
 To be from sin for - ev - er free. (for-ev - er free.)

## No. 133.

## I'M NOW RESOLVED.

ADELINE H. BEERY.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I come to taste my Father's grace, And gaze on His for-giv-ing face;  
 2. The sin - ful joys that brought me pain I spurn, Thy pure delights to gain;  
 3. My heart from ev - 'ry blot make free, And fill it with sweet char-i - ty;

I cast my cloak of sin be-hind, And trust a shel-ter here to find.  
 I leave the path that leads me down, And turn to win the heav'nly crown.  
 May all who hear me learn to know How deep the springs of mercy flow.

### REFRAIN.

O bless-ed Lord, who died for me, I'm now re-solved to fol-low Thee;  
 O bless-ed Lord, who died for me, I'm now re-solved to fol-low Thee.



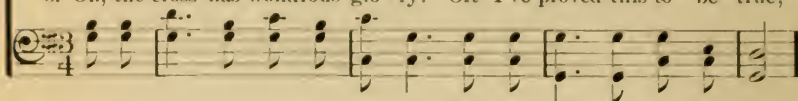
# No. 134. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

Anon.

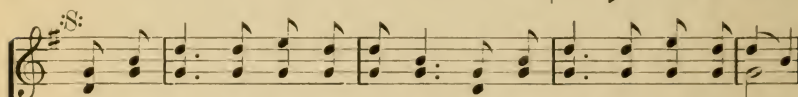
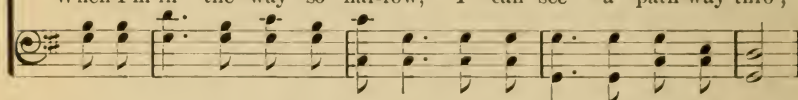
Arranged.



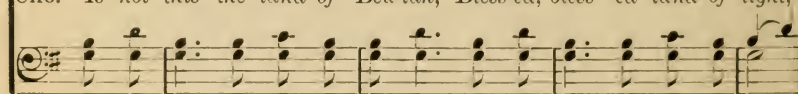
1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams,
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-der'd wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Nor the bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



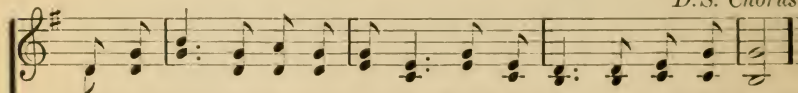
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;  
 Oft-en hin-der'd in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;  
 For I've tast-ed life's sweet riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;  
 For I've found this great sal-va-tion, Makes each bur-den light ap-pear;  
 When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a path-way thro';



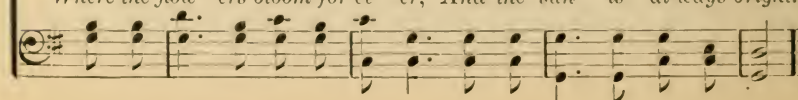
Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den with the breath of flow'rs,  
 Bro-ken vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprink-led all the way,  
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing rich and gay,  
 And I love to fol-low Je-sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,  
 And how sweet-ly Je-sus whispers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,  
 CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,



*D. S. Chorus.*



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bow'rs.  
 But the Spir-it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.  
 For I've found a rich-er treas-ure, One that fad-eth not a-way.  
 Worldly hon-ors all for-sak-ing For the glo-ry of the cross.  
 For I've tried the way be-fore thee, And the glo-ry lin-gers near.  
 Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright?





# No. 135. THE SAVIOR IS MY ALL.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.



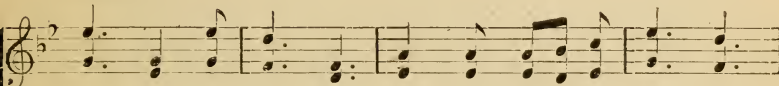
1. The Sav - ior is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme;
2. His spir - it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part;
3. And what-so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, re - joice, Give thanks un-to thy God,



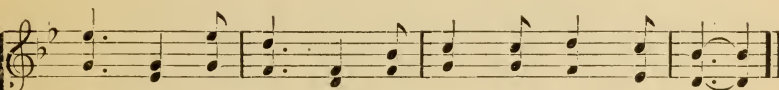
By sim-ply trust-ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.  
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.  
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - ior came.  
Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleans'd thee by His blood.



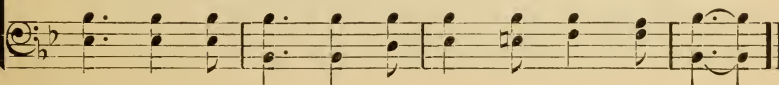
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, Je - sus hath redeem'd me;



Glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, He wash'd my sins a - way.

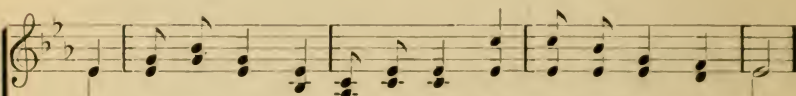


Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

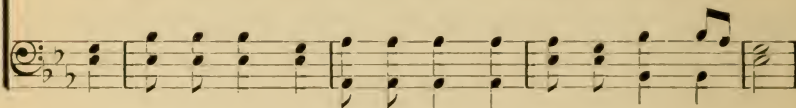
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



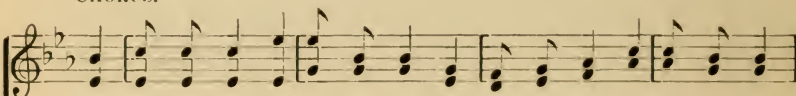
1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Oh, trust His grace! and prove His pow'r, In sin tho' deep - ly dyed;



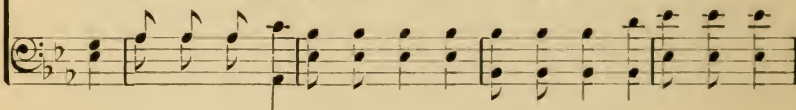
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.  
 It speaks! pol-lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.  
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd with-in.  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know: My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.  
 The Lamb of God this ver - y hour Will speak thee sanc - ti - fied.



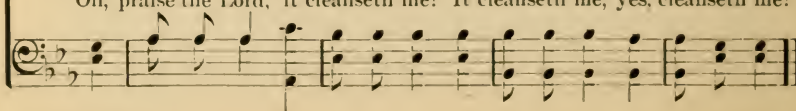
## CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

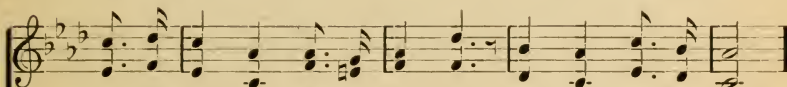
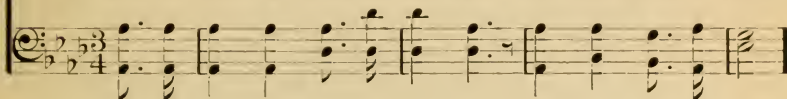


Rev. WM. APPEL.

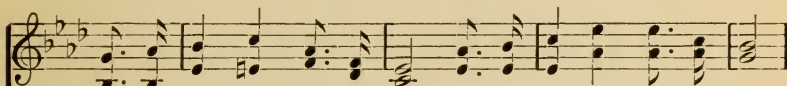
A. BEIRLY.



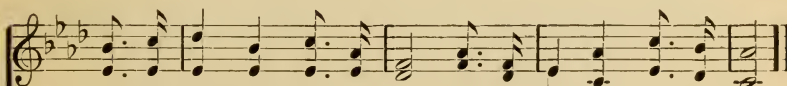
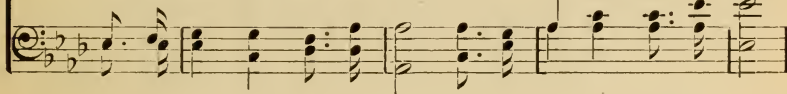
1. Rock of Ref - uge, firm foun - da - tion, Pre - cious, tried and sure;
2. Rock of Ref - uge, bless - ed shel - ter From the beat - ing storm;
3. Rock of Ref - uge, cool - ing shad - ow, From the scorch - ing rays;
4. Rock of Ref - uge, pre - cious foun - tain For the thirst - y soul,



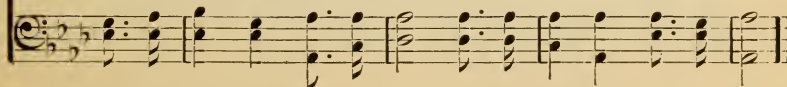
Tho' the floods are wild - ly rag - ing, Thou wilt stand se - cure.  
 Sav - ior of the un - pro - tect - ed, From all threat'ning harm.  
 In the des - ert Thou art stand - ing, An - cient of the days.  
 Thy re - viv - ing, liv - ing wa - ters Make the fam - ish'd whole;



I have left the sink - ing sand, Firm - ly on this Rock I stand,  
 Rock of Ref - uge cleft for me, I will ev - er hide in Thee,  
 To Thy cool - ing shade I fly, Cov - er me, or I must die,  
 Let Thy wa - ters, fresh and pure, Be of sin the last - ing cure,



I have left the sink - ing sand, Firm - ly on this Rock I stand.  
 Rock of Ref - uge cleft for me, I will ev - er hide in Thee.  
 To Thy cool - ing shade I fly, Cov - er me, or I must die.  
 Let Thy wa - ters, fresh and pure, Be of sin the last - ing cure.

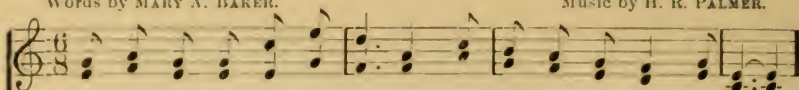


## No. 138.

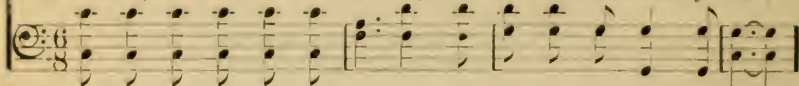
## PEACE, BE STILL!

Words by MARY A. BAKER.

Music by H. R. PALMER.



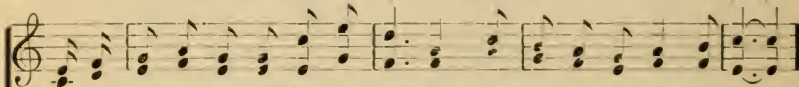
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest:



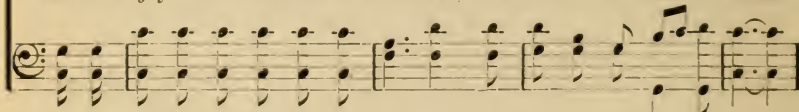
The sky is o'er shadowed with blackness. No shelter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-ror'd. And heaven's within my breast;



"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst Thou lie a-sleep,  
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;  
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er; Leave me a-lone no more;



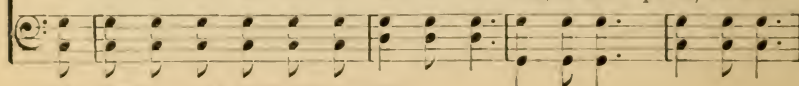
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh, hast-en, and take con-trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



CHORUS.



"The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace, be still!  
 Peace, be still! peace, be still!"





# PEACE, BE STILL!—Concluded.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

*Cres.*

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

*ff*

Mas-ter of o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey My will;

*p* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o-bey My will Peace, peace, be still!"

## No. 139. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

KEY OF G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down;  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone:  
Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

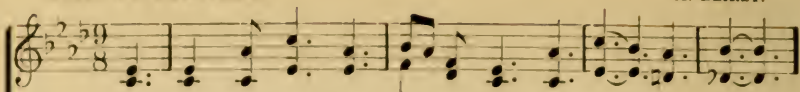
3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

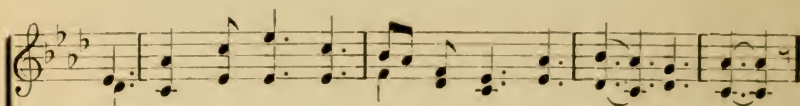
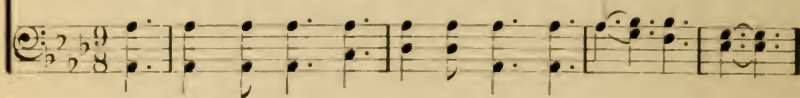
# No. 140. KEEP US IN THY CARE.

ISABELLA B. KERSTETTER.

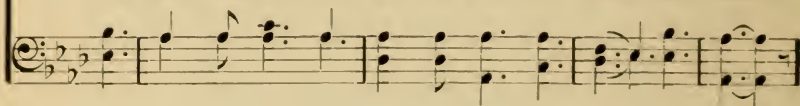
A. BEIRLY.



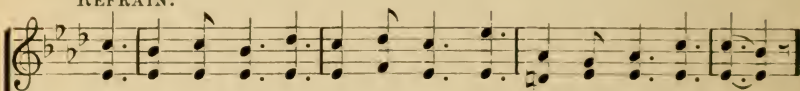
1. Lord, keep us in Thy ten-der care Till next we meet;
2. Lord, grant the spir - it of Thy grace To ev - 'ry one;
3. Lord, watch Thou o'er us when our steps May lead a - part,
4. Lord, keep us safe, and lead us on Till life is o'er;



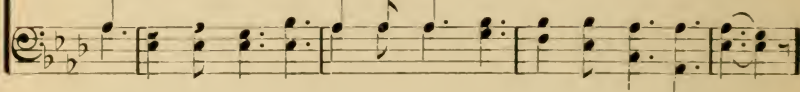
And bind in clos - er bonds of love, Our un - ion sweet.  
 And give us strength to la - bor on Till work is done.  
 And with Thine all - sus - tain-ing love Fill ev - 'ry heart.  
 Then take us home with all we love, To part no more.



## REFRAIN.



Thy grace is all - suf - fi-cient, Lord, To keep us near Thy side:



We long to lean up - on Thy word, And near Thee a - bide.



# No. 141.

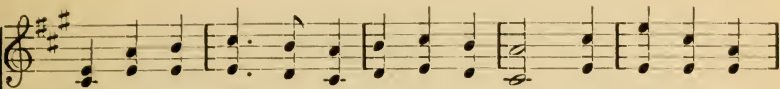
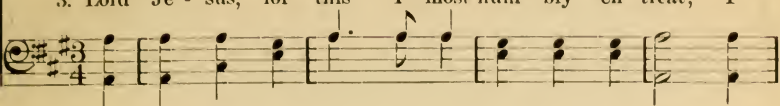
# WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

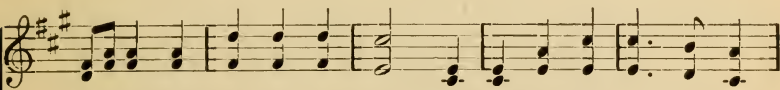
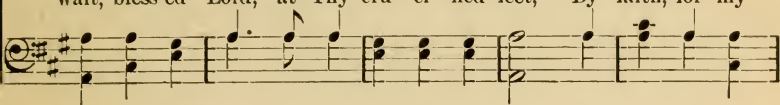
WM. G. FISCHER.



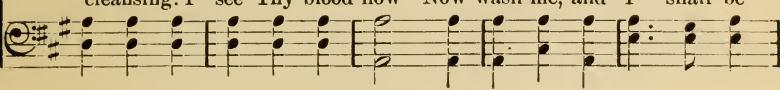
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I  
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And  
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I



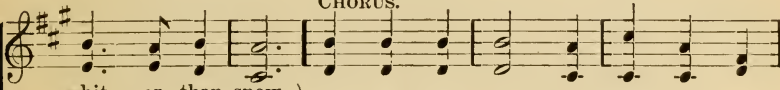
want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry  
help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -  
wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my



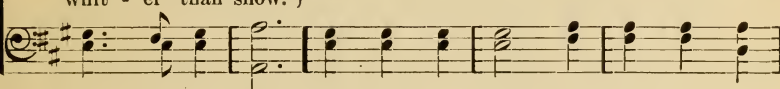
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be  
self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be  
cleansing: I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be



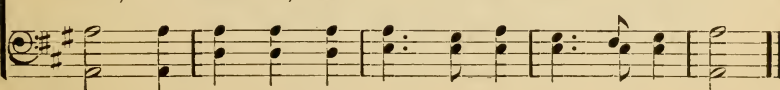
## CHORUS.



whit - er than snow. }  
whit - er than snow. } Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than  
whit - er than snow. }



snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



## No. 142.

## GOLDEN DAYS.

A. D. K.

Rev. A. D. KENNEDY.

1. We are yield-ing no-bly now to the truth, (to the truth,) And the  
 2. God has strewn our youthful path with bright flow'rs, (with bright flow'rs.) Words of  
 3. Our young hearts are ev-er free from all care, (from all care,) And our

prin - ci - ples of right in our youth, (in our youth,) Ev - er  
 kind-ness, deeds of love, gold - en hours, (gold - en hours,) Lov-ing  
 minds are clear and fresh as the air, (as the air:) All our

shun-ning filth - y speech and un-truth, (and un-truth,) While the  
 friends and cheer-ing smiles which are ours, (which are ours,) While the  
 mu - tual joys for Christ we will share, (we will share,) While the

## CHORUS.

youth-ful days of life pass a - way. Pass-ing by  
 gold - en days of youth pass a - way.  
 gold - en days of youth pass a - way. Pass-ing by

pass-ing by, Gold-en days..... are pass - ing  
 pass-ing by, Gold - en days are pass - ing



## GOLDEN DAYS.—Concluded.

by, Oh, im - prove..... them as they  
by, pass - ing by, Oh, im-prove them as they

fly, Gold-en days, gold-en days.  
fly, as they fly, Gold-en days, gold-en days.

## No. 143. JUST WHEN THOU WILT.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. BEIRLY.


1. Just when Thou wilt, O Mas-ter, call, Or at the noon, or ev'ning fall,
2. Just when Thou wilt, O Savior, come, Take me to dwell in Thy bright home!
3. Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
4. Just when Thou wilt!—no choice for me! Life is a gift to use for Thee;

Or in the dark, or in the light. Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.  
Or when the snows have crown'd my head, Or ere it hath one sil-ver thread.  
Mark'd by the Sun of per-fect love, Shin-ing un-chang-a-bly a-bove.  
Death is a hush'd and glorious tryst, With Thee, my King, my Savior, Christ!

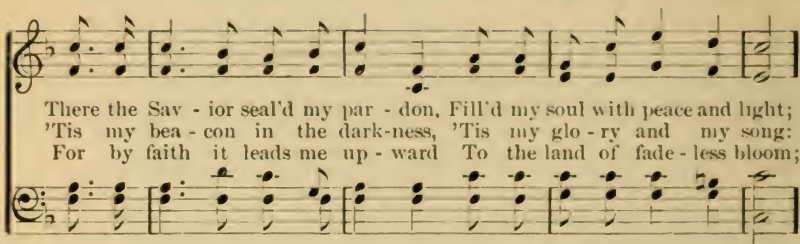
# No. 144. IN THE CROSS I TRIUMPH.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

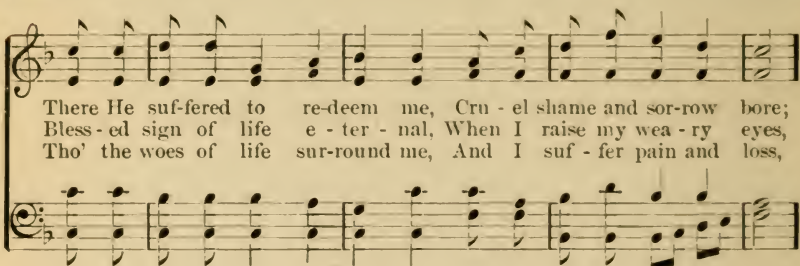
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



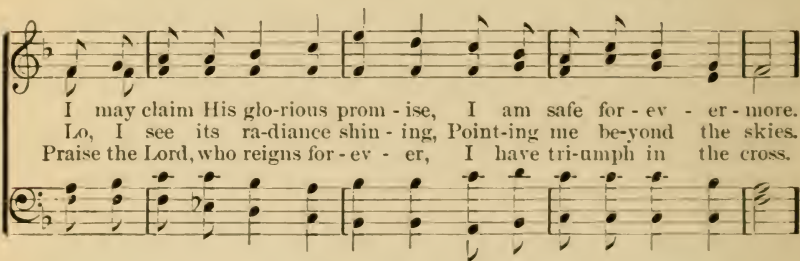
1. In the cross of Christ I tri-umph, Lo, it gleams with glo-ry bright!  
 2. In the cross of Christ I tri-umph, 'Tis my ref-uge sure and strong;  
 3. In the cross of Christ I tri-umph, As it shines a-mid the gloom;



There the Sav-ior seal'd my par-don, Fill'd my soul with peace and light;  
 'Tis my bea-con in the dark-ness, 'Tis my glo-ry and my song;  
 For by faith it leads me up-ward To the land of fade-less bloom;

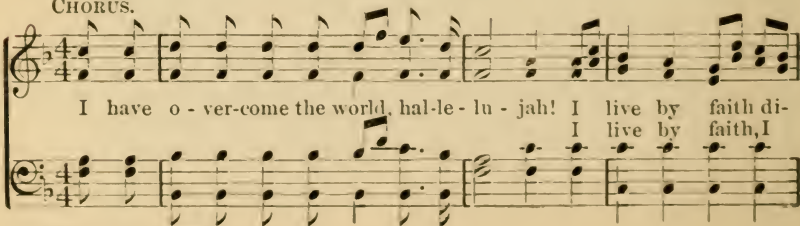


There He suf-fered to re-deem me, Cru-el shame and sor-row bore;  
 Bless-ed sign of life e-ter-nal, When I raise my wea-ry eyes,  
 Tho' the woes of life sur-round me, And I suf-fer pain and loss,



I may claim His glo-rious prom-ise, I am safe for-ev-er more.  
 Lo, I see its ra-diance shin-ing, Point-ing me be-yond the skies.  
 Praise the Lord, who reigns for-ev-er, I have tri-umph in the cross.

## CHORUS.



I have o-ver-come the world, hal-le-lu-jah! I live by faith di-  
 I live by faith, I

# IN THE CROSS I TRIUMPH.—Concluded.

vine,..... Yes, I tri-umph in the cross, hal - le -  
live by faith di-vine,

lu - jah! His tri-umph-ant vic - t'ry shall be mine.

## No. 145.

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser-a-phim  
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!  
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

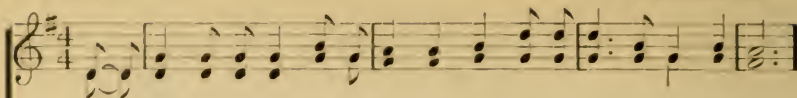
mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.  
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, in pur - i - ty.  
mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



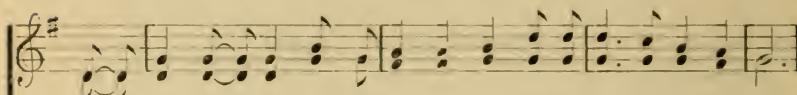
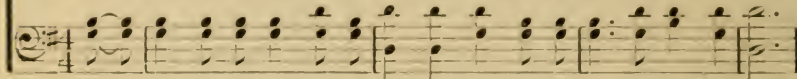
# No. 146. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME

J. H. K.

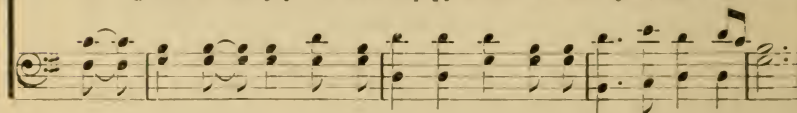
J. H. KURZENKABE.



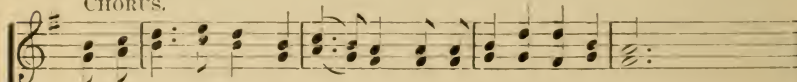
1. A sin - ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!
4. I'll watch, for to day yet the Lord may come, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!



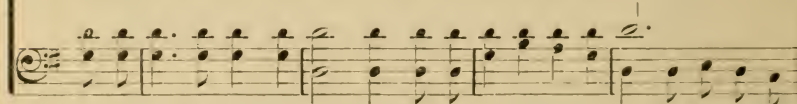
He knew me at once and a-bode with me, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!  
 He knows ev-'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!  
 For the great re - lief when my bur - den fell, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!  
 To grant me the joy of His hap - py home, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name!



## CHORUS.



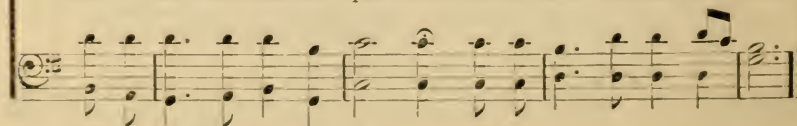
Hal-le-lu-jah, oh, the glo - ry! Jesus loves me, this I know;



Hal-le-lu-jah!



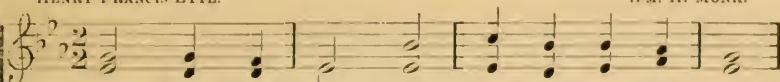
For I feel the bless - ed par - don That our Sav - ior did be - stow.



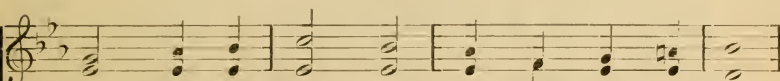
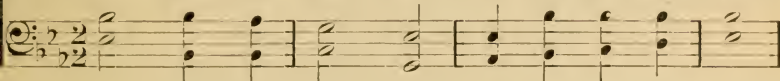


HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

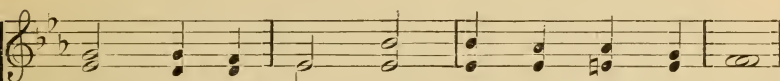
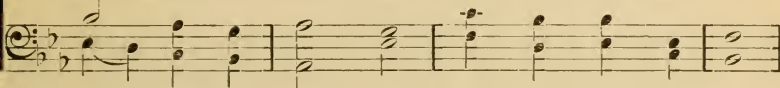
WM. H. MONK.



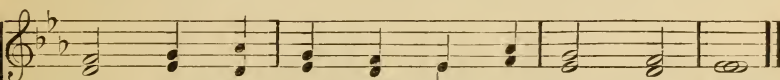
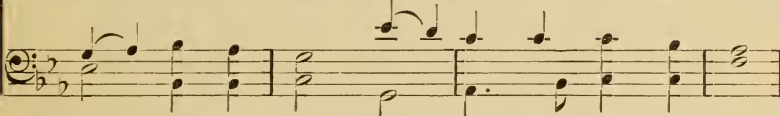
1. A - bidē with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,



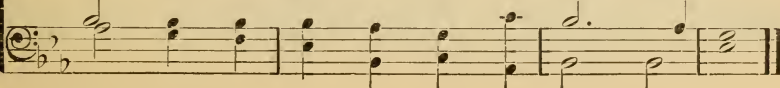
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidē!  
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee:



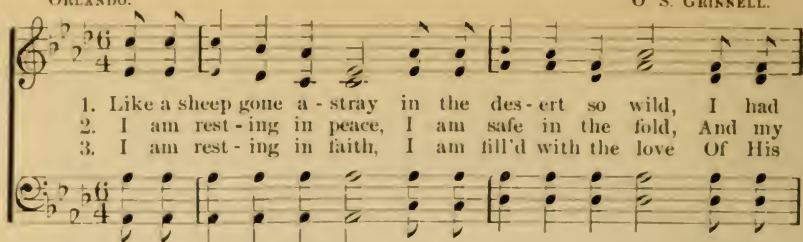
Help of the help - less, O a - bidē with me.  
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bidē with me.  
 Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bidē with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bidē with me.  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bidē with me.



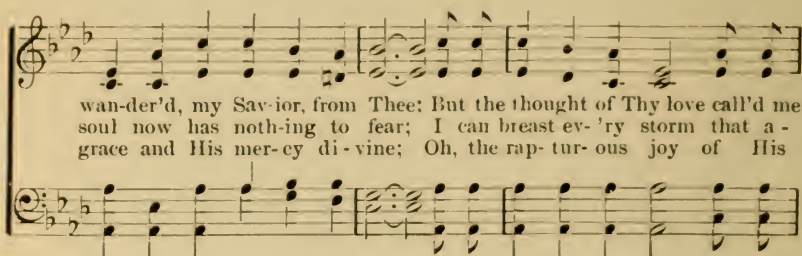
# No. 148. LIKE A SHEEP GONE ASTRAY.

ORLANDO.

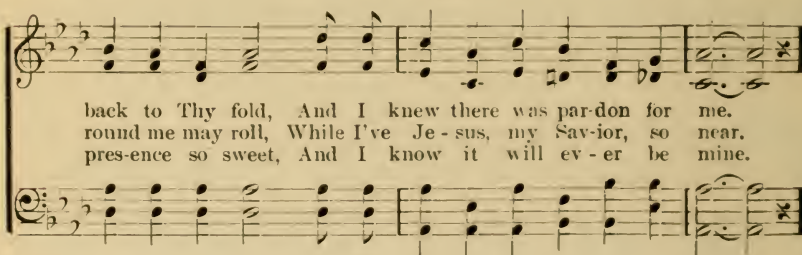
O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Like a sheep gone a - stray in the des - ert so wild, I had  
 2. I am rest - ing in peace, I am safe in the fold, And my  
 3. I am rest - ing in faith, I am fill'd with the love Of His

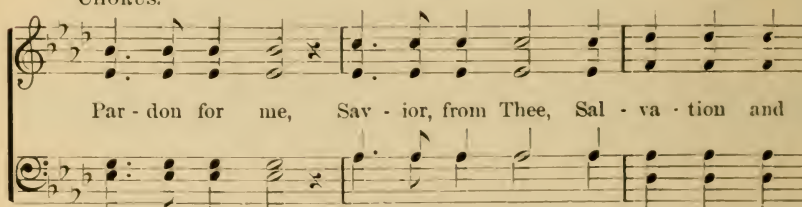


wan - der'd, my Sav - ior, from Thee; But the thought of Thy love call'd me  
 soul now has noth - ing to fear; I can breast ev - 'ry storm that a -  
 grace and His mer - cy di - vine; Oh, the rap - tur - ous joy of His

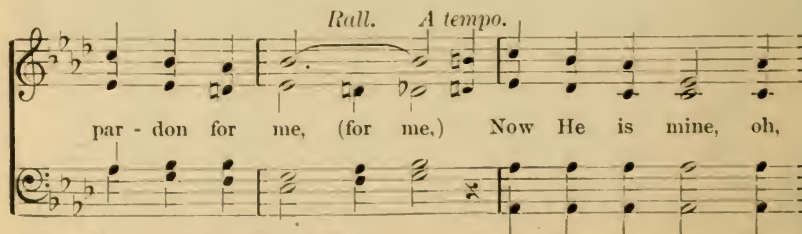


back to Thy fold, And I knew there was par - don for me.  
 round me may roll, While I've Je - sus, my Sav - ior, so near.  
 pres - ence so sweet, And I know it will ev - er be mine.

## CHORUS.



Par - don for me, Sav - ior, from Thee, Sal - va - tion and



*Rall.* *A tempo.*  
 par - don for me, (for me,) Now He is mine, oh,

# LIKE A SHEEP ASTRAY.—Concluded.

*Rit.*

mer - ey di - vine! My soul it is rest - ing in Thee.

## No. 149. THE LOVING REQUEST.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

A. BEIRLY.

1. O "come un - to me!" said the Sav - ior of love, "Ye  
2. How long will you wan - der, in doubt and in sin? How  
3. O go as He bids you, O go un - to Him: A -

wea - ry ones, come and find rest; My yoke it is eas - y, my  
long from the fold go a - stray? How long in the dark - ness of  
way your dark troubles will roll; O go un - to Je - sus whose

bar - den is light, O come un - to me and be blest."  
earth will you dwell? O haste to the light of the day.  
grace will sus - tain, And you will find rest for your soul.

### REFRAIN.

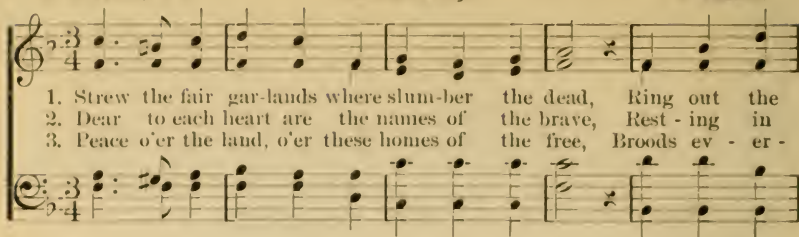
"Come un - to me," lov - ing re - quest "Come, and I will give you rest!"

# No. 150. STREW THE FAIR GARLANDS.

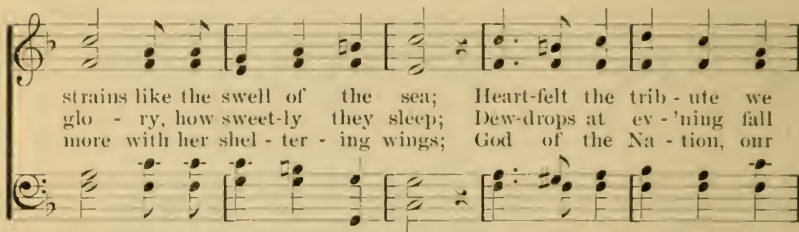
S. F. SMITH, D. D.

*Decoration Day.*

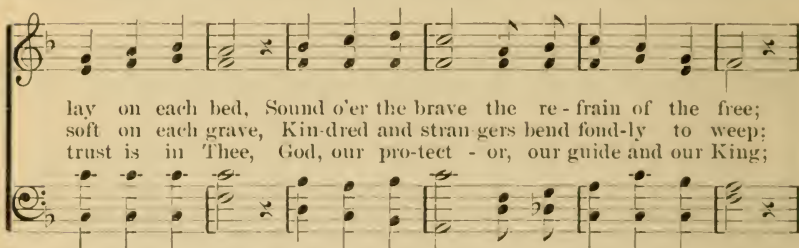
A. BEIRLY.



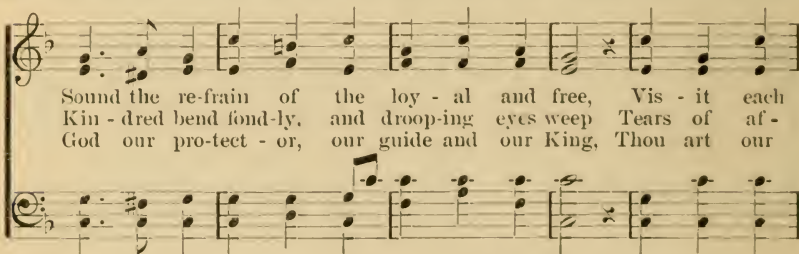
1. Strew the fair gar-lands where slum-ber the dead, Ring out the  
 2. Dear to each heart are the names of the brave, Rest-ing in  
 3. Peace o'er the land, o'er these homes of the free, Broods ev-er-



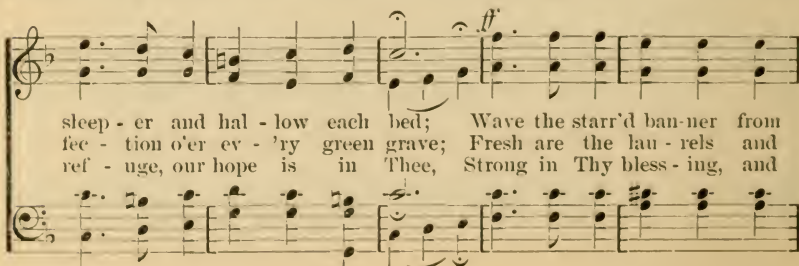
strains like the swell of the sea; Heart-felt the trib-ute we  
 glo-ry, how sweet-ly they sleep; Dew-drops at ev-'ning fall  
 more with her shel-ter-ing wings; God of the Na-tion, our



lay on each bed, Sound o'er the brave the re-frain of the free;  
 soft on each grave, Kin-dred and stran-gers bend fond-ly to weep;  
 trust is in Thee, God, our pro-TECT - or, our guide and our King;



Sound the re-frain of the loy-al and free, Vis-it each  
 Kin-dred bend fond-ly, and droop-ing eyes weep Tears of  
 God our pro-TECT - or, our guide and our King, Thou art our



sleep-er and hal-low each bed; Wave the starr'd ban-ner from  
 fec-tion o'er ev-'ry green grave; Fresh are the lau-rels and  
 ref-uge, our hope is in Thee, Strong in Thy bless-ing, and



# STREW THE FAIR GARLANDS.—Concluded.

sea-coast to sea, Grate-ful the liv - ing, and hon-or'd the dead.  
 peaceful their sleep, Love still shall cher-ish the no - ble and brave.  
 safe 'neath Thy wing, Peace shall en-cir - cle these homes of the free.

## No. 151.

## BY AND BY.

W. T. D.

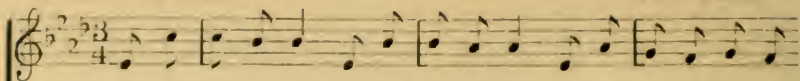
Rev. W. T. DALE.

1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by,  
 2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by;  
 3. We shall join the heav'n - ly choir, By and by, by and by;

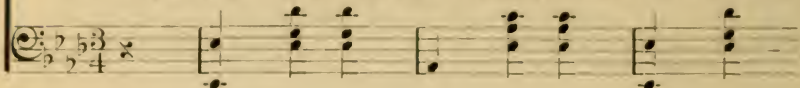
In that hap - py land so sweet, By and by, by and by;  
 We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;  
 We shall strike the gold - en lyre, By and by, by and by;

We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin - dred gone be - fore,  
 With the ran-som'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly, hap - py band,  
 In our home so bright and fair, Where the hap - py an - gels are,

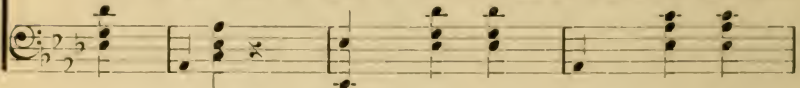
And the Sav-ior's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.  
 Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.  
 We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.



1. Songs of praise we bring to our Sav-ior, King, Who hath said "Let little
2. Tho' so young and small, Je-sus loves us all, And His smil-ing face o'er
3. Then glad songs employ, songs of praise and joy, To the Lamb who loves the

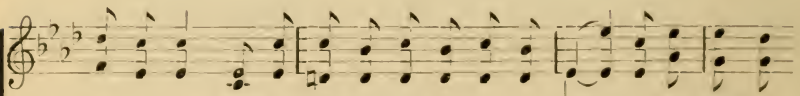
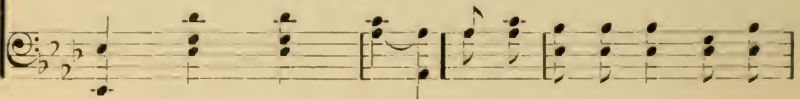


chil-dren come, For of such" said He "shall my kingdom be." Kingdom  
all we see; Gen-tly, day by day, still He leads the way; Bless-ed  
chil-dren so; Let us each be true, live, and serve Him too, And more

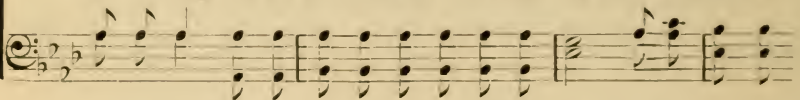


## CHORUS.

of the ransom'd, gather'd home.  
Je - sus, we will fol-low Thee. } We will sweet-ly sing of our  
like the Mas - ter dai - ly grow.



Sav-ior-King, Till the ech-oes reach the vaulted skies! To the Lord a -

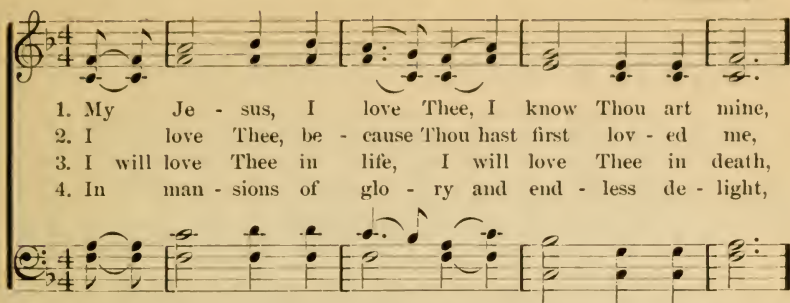


bove, Prince of peace and love, Shall our sweetest songs of praise a-rise.

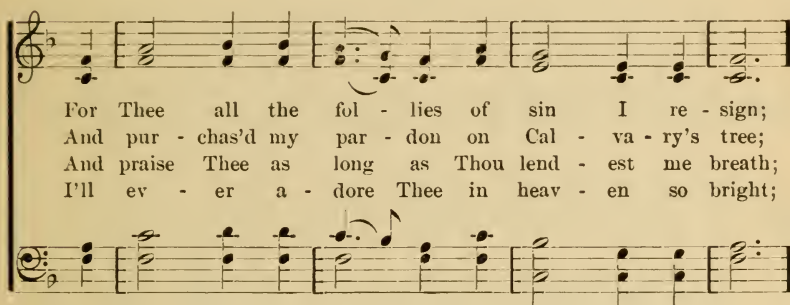


# No. 153. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

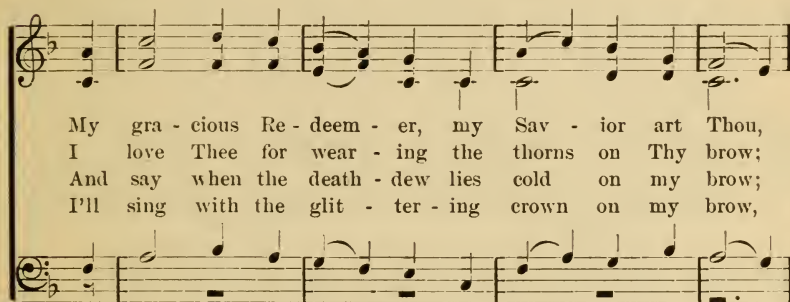
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chas'd my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow;  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



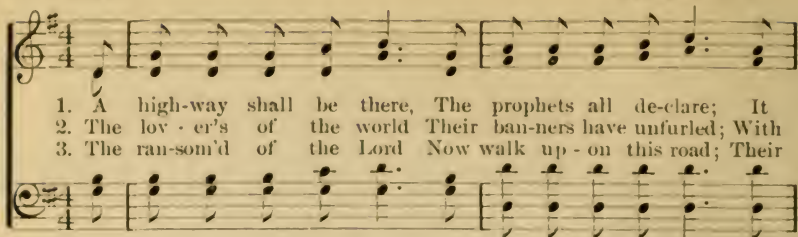
If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



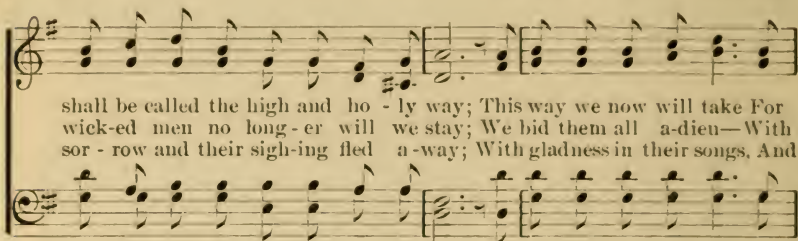
# No. 154. KEEP ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Words arr.

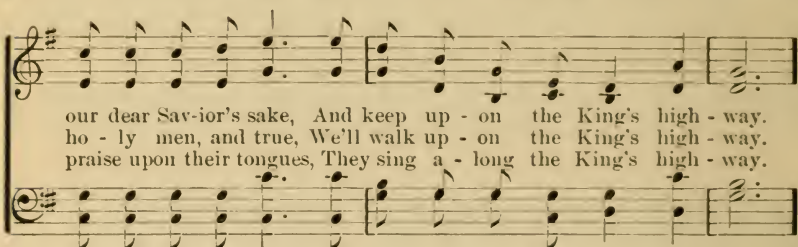
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. A high-way shall be there, The prophets all de-clare; It  
 2. The lov - er's of the world Their ban-ners have unfurled; With  
 3. The ran-som'd of the Lord Now walk up - on this road; Their



shall be called the high and ho - ly way; This way we now will take For  
 wick-ed men no long - er will we stay; We bid them all a-dieu—With  
 sor - row and their sigh-ing fled a-way; With gladness in their songs, And

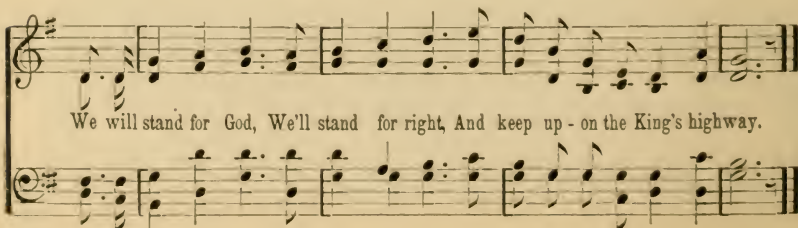


our dear Sav-ior's sake, And keep up - on the King's high - way.  
 ho - ly men, and true, We'll walk up - on the King's high - way.  
 praise upon their tongues, They sing a - long the King's high - way.

## CHORUS.



We will walk on the King's highway, We will sing on the King's highway,  
 We will walk We will sing



We will stand for God, We'll stand for right, And keep up - on the King's highway.



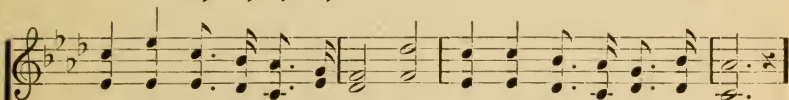
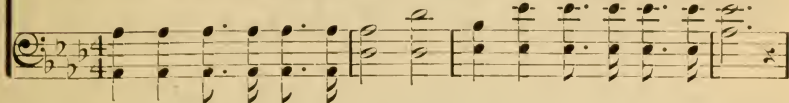
# No. 155. OPEN ARMS OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

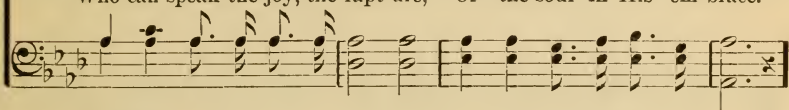
F. S. LORENZ.



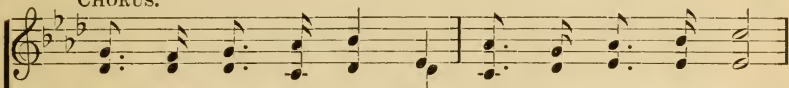
1. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Ref-uge for a dy - ing race;
2. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Love is beam-ing from His eye;
3. Safe with-in the arms of Je - sus, All the world may storm and rage;
4. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Love's de-light-ful hid-ing place;



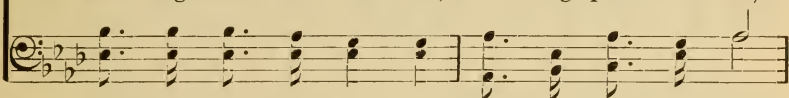
Oh, what love, what ten-der pit - y, That af-ford such wondrous grace.  
He will shel-ter, He will cher-ish, All who to His bo - som fly.  
Strong His arm is to de - liv - er From the foes our souls en - gage.  
Who can speak the joy, the rapt-ure, Of the soul in His em-brace.



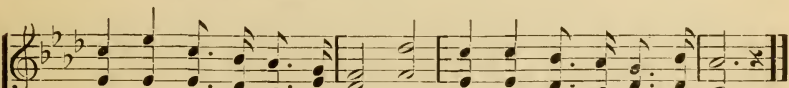
## CHORUS.



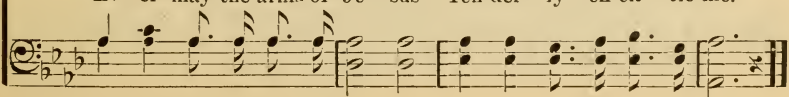
Lov - ing arms of Je - sus, hid - ing place for me,



Ref - uge in temp - ta - tion, with - er I may flee;



Ev - er may the arms of Je - sus Ten-der - ly en-cir - cle me.



Anon.

E. C. Avis.

1. There's a cit - y of gold, 'tis the joy of the soul, And its  
 2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the  
 3. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are un-known, Ev - er

glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the  
 faith-ful with rapt-ure be - hold; There the righteous for - ev - er will  
 glo - ries on glo-ries un - fold; There the Lamb is the light in the

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.  
 shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.  
 midst of the throne, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

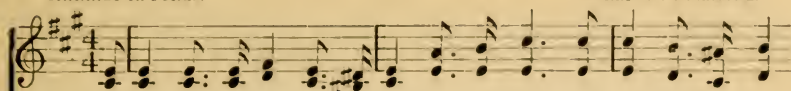
CHORUS.

Hap-py home, over there, Hap-py home, bright and fair;  
 Hap-py home, over there, Hap-py home, bright and fair;

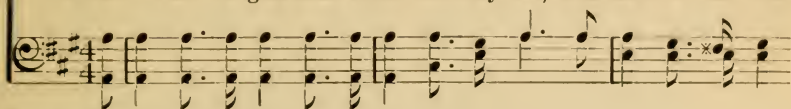
There the righteous forever shall shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of gold.

HARRIET E. JONES.

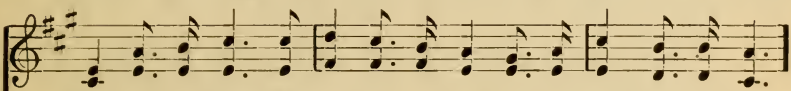
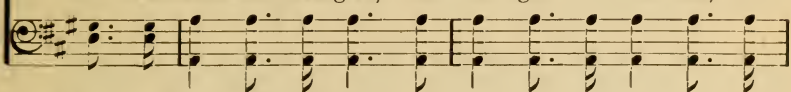
FRED A. FILLMORE.



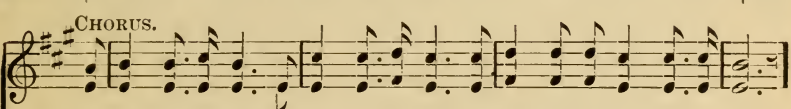
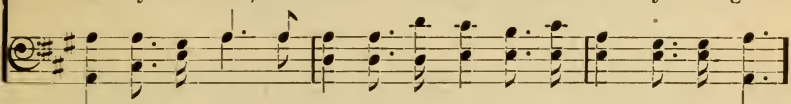
1. Oh! I am so glad that sal-va-tion is free, That Je-sus will par-  
 2. Oh! I am so glad that our Sav-ior is King, And needs not the rich-  
 3. Oh! I am so glad that a sin-ner may live, And share in the rich-



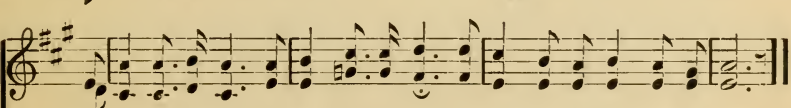
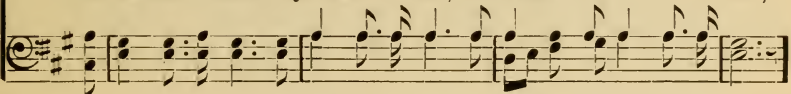
don a sin-ner like me; He asks not for sil-ver, He  
 es the wealth-y would bring; His treas-ures are end-less, His  
 es this Mon-arch can give; Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal, His



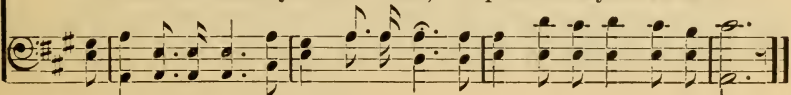
asks not for gold, The poor-est may en-ter the good Shepherd's fold.  
 rich-es un-told, The poor-est may share in the wealth of His fold.  
 beau-ty be-hold, And dwell ev-er-more in the cit-y of gold.



CHORUS.  
 Sal-va-tion is free for you and for me; The Master has rich-es un-told;



Sal-va-tion is free for you and for me; The poor-est may en-ter the fold.

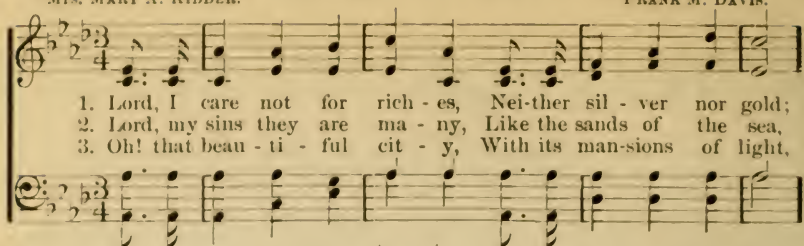




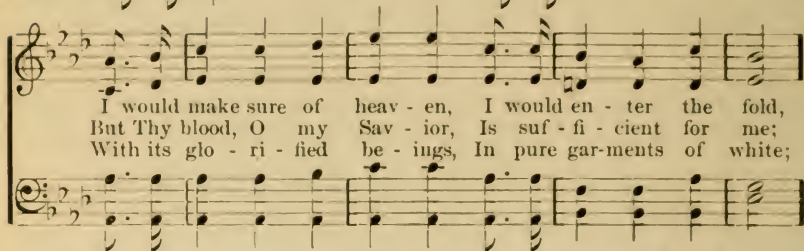
# No. 158. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

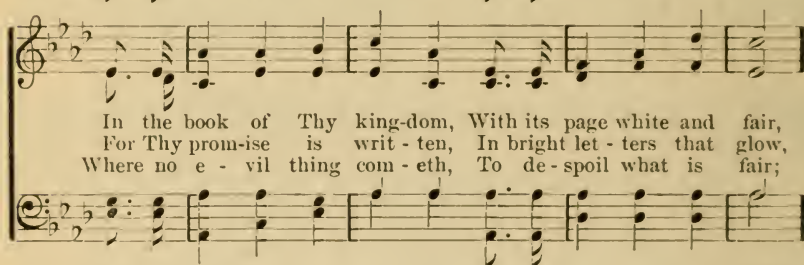
FRANK M. DAVIS.



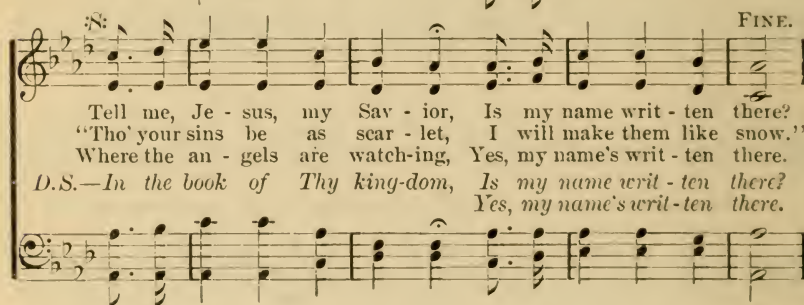
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold;  
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,  
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,



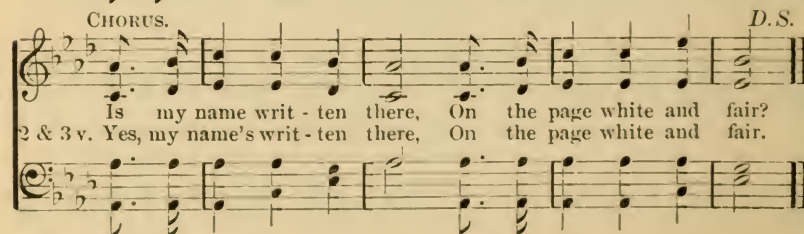
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,  
 But Thy blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;  
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white;



In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair,  
 For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,  
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;



Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?  
 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."  
 Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.  
*D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?*  
*Yes, my name's writ - ten there.*



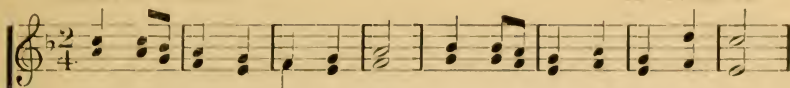
**CHORUS.** Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?  
 2 & 3 v. Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.  
*D.S.*



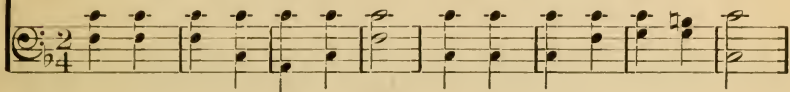
# No. 159. CONSECRATION HYMN.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



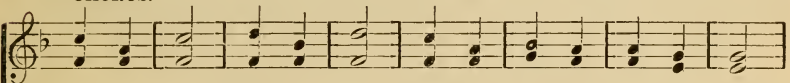
1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sag - es from Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine,
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



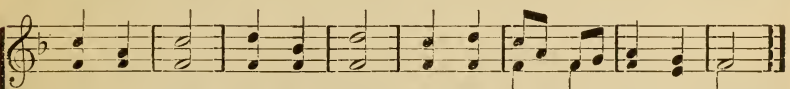
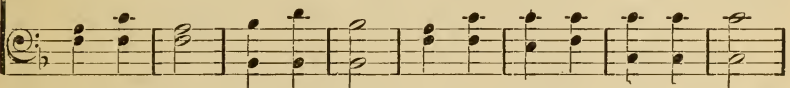
Take my hands and let them move, At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er on - ly, all for Thee.



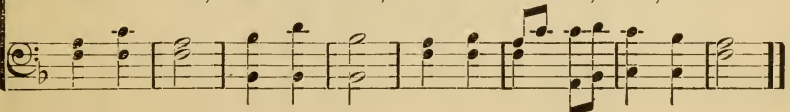
## CHORUS.



All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee,



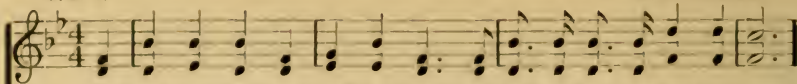
All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee.



# No. 160. THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

V. J. C.

P. P. BILHORN.



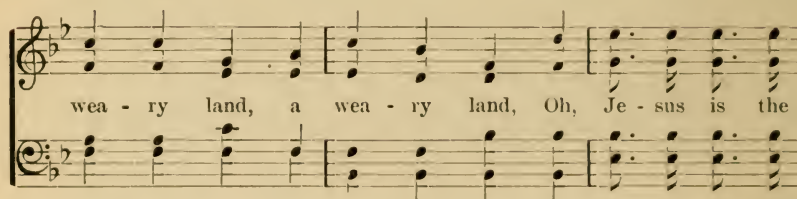
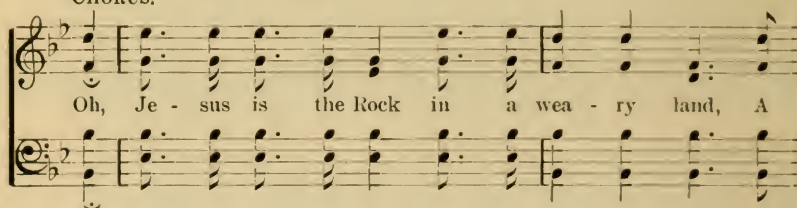
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide; A shel-ter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
3. The rag-ing storm may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm!



Se-cure, what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm!  
 No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm!  
 We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!  
 Be Thou our Help-er, ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm!




## CHORUS.

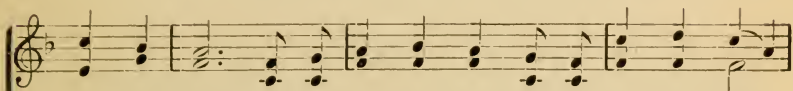


C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

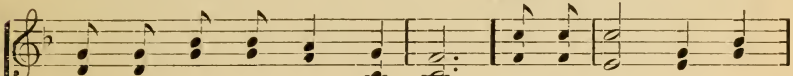


1. I will sing a song of that land so fair, O - ver by the  
 2. There no foes pre - vail, there no fears an - noy, O - ver by the  
 3. We will rest in peace by the wa - ters' side, O - ver by the

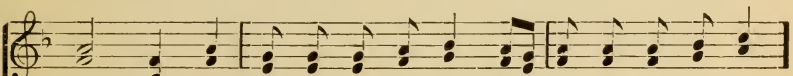


crys - tal sea; Where the bless - ed throng of the ran - som'd are,  
 crys - tal sea; There our souls may dwell in e - ter - nal joy,  
 crys - tal sea; In the love of Christ we shall there a - bide,

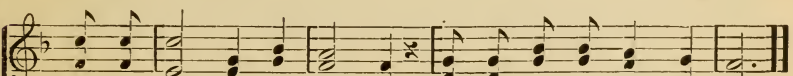
## REFRAIN.



O - ver by the crys - tal sea. Heav'nly Ca - naan, bright



Ca - naan, Oh, may our por - tion be to find a home in Thee;



Heav'nly Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, O - ver by the crys - tal sea.

A. B.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Sweet rest that in heav - en a - lone can be found, I  
 2. Oh, re - gion di - vine where the bless - ed a - bide, What  
 3. Who, who would not en - ter that home ev - er bright, All

long to draw near where thy bless-ings abound; Where earth's wea-ry  
 joy must it be to be near Je - sus' side! There, lov'd ones re -  
 ra - dian - t and glo - rious with God's ho - ly light? I long, bless-ed

pil-grim's are wel-com'd and blest, Be - hold-ing their Lord, and en -  
 deem'd who have gone on be - fore Are reap-ing sweet rest on that  
 Sav - ior, when done here be - low, To gain that sweet rest Thou a

## REFRAIN.

joy - ing sweet rest.  
 bright, peace - ful shore. } Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;  
 lone canst be - stow. }



## SWEET REST.—Concluded.

On the bo - som of Je - sus the pil - grim finds rest.

## No. 163. WE PRAISE THEE, O LORD.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the smile of Thy face,  
 2. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the light of Thy love,  
 3. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the strength of Thine arm,  
 4. We praise Thee, O Lord, For Thy com - ing a - gain,

For the health of Thy sun-shine, The pow'r of Thy grace.  
 For the dew of Thy mer - cy That comes from a - bove.  
 For Thy care and pro - tec - tion That shields us from harm.  
 For Thy glo - ri - ous king - dom, Thy won - der - ful reign.

### CHORUS.

We praise Thee, dear Sav - ior, A - gain and a - gain,

We praise Thee, hal - le - lu - jah! for - ev - er, a - men.

# No. 164. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

A. BEIRLY.

*Andante.*

*m* *f* *Rit.*

*m* SOLO.

*p*

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-sham'd of  
3. Asham'd of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a -

*f* *f* *Rit.*

*p* *Rit.*

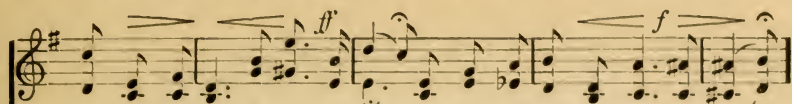
Thee? Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?  
way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.

QUARTET. *Andantino. m*

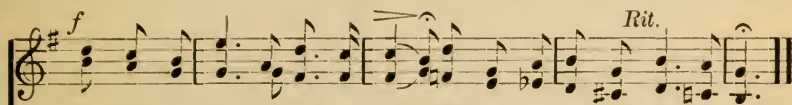
*f*

2. Asham'd of Je - sus, that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
4. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain;

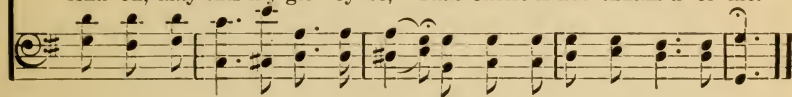
# NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.—Concluded.



No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name;  
And oh, may this my glo-ry be That Christ is not asham'd of me;



No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.  
And oh, may this my glo-ry be,—That Christ is not asham'd of me.

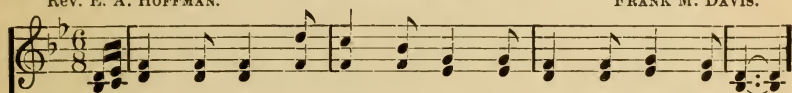


## No. 165.

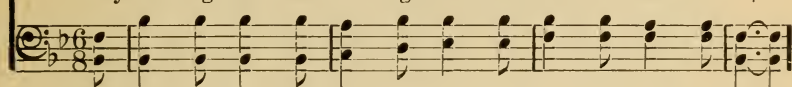
## MERCY'S GATE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. The Spir - it now en-treat - eth thee To en - ter mer - cy's gate;
2. The call has oft - en come to thee, O wan - der - er a - stray,
3. Thy lov - ing Sav - ior wait - ing stands To bid thee en - ter in,

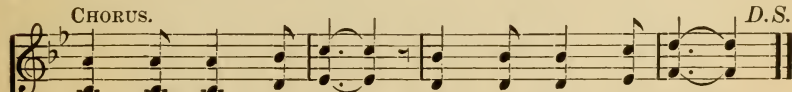


Oh en - ter while there yet is room, Be-fore it is too late.  
Renounce thy sin, and par-don'd be While it is called to-day.  
And rec - on - cile thy guilt - y soul, And cleanse thee from all sin.

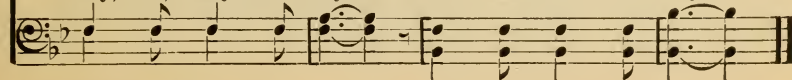
*D.S.*—The Spir-it now en-treat-eth thee To give thy heart a-way.



### CHORUS.



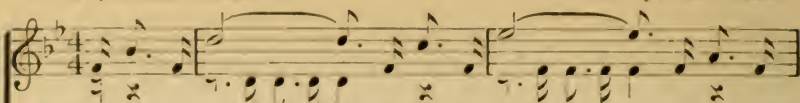
Why, oh, why de-lay? Come to Christ to-day;



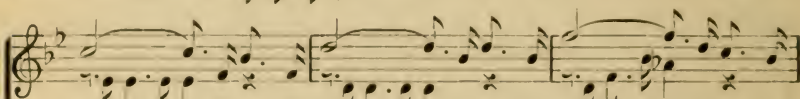


Words by ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

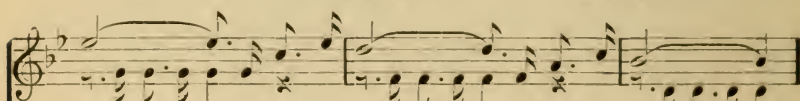
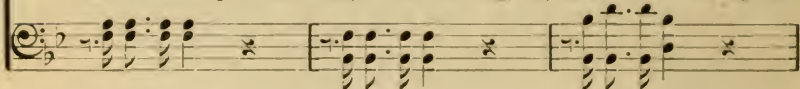
Music by H. R. PALMER.



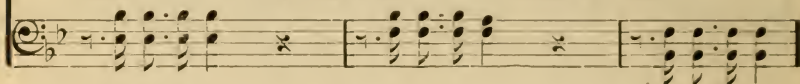
1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the  
 2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where hap-py  
 3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore..... Of Him who



eye..... so blest to me, ..... Has something far..... di-vin - er  
 birds..... in song a - gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn..... the praises  
 walk'd .... up-on the sea,.... I long, oh, how..... I long once



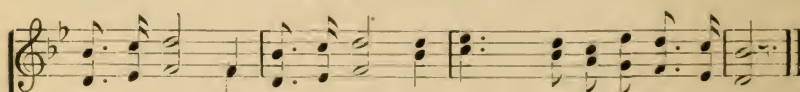
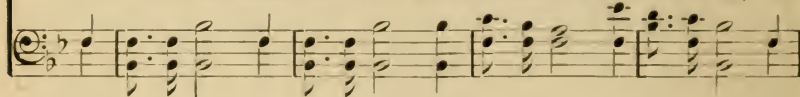
now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....  
 tell,..... Of sights and sounds..... to Gal - i - lee.....  
 more..... To fol - low Him..... to Gal - i - lee.....



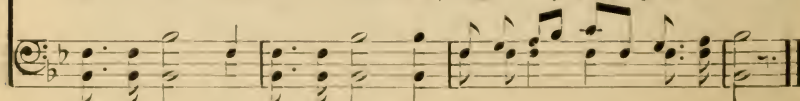
## CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be; O



Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.





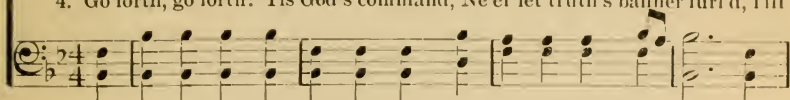
# No. 167. JESUS IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

E. C. A.

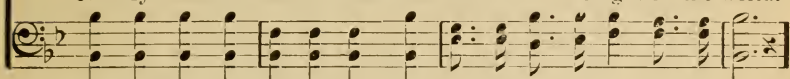
E. C. AVIS.



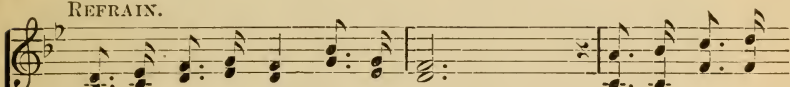
1. To ev-'ry na-tion, tribe and tongue, Truth's banner now un-furl, That
2. Be not dismayed if some should scoff, They scoffed at truth of old, But
3. Some will believe, when they have heard, Tho' unbelief be hurled The
4. Go forth, go forth! 'Tis God's command, Ne'er let truth's banner furl'd, Till



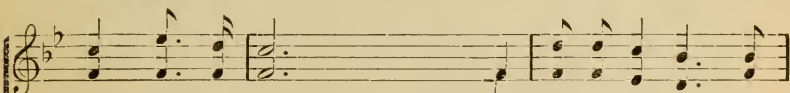
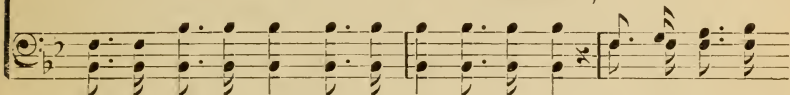
all may see, be-lieve and know That Je-sus is the light of the world.  
 tell it out to sin-ners lost, That Je-sus is the light of the world.  
 truth will dawn, tho' it be long, That Je-sus is the light of the world.  
 ev-'ry na-tion shall con-fess That Je-sus is the light of the world.



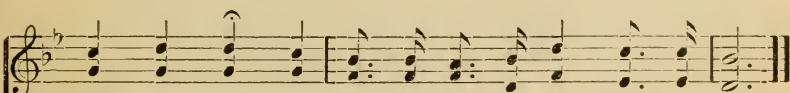
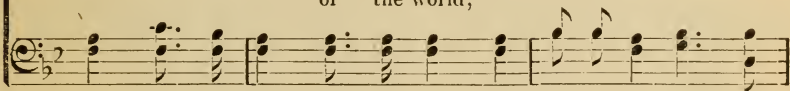
## REFRAIN.



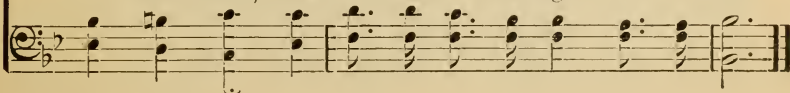
Je-sus is the light of the world, Je-sus is the  
 of the world,



light of the world; Keep tell-ing it out to  
 of the world;



all man-kind, That Je-sus is the light of the world.



## No. 168.

## BE NOT AFRAID.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a-way;  
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er bound-less seas of space,  
 3. Thro' chang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a-bides,

He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And molds the gold-en day.  
 And lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face:  
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bos-om hides.

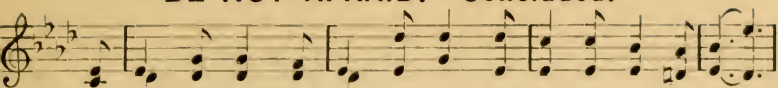
The dark-est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,  
 But sweet-ly whispers while His hands Up-on my own are laid,—  
 On nois-y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep-est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten-der night, "My child, be not a-fraid."  
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa-ther stands, My child, be not a-fraid."  
 That voice is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a-fraid."

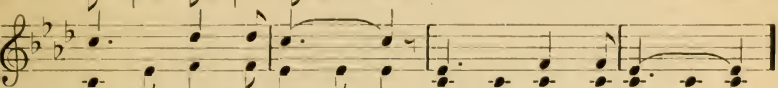
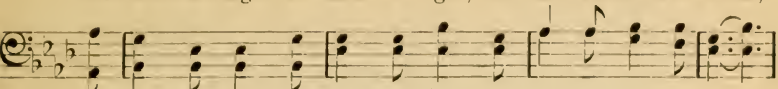
CHORUS. *f* *p*

Be not a-fraid, ..... Be not a-fraid, .....  
 Child, be not, be not a-fraid, Child, be not, be not a-fraid,

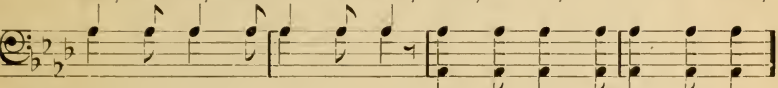
## BE NOT AFRAID.—Concluded.



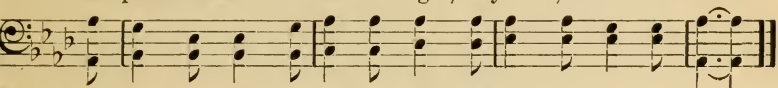
The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,



Be not a - afraid,..... Be not a - afraid,.....  
Child, be not, be not a - afraid, Child, be not, be not a - afraid,



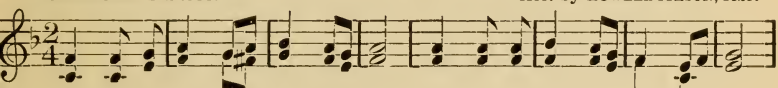
He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - afraid."



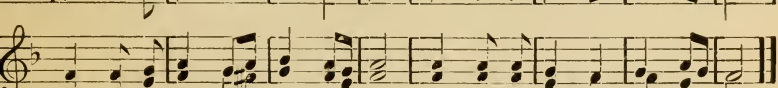
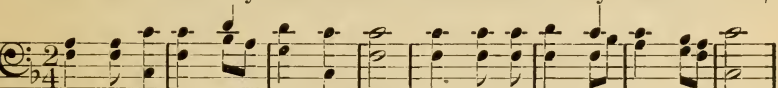
## No. 169. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

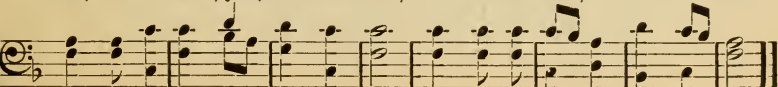
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1825.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!





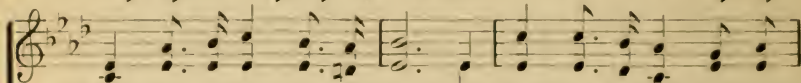
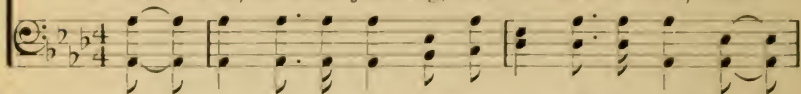
# No. 170. THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.

AMELIA M. HULL.

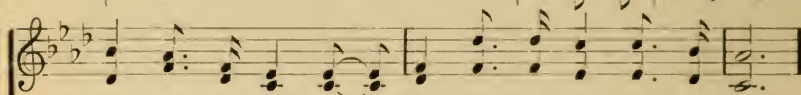
E. C. AVIS.



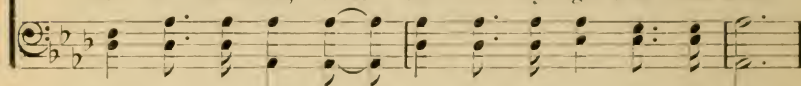
1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent-ance, and pray'rs, But the
4. Then take, with re - joice - ing, from Je - sus, at once, The



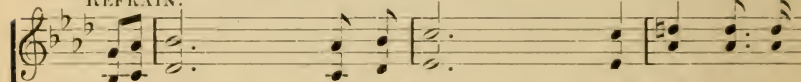
life at this mo - ment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to  
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flow'd the  
blood that a-tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou  
life ev - er-last - ing He gives; And know with as-sur - ance thou



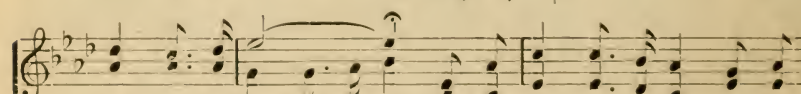
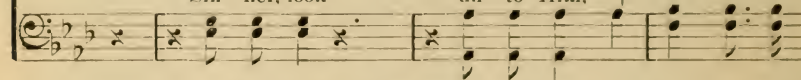
Him and be sav'd, Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree,  
sin - cleans-ing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?  
may - est, at once, Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.  
nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy right-eous - ness lives.



## REFRAIN.



Then look un - to Him, Then look un - to  
Sin - ner, look un - to Him, un - to Him,



Him and be sav'd; (and be sav'd;) There is life in a look at the





# THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.—Concluded.

eru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo-ment for thee.

## No. 171. HARK! THOSE HOLY VOICES.

Rev JOHN CAWOOD.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voice-es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?  
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven," Reaching far as man is found;

Lo! th' an gel - ic host re - joic-es—Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.  
Souls redeem'd, and sins for - giv-en;—Loud our golden harps shall sound.

List-en to the won-drous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—  
Christ is born, the great An-oint-ed; Heav'n and earth His glo-ry sing:

"Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry: Glo - ry be to God most high!"  
Glad re ceive whom God ap-point-ed, For your Prophet, Priest and King.

# No. 172. LORD, MY HEART IS RESTED.

*May be sung as a duet by Soprano and Tenor.*

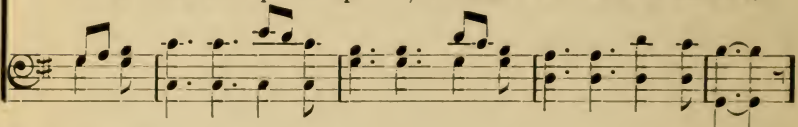
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



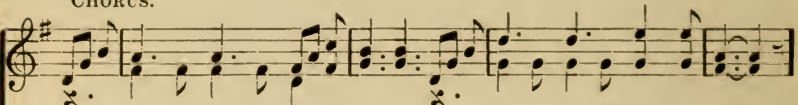
1. Lord, my heart is rested, strengthen'd, By this quiet hour with Thee;—
2. Here Thy peace, like music stealing, Stills all discord, tumult, strife,—
3. For more perfect self surrender, For a closer walk with Thee!



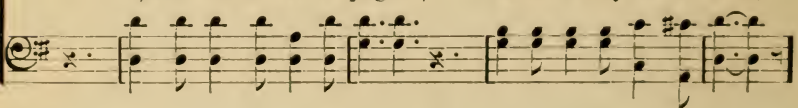
In the sunshine of Thy presence, Earthly gloom and shadows flee.  
Fills the heart with tender yearnings For a nobler, sweeter life.  
For a meek and quiet spirit, From all carnal sins set free.



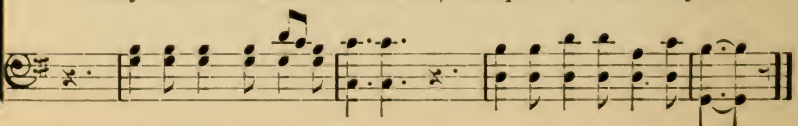
## CHORUS.



Lord, while still on earth a pilgrim, I would in Thy love abide;  
Lord, while still on earth a pilgrim, I would in Thy love abide;



Safely thro' life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.  
Safely thro' life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.



## No. 173.

## TELL IT TO JESUS.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell it to Je - sus— all of thy sor - row, All of thy  
 2. Tell it to Je - sus, He is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and  
 3. Tell it to Je - sus, He is a ref - uge, In - to His

cares what-e'er they be; Sure - ly and sweet - ly He will de - liv - er,  
 His sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny Him, do not de - fy Him,  
 arms for mer - cy flee; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it re - ceiv - ing,

## CHORUS.

He will sus - tain and com - fort thee. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to  
 He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.  
 Grace to sus - tain and com - fort thee. Tell it to Je - sus,

Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear; On - ly be -  
 Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear;

lieve Him, Trust and receive Him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.

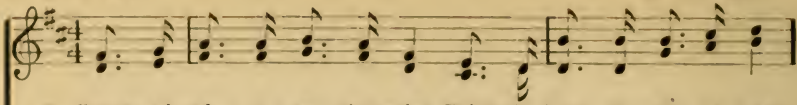


# No. 174.

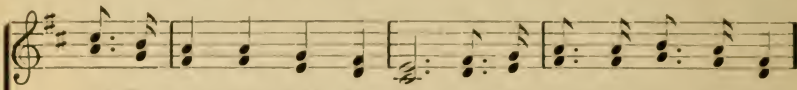
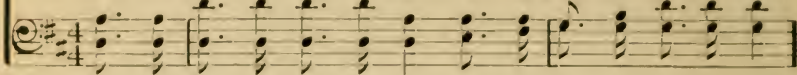
# PRaise HIM EVER.

H. F. JAMES.

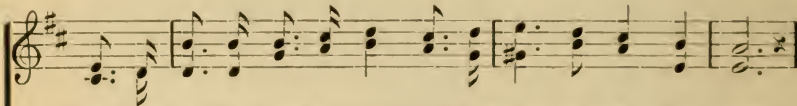
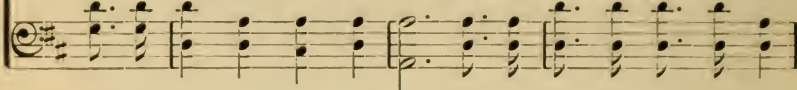
E. S. LORENZ.



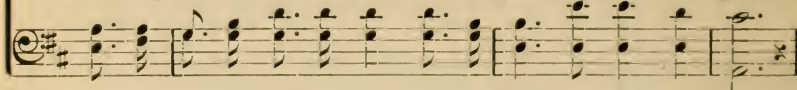
1. Songs of ad - o - ra tion raise, Bring the Lord ex - alt - ed praise,
2. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Let His chil - dren aye re - joice,
3. He who sav'd us from our sin, Made us whole and pure with-in,
4. Walk - ing with us all the way, Fill - ing night with heav-en's day,



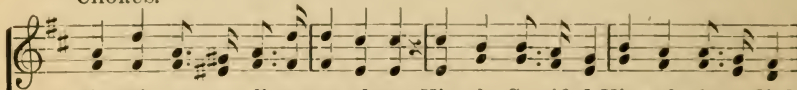
Fill His courts with glad ac-claim; Grate-ful hearts a - dor - ing bend,  
As they count His mer - cies o'er. Prais-ing Him is heav'n-ly joy,  
Is a Friend all friends a - bove; He has called us sons and heirs,  
All our foes He doth de - feat. Grateful hearts with glad-ness thrill,



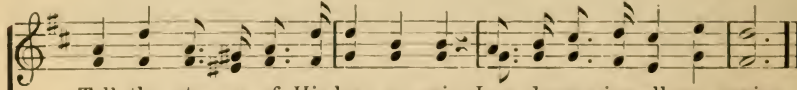
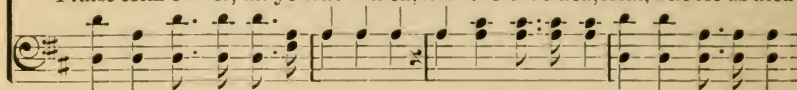
Prais - ing love that knows no end; Lift the voice, ex - alt His name.  
Souls redeem'd their pow'rs employ, Greet with praise the heav'nly shore.  
Borne our sor-rows and our cares, Pour'd on us His wealth of love.  
With His praise the wide earth fill, All His grace and love re - peat.



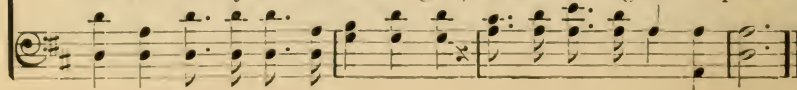
## CHORUS.



Praise Him ev - er, all ye sons of men, Him the Crucified, Him, who for us died;



Tell the sto - ry of His love a - gain, Love de-serv-ing all our praise.






## No. 175.

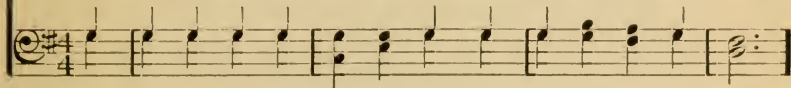
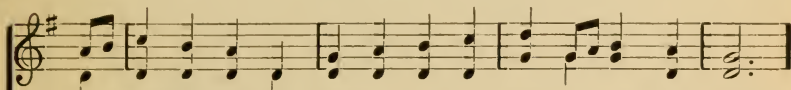
## THE JOYFUL SOUND.

I. WATTS. Cho. by C. H. G.

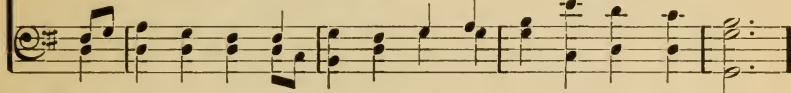
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



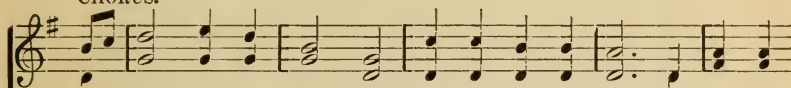
1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,  
 2. Oh, how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,  
 3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,

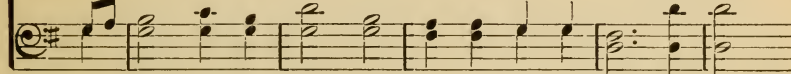
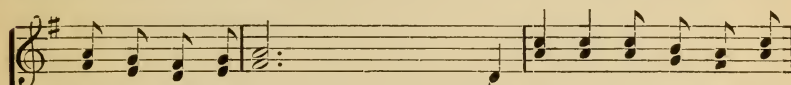
Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.  
 That glows with-in my ravish'd heart? But Thou canst read it there.  
 Ere yet my fee-ble tho'ts had learn'd To form themselves in pray'r.



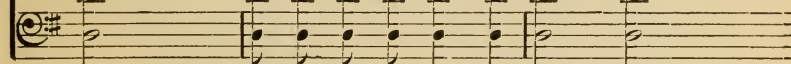
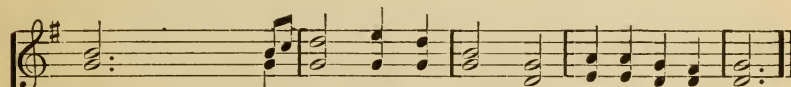
## CHORUS.



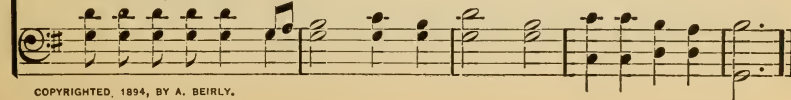
I'll praise Thee, will praise Thee, Grateful songs I'll raise; Thy name shall  
 Thy name

ech-o thro' the skies, And heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs  
 shall ech-o thro' the skies, And heav'n-ly

rise, I'll give Thee, my Fa-ther, ev-er-last-ing praise.  
 hal-le-lu-jahs rise,

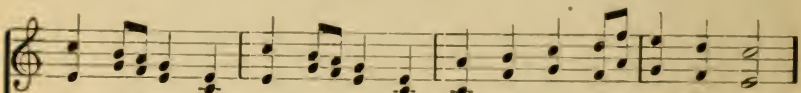


W. S. M.

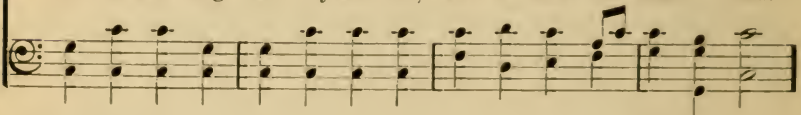
W. S. MARTIN.



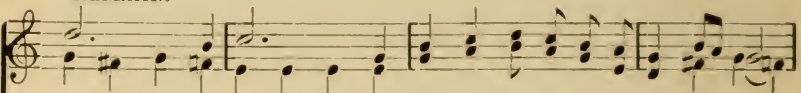
1. Press-ing on-ward, ev - er on-ward, This my watchword now shall be;
2. Foes may gath-er all a-round me, Sa-tan with his host as-sail;
3. Tak-ing now the Spir-it's weap-on, God's own word to be my guide;
4. On-ward, on-ward, ev - er on-ward, Priz-ing not the things be-hind;



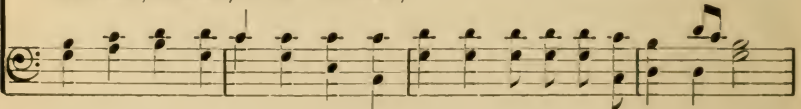
Glad-ly toil-ing for my Mas-ter, Till His bless-ed face I see.  
 With my watchword e'er be-fore me, In God's name I shall pre-vail.  
 Ev - er look-ing un-to Je-sus, Ev - er walk-ing by His side.  
 Ev - er trust-ing in my Sav-ior, All I need in Him I find.



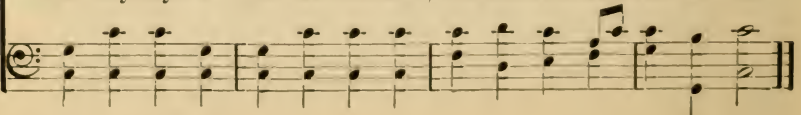
## REFRAIN.



On - - ward, on - - ward, Pressing forward for the prize in view;  
 On-ward, on-ward, ev - er on-ward,



For my days of life are number'd, And there's work for me to do.



Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Blow the trump-et, faith-ful watchman, On the height of Zi - on's wall;  
 2. Call to pray'r, to faith and du - ty, Rise and hail the morn-ing light;  
 3. Dan - ger lurks on hill and val - ley, Keep-ing watch on ev - 'ry way;  
 4. Swell the tones of fer - vent praises, Wide the ech - oes shall re - sound;

Clear and strong, with solemn warning To the peo - ple one and all.  
 Wake the na - tions, tell the sto - ry, Beams of day are strong and bright.  
 But the Lord of hosts is with us, Strong to suc - cor night and day.  
 Raise the notes of joy and glad-ness In the gos - pel's ho - ly sound.

CHORUS.

Hear the call, one and all, Hear the  
 Hear the call, one and all,

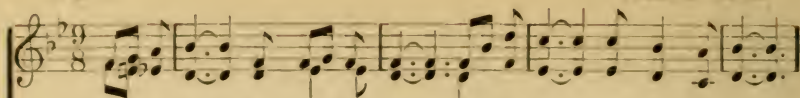
call, one and all; 'Tis the  
 Hear the call, one and all;

watch-man's note of warn - ing On the height of Zi - on's wall.

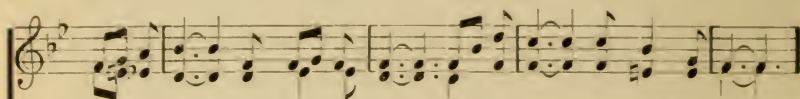
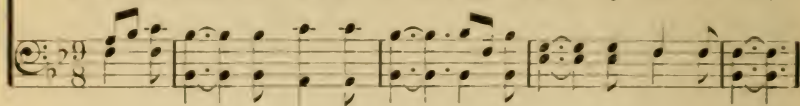
# No. 178. JESUS DIED FOR SINFUL MEN.

F. M. D.

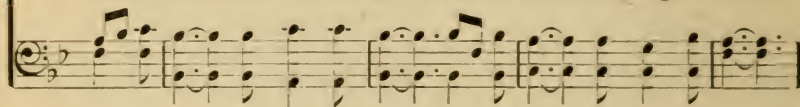
FRANK M. DAVIS.



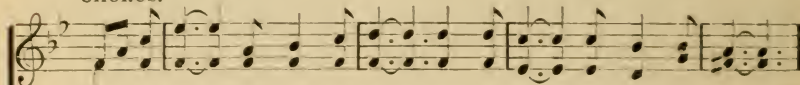
1. Je - sus died for sin-ful men, Shed His pre-cious blood for all;
2. Hear Him say-ing in His word, 'Come, and I will give you rest;'
3. Je - sus died for sin-ful men, Send the news o'er land and sea,
4. Je - sus died for sin-ful men, Sing the sto - ry o'er and o'er;



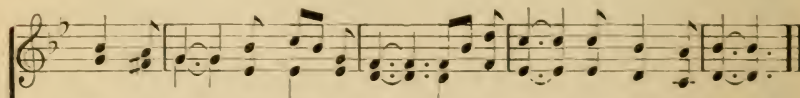
He will save the sin-ful - est, Tho' to low - est depths they fall.  
 All ye heav - y - laden'd, come To the man-sions of the blest.  
 Till re - mot - est bounds of earth Ech - o back, 'We're free, we're free.'  
 Full a - tone-ment He has made, Sin and death shall reign no more.



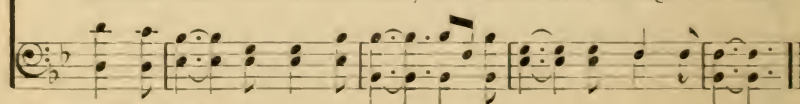
## CHORUS.



Wake a - gain the joy - ful strain; Let it sound from shore to shore;



Je - sus died for sin-ful men; Sin and death shall reign no more.





# No. 179. SHALL I BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

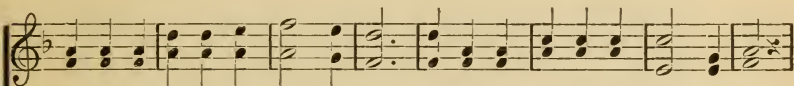
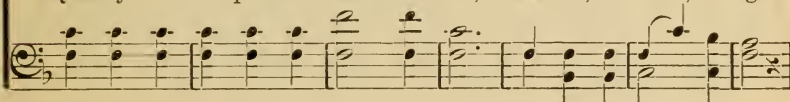
Mrs. M. E. BLISS WILLSON.



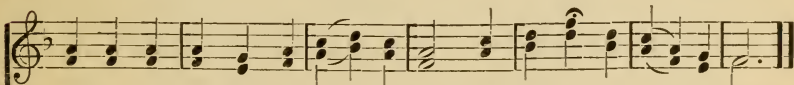
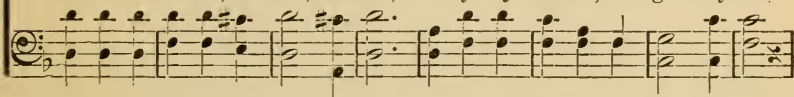
1. Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nail'd to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?



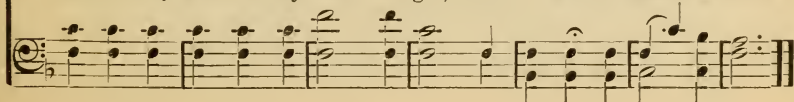
If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?  
 How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?  
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?  
 Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.



Tender-ly, sad-ly, I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?  
 Now He will save me by gracedi-vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;  
 O - ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list-'ning ear;  
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, For-give my sin;



Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?  
 Can I the pleas-ures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?  
 Shall I re - ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?  
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.



## No. 180.

## SILENT VOICES.

*Inscribed to Prof. C. A. Blanchard, Pres. of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.*

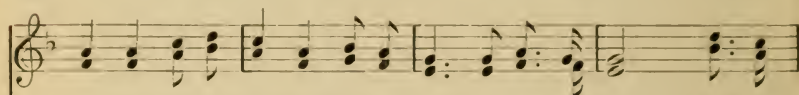
ORLANDO.

O. S. GRINNELL.

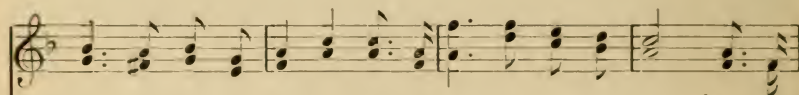
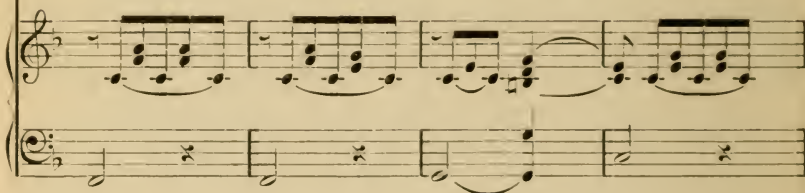
DUET.



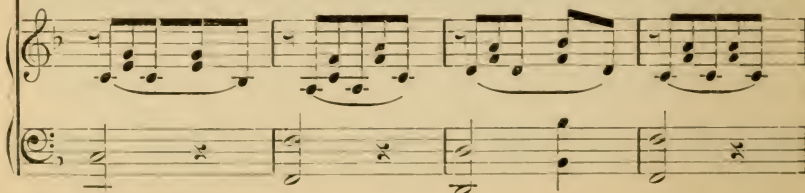
1. Si-lent voic-es whis-per to me As the fire-light flick-ers low, From the  
 2. Si-lent voic-es! death has tak-en Those from me I lov'd the best; They have



shad-ows and the twi-light, From the years of long a - go; And I  
 join'd the hap-py num-ber, Where the wea-ry are at rest; And their



dream, while thot's un-ut-ter'd, Fill my soul with peace and rest, And I  
 ten - der voic-es whis-per Of the spir - it life to be, Where from



## SILENT VOICES.—Concluded.

see the forms and fac - es Of the friends who lov'd me best.  
them there'll be no part - ing In that life e - ter - nal - ly.

### *m* CHORUS.

Si - lent voic - es whis - per to me, Sweet - ly from the oth - er shore;

*ff*  
And I dream of friends and lov'd ones That I'll meet on earth no more.

## No. 181. TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. Alt.

LOWELL MASON.—1831.

1 To-day the Savior calls:  
Ye wanderers, come;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls:  
O hear Him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

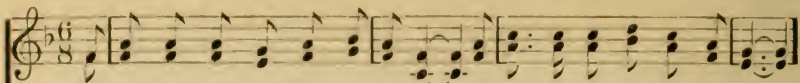
4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to His power;  
O grieve Him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.



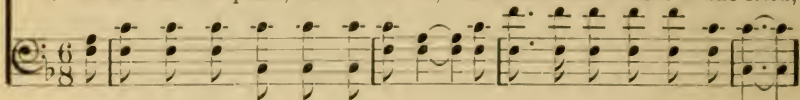
Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

*The verses may be sung as a Solo.*

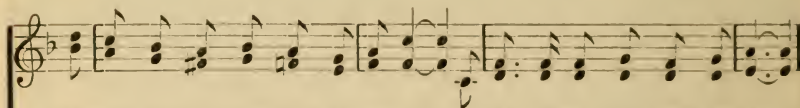
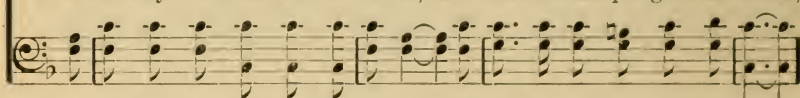
A. BEIRLY.



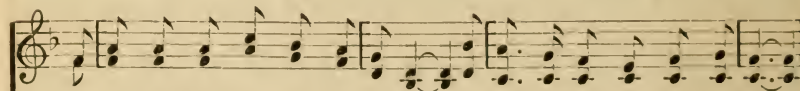
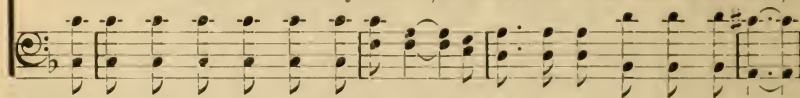
1. The Bi-ble! how dear are its pag-es! Resplendent with beauty and light;
2. 'Tis there that we learn of God's kindness, In sending a Shepherd to men
3. It tells us how God, like the mountains, Encampeth around ev-er - more,
4. It tells us how peace, like a riv - er, Is their's who believe in the Lord,



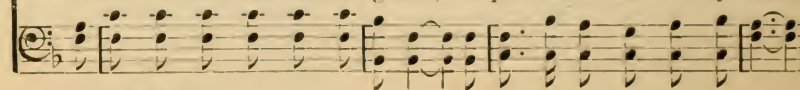
It comes from the far dis-tant a - ges To ban-ish the darkness of night.  
 A-stray in their er - ror and blindness, To bring them back to Him a - gain;  
 Where sweetly the life-giv-ing fountains Their riches un - ceas-ing - ly pour;  
 For al-ways He's near to de-liv - er, And break the sharp edge of the sword;



On earth there's but one such a treas-ure Of rich - es so pure and so deep;  
 Who lead-eth the weak and the wea-ry, Who carries the lambs in His breast  
 And there tho' the earth may be quaking, And rag-ing the waves of the sea,  
 It tells of our dear heav'nly Father, Who watches with ten-der-est care,



'Tis one that no mor-tal can meas-ure, Em-brac-ing all time in its sweep.  
 Far o - ver the wil-der-ness drear-y, A flock safe-ly guarded and blest.  
 And tempests a - bove them be breaking, Their spirits from terrors are free.  
 Un-til in His home we shall gather, To spend an e - ter - ni - ty there.





# THE BIBLE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless the dear Lord for the Bible! There's not in the whole world beside

So sweet and so pre-cious a treas-ure; To heav-en the on - ly true guide.

## No. 183. I CLING TO THEE, DEAR SAVIOR.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I cling to Thee, dear Sav - ior, When dark-ness veils the light,  
 2. I cling to Thee, dear Sav - ior, I'm walk - ing not a - lone;  
 3. I cling to Thee, dear Sav - ior, My trust in Thee is strong;  
 4. I cling to Thee, dear Sav - ior, No oth - er friend I know,

When shad - ows 'round me gath - er, When fall - eth sor - row's night.  
 By faith Thy steps I fol - low, My hand with - in Thine own.  
 Thy love so sweet, un - fail - ing, Fills all my heart with song.  
 So faith - ful, strong and lov - ing, I can - not let Thee go.  
*D.S.—Thou art my hope for - ev - er, My ref - uge, strong and free.*

REFRAIN.

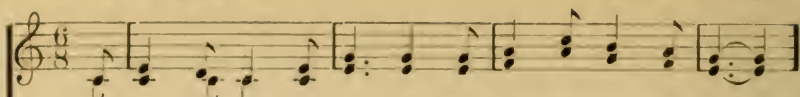
*D.S.*

I cling to Thee, dear Sav - ior, I cling to Thee, I cling to Thee;

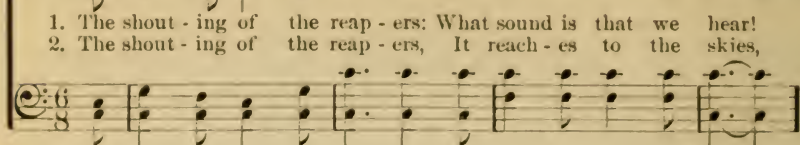

# No. 184. THE SHOUTING OF THE REAPERS.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

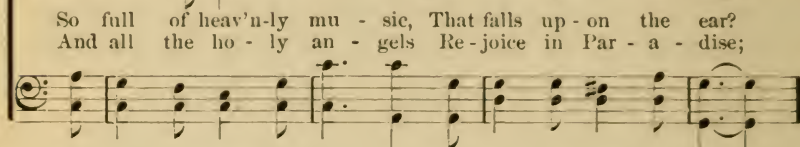

Mrs. L. C. CALVIN.



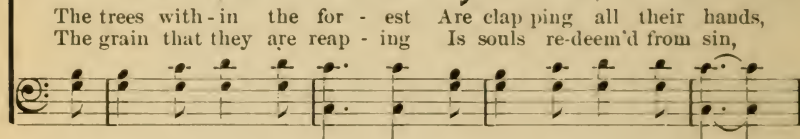

1. The shout - ing of the reap - ers: What sound is that we hear!  
2. The shout - ing of the reap - ers, It reach - es to the skies,

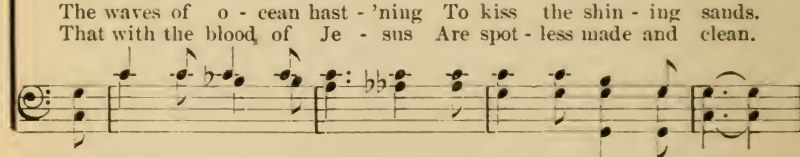
So full of heav'n-ly mu - sic, That falls up - on the ear?  
And all the ho - ly an - gels Re - joice in Par - a - dise;

The trees with - in the for - est Are clap - ping all their hands,  
The grain that they are reap - ing Is souls re - deem'd from sin,

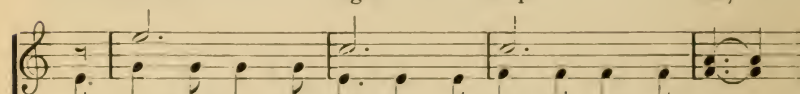



The waves of o - cean hast - 'ning To kiss the shin - ing sands.  
That with the blood of Je - sus Are spot - less made and clean.

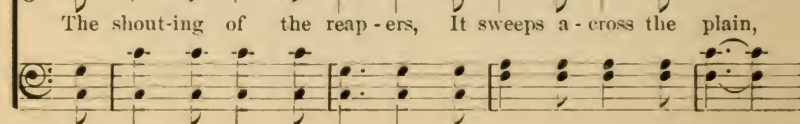


## CHORUS.

Shout - - ing reap - - ers,



The shout - ing of the reap - ers, It sweeps a - cross the plain,



# THE SHOUTING OF THE REAPERS.—Concluded.

Gath - - - 'ring in the pre - - - cious grain;

Oh, hear them now re - joic - ing, They're gath'ring in the grain;

Shout - - - ing reap - - - ers,

The shout-ing of the reap - ers, It sweeps a - cross the plain,

Oh, hear them now re - joic - ing, They're gath'ring in the grain.

No. 185.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.

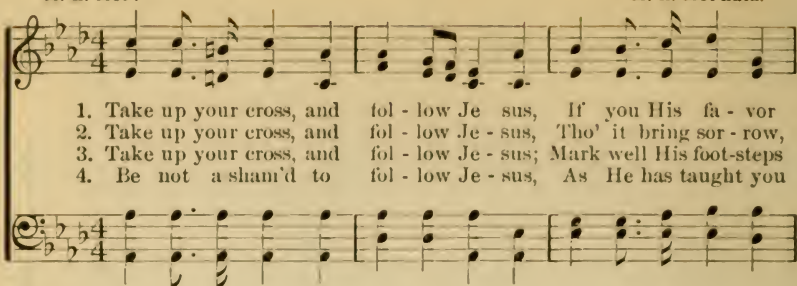
Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

## No. 186.

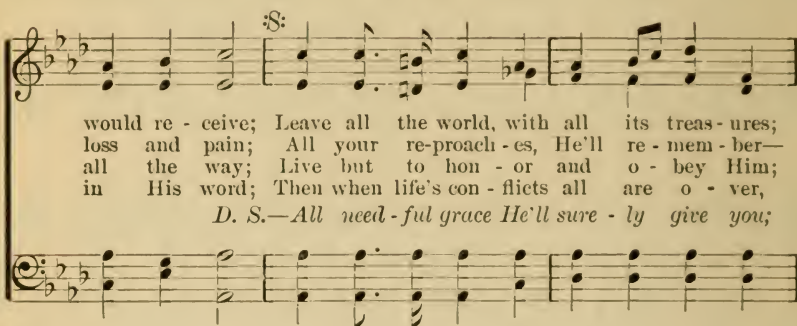
## FOLLOW HIM.

M. L. McP.

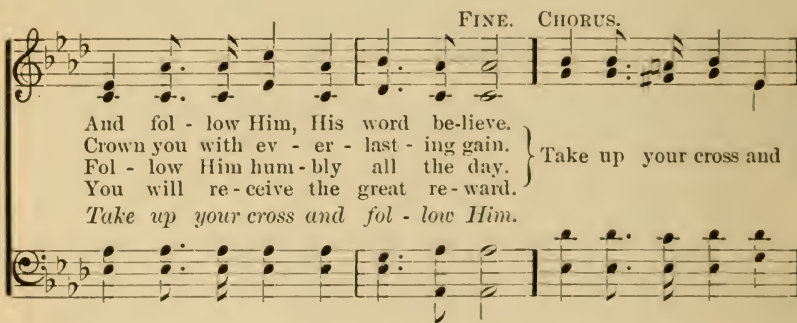
M. L. MCPHAIL.



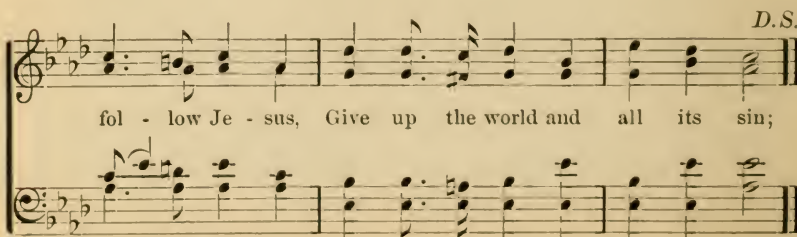
1. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, If you His fa - vor  
 2. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, Tho' it bring sor - row,  
 3. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus; Mark well His foot-steps  
 4. Be not a sham'd to fol - low Je - sus, As He has taught you



would re - ceive; Leave all the world, with all its treas - ures;  
 loss and pain; All your re-proach - es, He'll re - mem - ber—  
 all the way; Live but to hon - or and o - bey Him;  
 in His word; Then when life's con - flicts all are o - ver,  
*D. S.—All need - ful grace He'll sure - ly give you;*



**FINE. CHORUS.**  
 And fol - low Him, His word be-lieve.  
 Crown you with ev - er - last - ing gain.  
 Fol - low Him hum-bly all the day. } Take up your cross and  
 You will re - ceive the great re - ward.  
*Take up your cross and fol - low Him.*



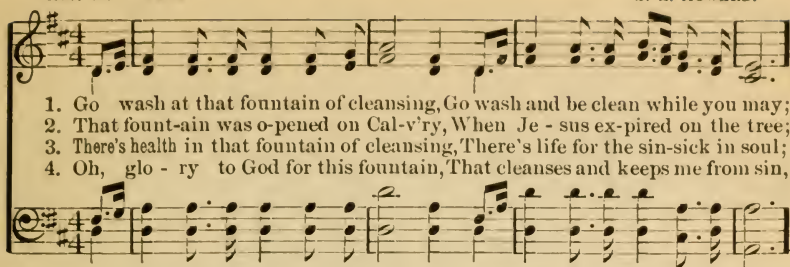
*D.S.*  
 fol - low Je - sus, Give up the world and all its sin;



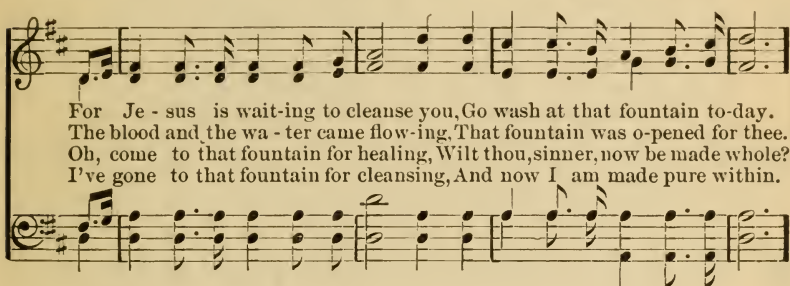
# No. 187. GO WASH AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

S. L. HOWARD.

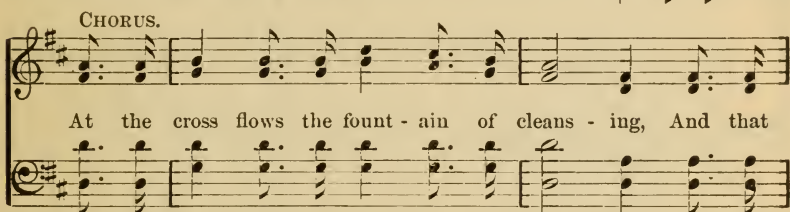


1. Go wash at that fountain of cleansing, Go wash and be clean while you may;
2. That fountain was o-pened on Cal-v'ry, When Je - sus ex-pired on the tree;
3. There's health in that fountain of cleansing, There's life for the sin-sick in soul;
4. Oh, glo - ry to God for this fountain, That cleanses and keeps me from sin,

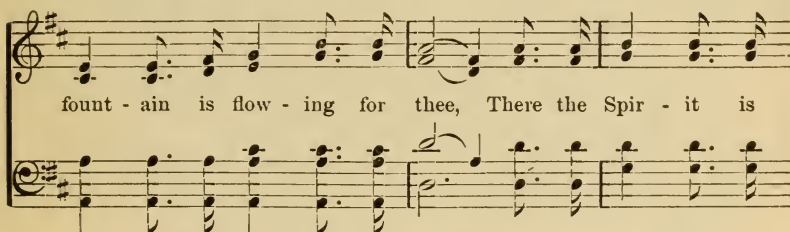


For Je - sus is wait-ing to cleanse you, Go wash at that fountain to-day.  
The blood and the wa - ter came flow-ing, That fountain was o-pened for thee.  
Oh, come to that fountain for healing, Wilt thou, sinner, now be made whole?  
I've gone to that fountain for cleansing, And now I am made pure within.

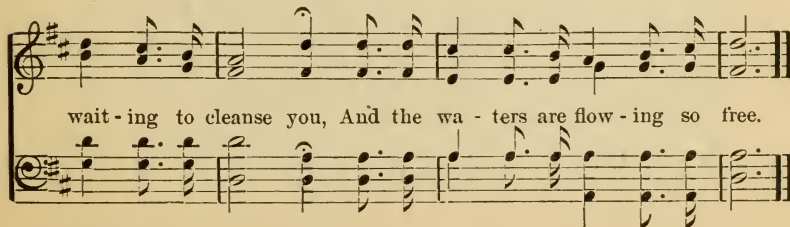
CHORUS.



At the cross flows the fount - ain of cleans - ing, And that



fount - ain is flow - ing for thee, There the Spir - it is



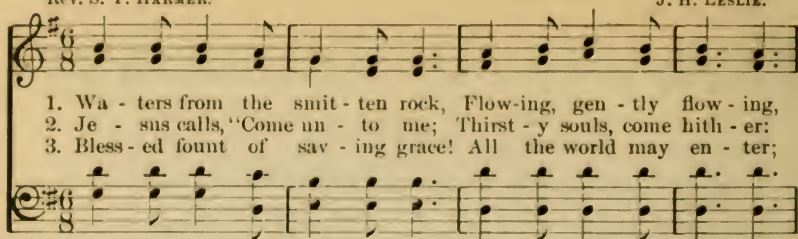
wait-ing to cleanse you, And the wa - ters are flow-ing so free.

## No. 188.

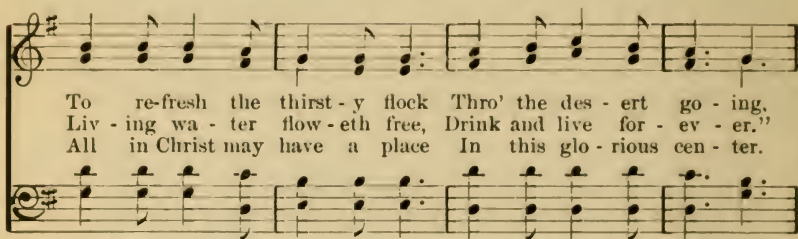
## THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Rev. S. Y. HARMER.

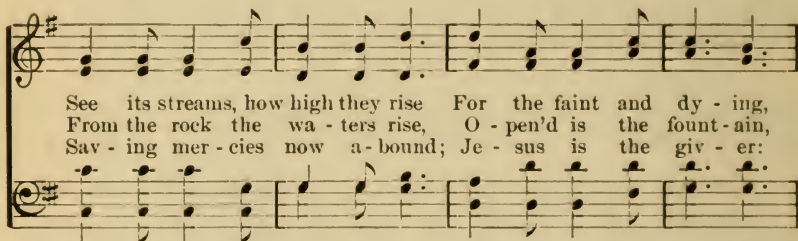
J. H. LESLIE.



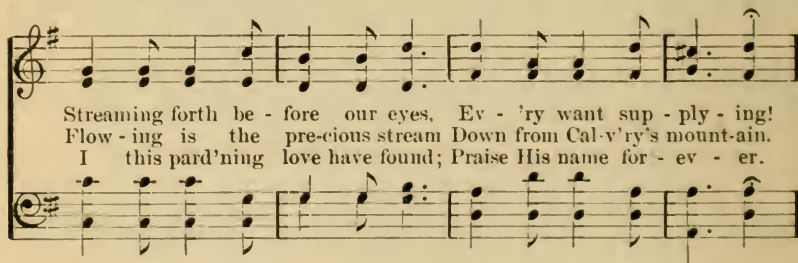
1. Wa - ters from the smit - ten rock, Flow - ing, gen - tly flow - ing,  
 2. Je - sus calls, "Come un - to me; Thirst - y souls, come hith - er;  
 3. Bless - ed fount of sav - ing grace! All the world may en - ter;



To re - fresh the thirst - y flock Thro' the des - ert go - ing,  
 Liv - ing wa - ter flow - eth free, Drink and live for - ev - er."  
 All in Christ may have a place In this glo - rious cen - ter.

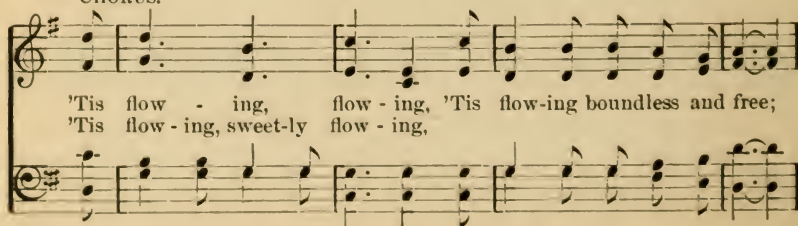


See its streams, how high they rise For the faint and dy - ing,  
 From the rock the wa - ters rise, O - pen'd is the fount - ain,  
 Sav - ing mer - cies now a - bound; Je - sus is the giv - er:



Streaming forth be - fore our eyes, Ev - 'ry want sup - ply - ing!  
 Flow - ing is the pre - cious stream Down from Cal - v'ry's mount - ain.  
 I this pard'ning love have found; Praise His name for - ev - er.

## CHORUS.



'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flow - ing boundless and free;  
 'Tis flow - ing, sweet - ly flow - ing,

## THE SMITTEN ROCK.—Concluded.

'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flow - ing now for thee.  
'Tis flow - ing, sweet-ly flow - ing,

## No. 189. EVER WITH ME ABIDE.

A. BEIRLY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr.

1. My bur - den'd heart is Thine, dear Je - sus, Turn I to Thee;  
2. From trib - u - la - tion and temp - ta - tion Lead me a - way;  
3. I look to Thee with spir - it yearning, Plead - ing for grace;  
4. What need I more than Thy sweet par - don To make me free?

In life and death Thou art most precious, I long Thy face to see.  
Thine is the on - ly sure sal - va - tion, Turn Thou my night to-day.  
My soul with ho - ly zeal is burning; Lord, show Thy blessed face.  
Thou art my true and on - ly Guardian; Draw me, dear Lord, to Thee.

### REFRAIN.

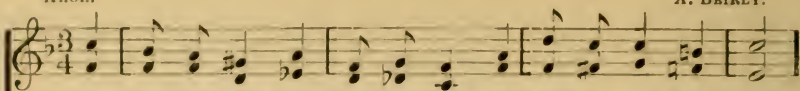
Pre - cious Sav - ior, lead me ev - er Clos - er to Thy side;

O blessed Lord, and Friend, draw nearer, Ev - er with me a - bide.

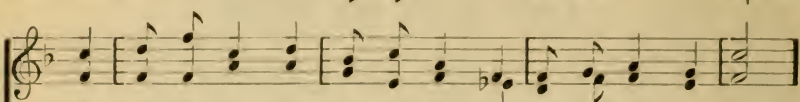
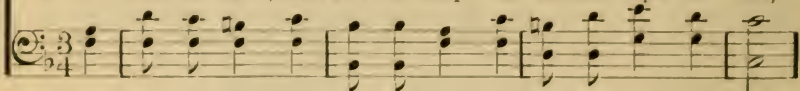


Anon.

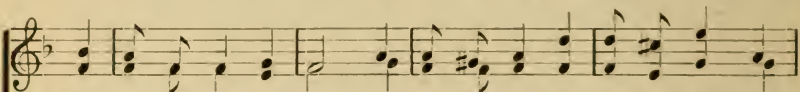
A. BEIRLY.



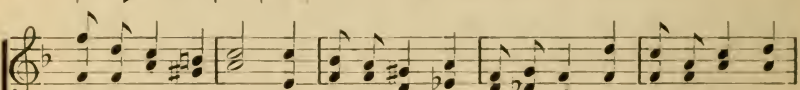
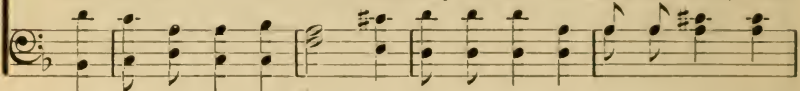
1. These gra-cious words, not all for naught, Is sor-row, grief and pain,
2. If dai-ly cares op-press our hearts, And crea-ture com-forts flee,
3. O bless-ed tho't, there's not a drop In all the cups of woe,



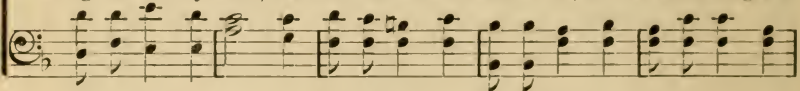
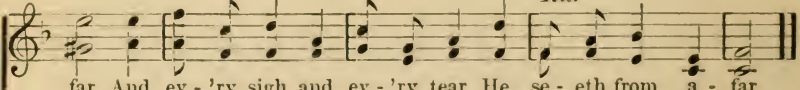
The heav-y bur-dens that we bear Will not be borne in vain,  
Does aught dis-turb our peace of mind, He knows it *need to be*,  
That is not meas-ured by His hand, And will not o-ver-flow,



Will not be borne in vain. Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows our frame, He  
He knows it *need to be*. And when the *need be* has ful-filled The  
And will not o-ver-flow. Then may we ev-er trust His love, And



knows how weak we are, And ev-'ry sigh and ev-'ry tear He se-eth from a-  
end marked out by God, And we are taught to trust Him more, He will re-move the  
though se-vere-ly tried, Re-mem-ber that it *need to be*, And in His strength a-

*Rit.*

far, And ev-'ry sigh and ev-'ry tear He se-eth from a-far,  
rod, And we are taught to trust Him more, He will re-move the rod.  
bide, Re-mem-ber that it *need to be*, And in His strength a-bide.





# No.191. "WHO WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RIVER?"

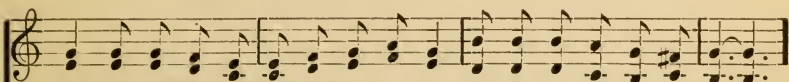
W. T. D.

(Read the note below.)

Rev. W. T. DALE.



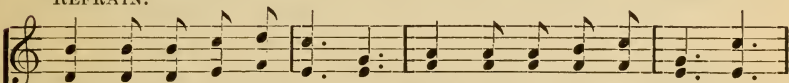
1. Who will car - ry me o - ver the riv - er, Now that I'm going to die?
2. I have said that I need - ed not Je - sus, As my Re - deem - er and Friend;
3. I have slighted His lov - ing compassion, Trampled on mer - cy di - vine;
4. I've re - ject - ed the of - fers of mer - cy, Driv - en His Spir - it a - way;



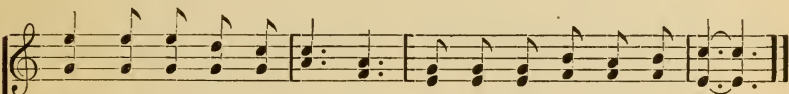
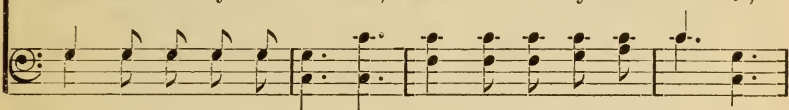
I've re - ject - ed the on - ly Re - deem - er, A - ble to bear me on high.  
 Now He leaves me to sink in the bil - lows, Suc - cor re - fus - es to lend.  
 Now He leaves me in ut - ter de - jec - tion, I have cross'd o - ver the line.  
 Now He leaves me for - ev - er in darkness, Leaving my soul in dis - may.



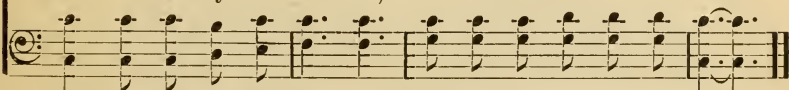
## REFRAIN.



Who will car - ry me o - ver, Who will car - ry me o - ver,



Who will car - ry me o - ver, O - ver the riv - er of Death?



A prominent business man once replied to his pastor: "I am interested in all religious matters; but I have in the years past thought the subject over long and carefully, and I have come to the decision deliberately that I have no personal need of Jesus Christ as a Savior in the sense you preach." Two weeks later he was suddenly prostrated by disease which prevented his conversing with any one until he was within an hour from death. He was then told that he might talk if he could, as nothing could then harm him. The last thing and the only thing he said was in a melancholy and frightened whisper: "*Who will carry me over the River?*"

C. H. G.

(Children's Day.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our sweetest songs of glad - ness, On this, the Children's Day, We  
 2. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren When He was here be - low, And  
 3. We love to sing His prais - es And hear the sto - ries told Of  
 4. O Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior, We kneel be - fore Thy throne, And

bring to praise the Sav - ior, Who is the Life, the Way.  
 tho' He's up in heav - en, He loves us yet we know.  
 Him when He was dwell - ing In Gal - i - lee, of old.  
 ask that Thou wilt help us To live for Thee a - lone.

## REFRAIN.

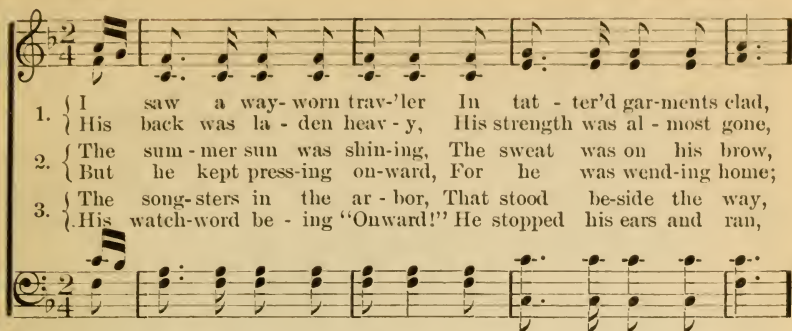
We sing, . . . . we sing, . . . . The prais - es of our King, . . . .  
 We sing, we sing Heav'nly King.

We sing, . . . . we sing, . . . . The glo - ry of our King,  
 We sing, we sing

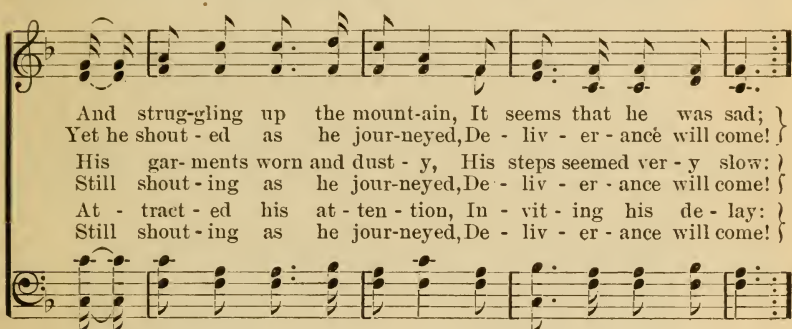
# No. 193. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MATTHIAS.

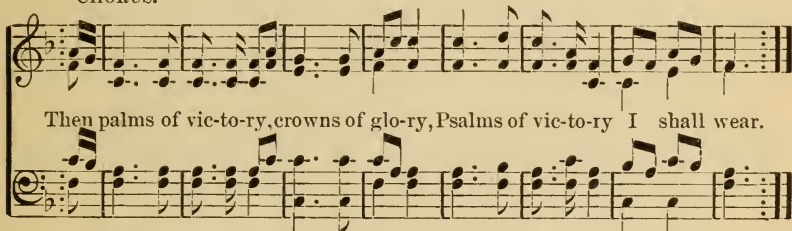


1. { I saw a way-worn trav-ler In tat-ter'd gar-ments clad,  
 { His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,  
 2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,  
 { But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;  
 3. { The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,  
 { His watch-word be-ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,



And strug-gling up the mount-ain, It seems that he was sad; }  
 Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come! }  
 His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His steps seemed ver-y slow; }  
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come! }  
 At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay: }  
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come! }

## CHORUS.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Psalms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

- 4 I saw him in the evening,  
 The sun was bending low;  
 He'd overtopped the mountain,  
 And reached the vale below:  
 He saw the golden city,—  
 His everlasting home,—  
 And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
 Deliverance will come!
- 5 While gazing on that city,  
 Just o'er the narrow flood,  
 A band of holy angels  
 Came from the throne of God;

They bore him on their pinions  
 Safe o'er the dashing foam,  
 And joined him in his triumph—  
 Deliverance had come!

- 6 I heard the song of triumph  
 They sang upon that shore,  
 Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
 To suffer nevermore.  
 Then, casting his eyes backward  
 On the race which he had run,  
 He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
 Deliverance has come!



Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus say - ing To the fish - ers by the sea  
 2. Hear the voice of Je - sus pleading, Who could speak more tenderly,  
 3. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Come and my dis - ci - ple be,  
 4. Hear the voice of Je - sus cry - ing: Wea - ry soul come and be free,

In re - sist - less tones and accents: "Leave your nets and fol - low me."  
 Moved with mercy and compassion; "Leave your ways and fol - low me."  
 I will be your Friend and Savior; "Take the cross and fol - low me."  
 I will take your heav - y bur - den, "Take my yoke and fol - low me."

CHORUS.

"Fol - low me..... fol - low me,"..... Thro' re -  
 "Fol - low me, fol - low me,"

proach... and trib - u - la - tion, "Fol - low me..... fol - low  
 Thro' re - proach and trib - u - la - tion, "Fol - low me,

me,"..... Thro' your suff' - - 'ring and temp - ta - tion, To the  
 fol - low me," Thro' your suff' - 'ring and temp - ta - tion, To the



# "FOLLOW ME."—Concluded.

cross..... of life a - bove, To the home..... of light and  
cross, the cross of life a - bove, To the home, the home of light and

love, "Fol - low me, fol - low me."

This block contains the musical notation for the song "Follow Me." It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## No. 195. THY WILL BE DONE.

W. H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. { Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done in me; }  
2. { This is my con-stant pray'r, Wher-ev-er I may be. }  
3. { Thy will be done, O Lord; In meek sub-mis-sion, lo, }  
4. { Wher-e'er Thou lead-est me, I'll glad-ly with Thee go. }  
5. { Thy will be done, O Lord; I will not fear the gloom }  
6. { That hov-ers o'er the grave, For Thou wilt lead me home. }

This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the song "Thy Will Be Done." It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

### CHORUS.

Thy will be done, O bless-ed One, I know that it is best;

Lead Thou the way, and come what may, On Thee I'll sweet-ly rest.

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the song "Thy Will Be Done." It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

# No. 196. SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

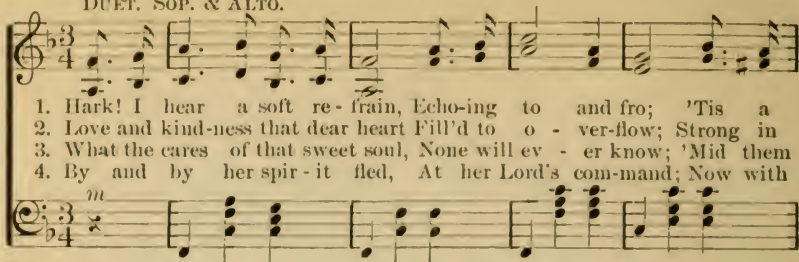
A. B.

Written in Memory of my dear Mother.

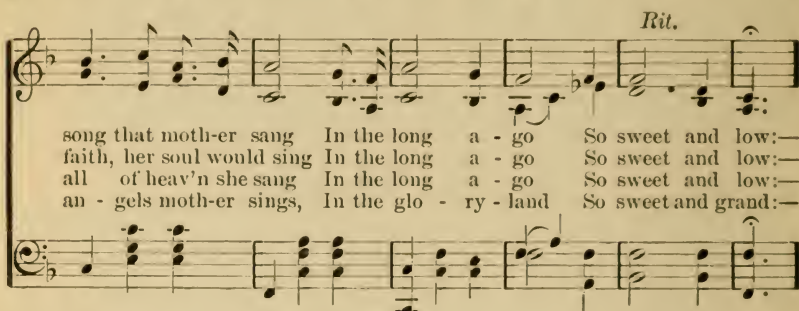
A. BEIRLY.

*Andante.*

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.



1. Hark! I hear a soft re-frain, Echo-ing to and fro; 'Tis a  
 2. Love and kind-ness that dear heart Fill'd to o-ver-flow; Strong in  
 3. What the cares of that sweet soul, None will ev-er know; 'Mid them  
 4. By and by her spir-it fled, At her Lord's com-mand; Now with

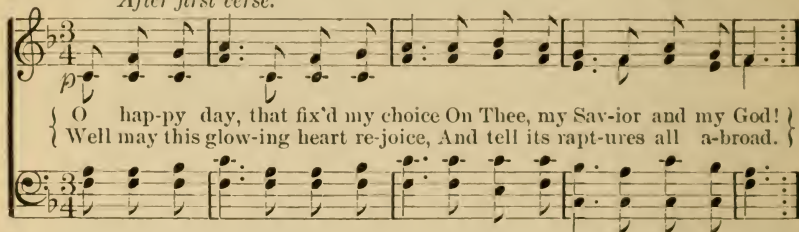


*Rit.*

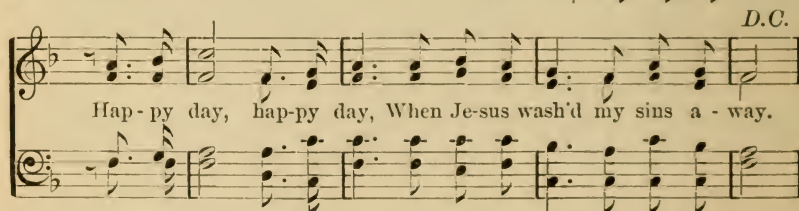
song that moth-er sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:—  
 faith, her soul would sing In the long a-go So sweet and low:—  
 all of heav'n she sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:—  
 an-gels moth-er sings, In the glo-ry-land So sweet and grand:—

CHORUS.

*After first verse.*



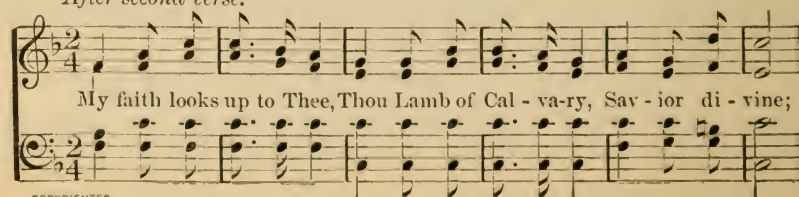
{ O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad. }



*D.C.*

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

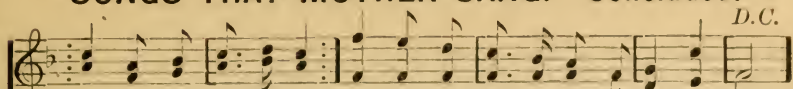
*After second verse.*



My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine;


# SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.—Concluded.

*D.C.*




{ Now hear me while I pray, } Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.  
 { Take all my guilt a-way, }

*After third verse.*



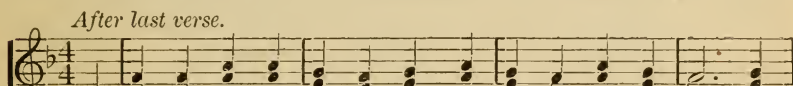
{ There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, } Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
 { Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; }

*D.C.*

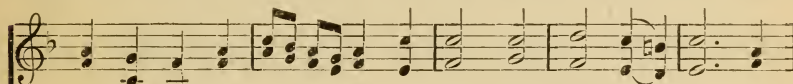


"Wor-thy is our Savior King," Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

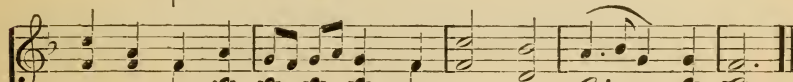
*After last verse.*



All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring



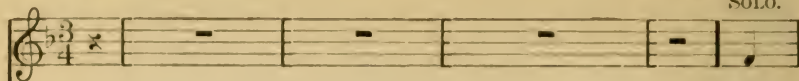
forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring



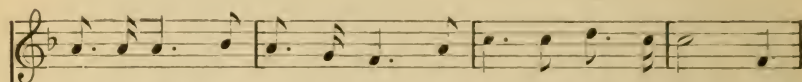
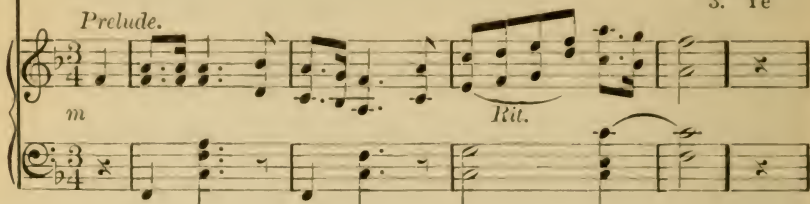
forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord ... of all.



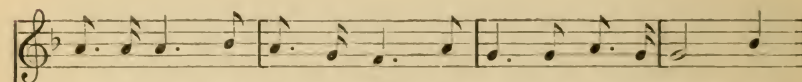
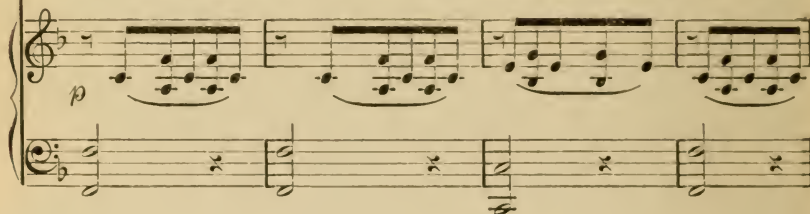
ORLANDO.

O. S. GRINNELL.  
SOLO.

1. The
2. The
3. Ye



men who dare to stand for truth, And act be-cause 'tis right, Will  
men who stood for lib - er - ty, For black as well as white, Heard  
men in temp'rance work to - day, The cause is march-ing on, The



face the scorn and ric - i - cule From those who boast their might; But  
shackles fall— the slaves were free, A vic - t'ry for the right; They  
votes you give will not be vain, 'If poll'd a-against the wrong; The

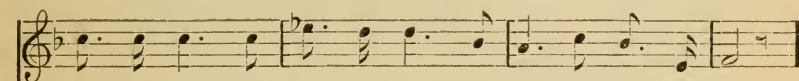
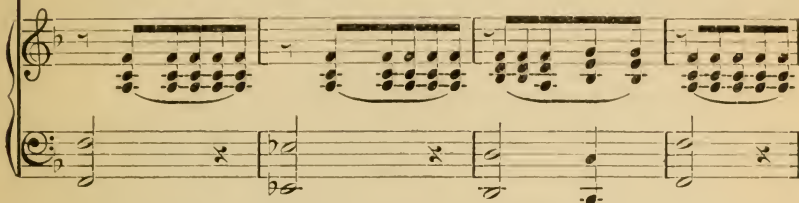




# AROUSE, YE MEN.—Concluded.



in God's time the end will come, The end for which they sigh, When  
did not stop to count the cost, Or fal - ter in the fight, And  
ti - dal wave is sweep - ing on, The de - mon, rum must die, For



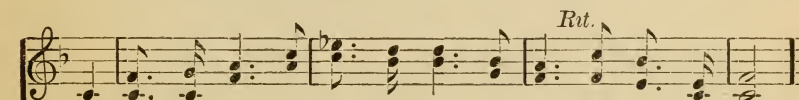
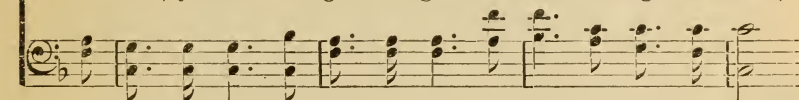
right pre - vails and God is King, When wrong and er - ror die.  
heav - en bless'd those no - ble men Who stood for truth and right.  
God has stirr'd the hearts of men, And vic - to - ry is nigh.



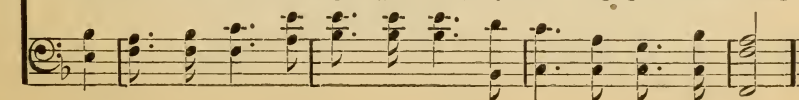
## CHORUS.



A rouse, ye men! the fight's be - gun! The sword of might is drawn;



Let lib - er - ty and right pre - vail, By vot - ing 'gainst the wrong.



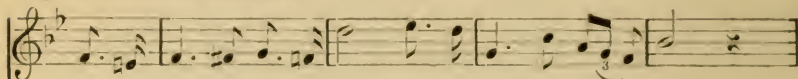
# No. 198. TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

A. BEIRLY.

*Largo e legato sostenuto.*



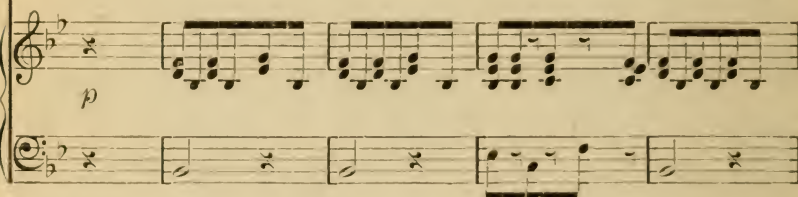
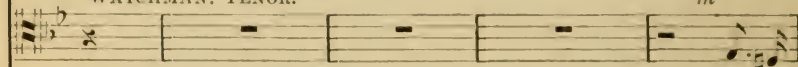
*S: m* TRAV'LER. SOPRANO.



1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are; Trav-ler!
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends; Trav-ler!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn; Trav-ler!

WATCHMAN. TENOR.

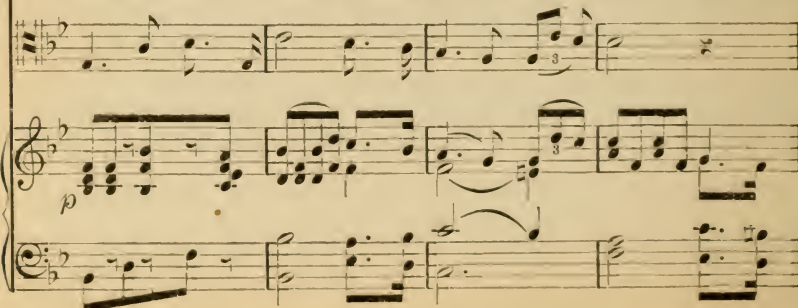
*m*



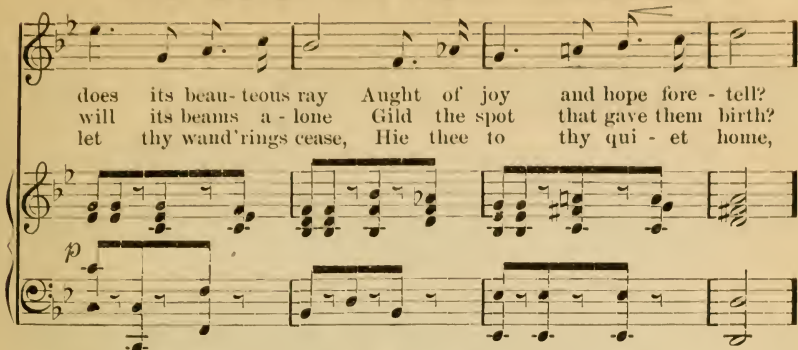
*mf*



o'er yon mount-ain height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! Watch-man!  
 bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends! Watch-man!  
 dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn! Watch-man!

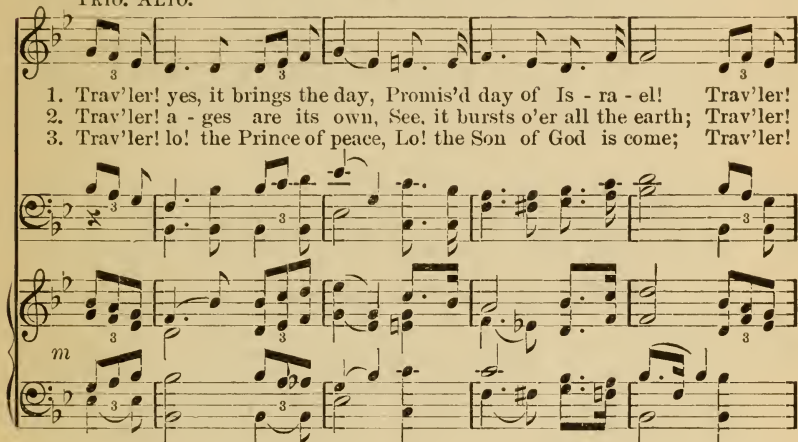


# TELL US OF THE NIGHT.—Concluded.



does its beau- teous ray Aught of joy and hope fore - tell?  
will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
let thy wand' rings cease, Hie thee to thy qui - et home,

TRIO. ALTO.

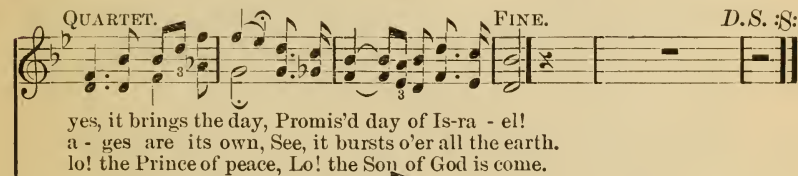


1. Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el! Trav'ler!  
2. Trav'ler! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth; Trav'ler!  
3. Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come; Trav'ler!

QUARTET.

FINE.

D.S. 3:

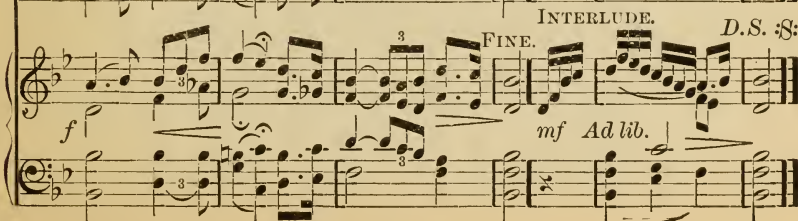


yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is-ra - el!  
a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.  
lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

INTERLUDE.

FINE.

D.S. 3:



*f* *mf Ad lib.*



# No. 199. HAIL! HOME OF LIBERTY!

A. BEIRLY.

A Patriotic Chorus.

Arr. by A. BEIRLY.

*Spirited. m*

Hail! hail! Na - tion free, Home of lib - er - ty, Blest land, the

*Play sixteen measures as a Prelude.*

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, marked 'Spirited. m'. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The music begins with a prelude of sixteen measures.

*m*

dear - est, Co - lum - bia, the fair - est! Long shall free - dom reign,

The second system of music continues the melody. It features a mezzo-forte ('m') dynamic marking. The lyrics are 'dear - est, Co - lum - bia, the fair - est! Long shall free - dom reign,'.

*f*

O'er thy grand do-main! Na-tion of splen-dor, All glo - ry to thee!

The third system of music continues the melody. It features a forte ('f') dynamic marking. The lyrics are 'O'er thy grand do-main! Na-tion of splen-dor, All glo - ry to thee!'.

Pow'r and might

*f*

Foes, be - ware!

Pow'r and might at-tend her sons of val - or; Foes, be - ware! Our

The fourth system of music continues the melody. It features a forte ('f') dynamic marking. The lyrics are 'Pow'r and might at-tend her sons of val - or; Foes, be - ware! Our'.

*ff* *p* *Cres.*

coun-try we'll de - fend! O'er this land of peace and free-dom, Long her

The fifth system of music continues the melody. It features dynamic markings of fortissimo ('ff'), piano ('p'), and crescendo ('Cres.'). The lyrics are 'coun-try we'll de - fend! O'er this land of peace and free-dom, Long her'.

# HAIL! HOME OF LIBERTY!—Continued.

flag shall proud-ly wave! Hur - rah!....

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff has a melody starting with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A, and then a quarter note B. There is a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and an accent mark over the first measure. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics 'flag shall proud-ly wave! Hur - rah!....' are written below the treble staff.

Hail! hail! Na - tion free, Home of lib - er - ty, Blest land, the

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Hail! hail! Na - tion free, Home of lib - er - ty, Blest land, the' are written below the treble staff.

dear - est, Co - lum - bia, the fair - est! Long shall free - dom reign,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'dear - est, Co - lum - bia, the fair - est! Long shall free - dom reign,' are written below the treble staff.

O'er thy grand do-main! Na-tion of splen-dor, All glo - ry to thee!

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'O'er thy grand do-main! Na-tion of splen-dor, All glo - ry to thee!' are written below the treble staff.

Then hail!..... All hail! .....

This Na - tion, free and grand,.... Our own dear, fav-or'd land,

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'This Na - tion, free and grand,.... Our own dear, fav-or'd land,' are written below the treble staff.

\* In public entertainments each member of the chorus should have the "Stars and Stripes" in convenient form, keeping it concealed until the star (\*) is reached, raising same with the right hand at the word "Hurrah," afterward lowering it and raising same again at the next star, waving it twice in each measure—right, left—to the end of chorus.

# HAIL! HOME OF LIBERTY!—Concluded.

*f* Thrice hail to thee! thee! This Nation, free and grand, Our  
Then hail, . . . free and grand, All hail,...

*May be repeated from the beginning.*

*f* own dear, fa - vor'd land! All.....  
Small notes for last.

..... fa - vor'd land!  
*f* hail!..... *f* *m*

## No. 200.

## MERCY!

G. W. DOANE.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;  
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.  
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.



Anthem.

A. BEIRLY.

*f* *Vigorous.*

1. Zi - on, awake, Thy strength renew; Put on Thy robes of beauteous hue;

And let th' admiring world behold The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

*m* DUET. *Moderato.*

Church of our God! a - rise..... and shine,

Bright with the beams of truth.... di - vine;...



# ZION, AWAKE.—Continued.

*m*

Then... shall thy ra - diance stream..... a - far, .....

*May be repeated.*

Wide... as the na - tions, the heath - en na - tions are.....

*f Allegro moderato.*

Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands! Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands!

Sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord! Praise Him with cheerful voice; Let

# ZION, AWAKE.—Concluded.

ev - 'ry tongue.... ex - alt His praise, ... Let  
Let ev - 'ry tongue ex - alt His praise,

ev-'ry tongue ex-alt His praise, And ev-'ry heart re-joice. *Slow.* A - men.

## No. 202. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. { There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,  
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, [Omit . . . . . ]

2 FINE. D. C.  
Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

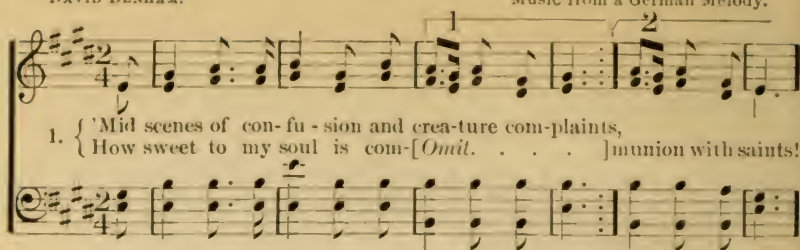
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,

# No. 203.

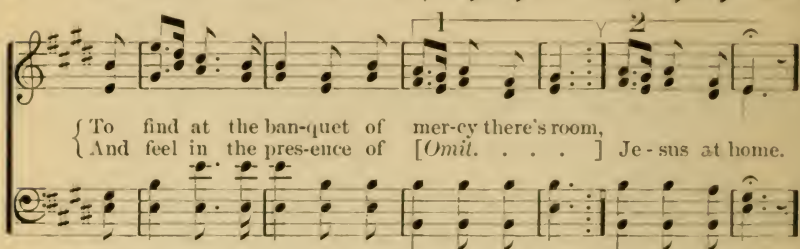
# THE SAINT'S HOME.

DAVID DENHAM.

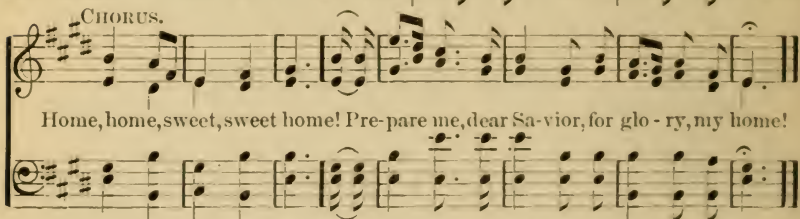
Music from a German Melody.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com-[Omit. . . ]munion with saints!



{ To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,  
{ And feel in the pres-ence of [Omit. . . ] Je-sus at home.



CHORUS.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Sa-vior, for glo-ry, my home!

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!  
The Savior invites me—I'll go to His arms:  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;  
Oh! there may I feast with His children at home.

# No. 204.

# HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Tune.—THE SAINT'S HOME.

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

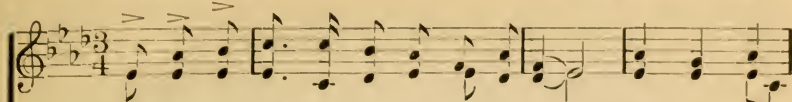
CHORUS.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home—  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.—

- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,—  
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
- 3 I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,  
And feel that my parents now think of their child;  
They look on that moon from their own cottage door,  
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

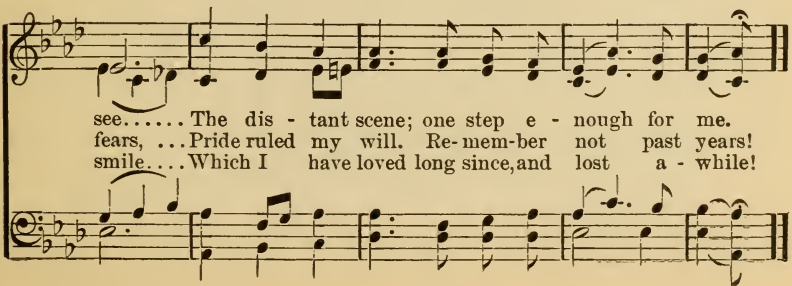
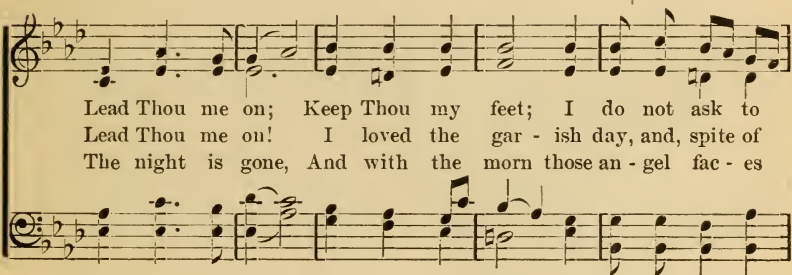
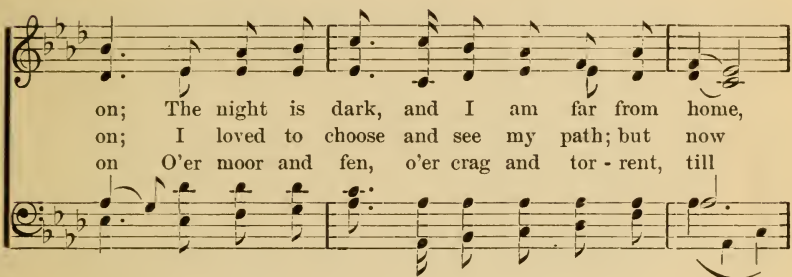
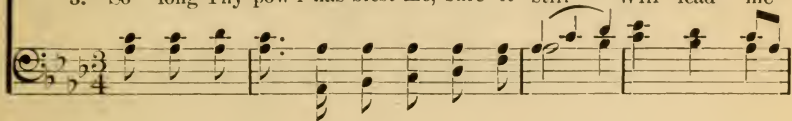


REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me



# No. 206.

# ART THOU DRIFTING?

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift-ing? Drift-ing tow'd a sea?  
 2. At its mouth lie rocks tre-men-dous, Black-er than de-spair,  
 3. Hark! the wild white waves are foam-ing, Hun-gry, fierce and bold,  
 4. But be-yond those rag-ing bil-lows, Lies a hap-py shore,  
 5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall nev-er Reach that hap-py shore,  
 6. Call Him with en-treat-y ur-gent, Call Him near thy side,

From whose shore no bark re-turn-eth, 'Tis e-ter-ni-ty.  
 Many a no-ble bark, my broth-er, Has been shipwreck'd there.  
 O'er the shattered ves-sel dash-ing, Dread-ful, i-cy, cold.  
 Where the saints redeem'd thro' Je-sus, Dwell for-ev-er more.  
 Till the Lord becomes your Pi-lot: He will guide thee o'er.  
 Then o'er roughest, dark-est bil-lows, Safe-ly thou shalt glide.

CHORUS.

Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift-ing, Drift-ing to e-ter-ni-ty?

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# No. 207.

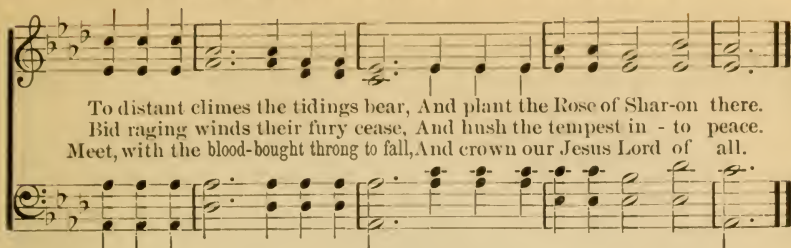
# MISSIONARY CHANT.

Mrs. VOKE.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian her-alds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion thro' Immanuel's Name;  
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire,  
 3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,

## MISSIONARY CHANT.—Concluded.

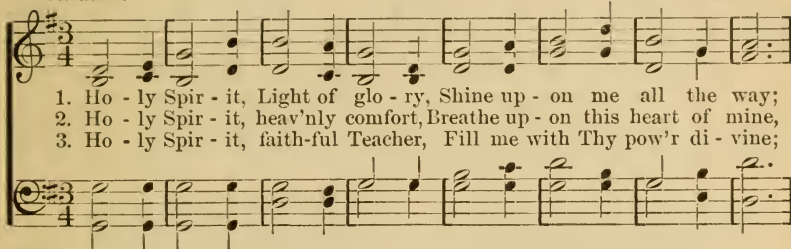


To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there.  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.  
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

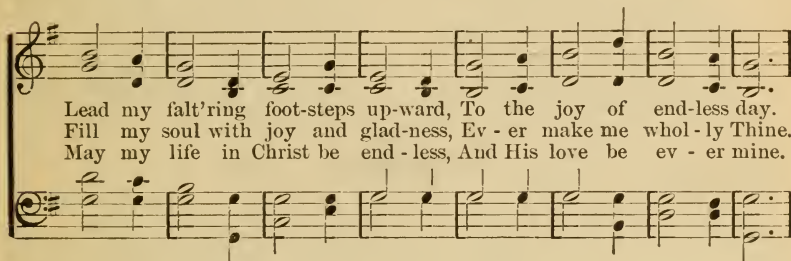
## No. 208. HOLY SPIRIT, LEAD ME ONWARD.

ORLANDO.

O. S. GRINNELL.

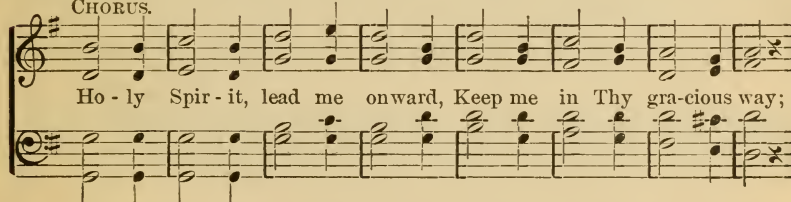


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Light of glo - ry, Shine up - on me all the way;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly comfort, Breathe up - on this heart of mine,  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Teacher, Fill me with Thy pow'r di - vine;




Lead my falt'ring foot-steps up-ward, To the joy of end-less day.  
 Fill my soul with joy and glad-ness, Ev - er make me whol - ly Thine.  
 May my life in Christ be end - less, And His love be ev - er mine.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly Spir - it, lead me onward, Keep me in Thy gra-cious way;



Lead my falt'ring foot-steps up-ward, To the joy of end-less day.



# No. 209.

# NETTLETON.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

Old Melody.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }  
*D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*

*D. C.*  
 Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He to rescue me from danger  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness as a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

# No. 210.

# OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

THOS. KEN.

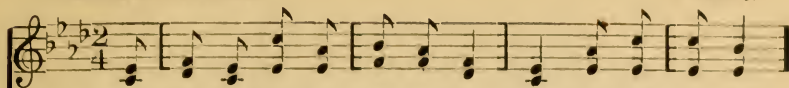
GUIL. FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below,

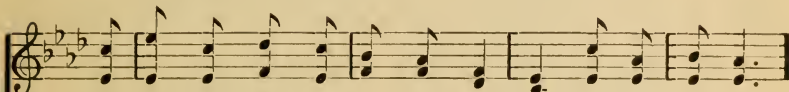
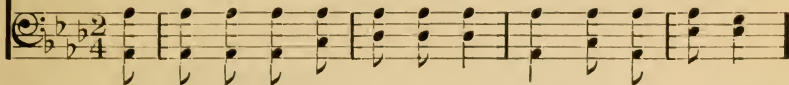
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

ANGELINA FULLER FISHER.

A. BEIRLY.



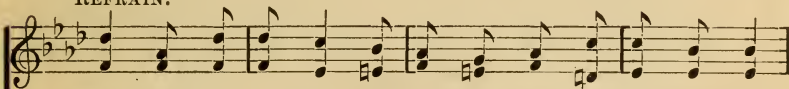
1. If you would lead a hap - py life, Think, think of Je - sus;
2. If you would pleasant ech - oes hear, Speak, speak of Je - sus;
3. If you would taste the sweetest joy, Work, work for Je - sus;
4. If you would wear a star - ry crown, Win souls to Je - sus;



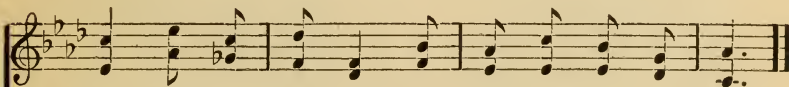
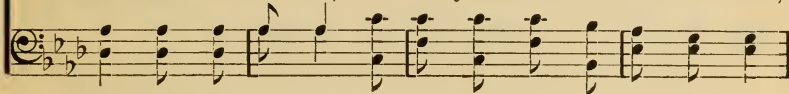
Or shun all en - mi - ty and strife, Think, think of Je - sus.  
 If sorrow-ing hearts you wish to cheer, Speak, speak of Je - sus.  
 Or heap up wealth with-out al - loy, Work, work for Je - sus.  
 'Tis last - ing hon - or and re-nown, To live for Je - sus.



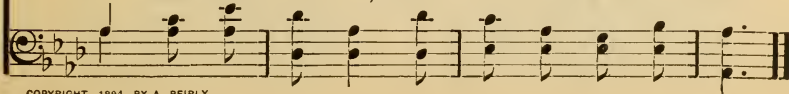
## REFRAIN.



Think, think of Je - sus, He is your faith - ful Friend and Guide;  
 Speak, speak of Je - sus, He is your faith - ful Friend and Guide;  
 Work, work for Je - sus, He is your faith - ful Friend and Guide;  
 Win souls to Je - sus, He is your faith - ful Friend and Guide;



Think, think of Je - sus, And in His love a - bide.  
 Speak, speak of Je - sus, And in His love a - bide.  
 Work, work for Je - sus, And in His love a - bide.  
 Win souls to Je - sus, And in His love a - bide.



# No. 212.

# AMERICA.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

HENRY CAREY.

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand,  
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;

Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem-pests rave, Rul - er of  
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.  
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State!

# No. 213.

# NATIONAL HYMN.

Tune—AMERICA.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet Land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

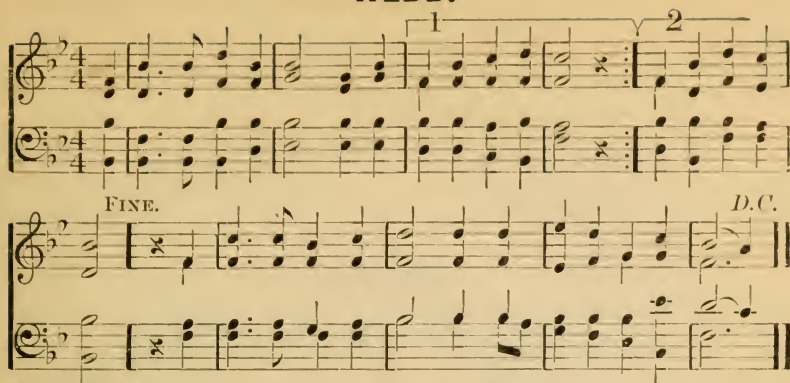
2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong!

4 Our father's God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!



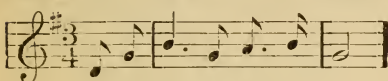
# WEBB.



## No. 214.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Savior's blessing  
A nation in a day.

## No. 215. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

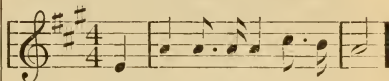


- 1 I am coming to the cross;  
I am poor and weak and blind:  
I am counting all but dross;  
I shall full salvation find.
- CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;  
I will cleanse you from all sin.
  - 3 In Thy promises I trust;  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.

## No. 216.

- 1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be:  
He, with the King of glory,  
Shall reign eternally.

## No. 217. THE HOME OVER THERE.



- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.
- CHO.—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.
  - 3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;  
There my kindred and friends are at  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
  - 4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.

## No. 218.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A. BEIRLY.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,  
Give us this day our... dai - ly bread,  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;  
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-[Omit. . . .]ever and ever. A-men.

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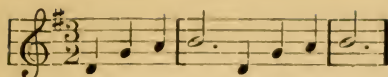
## No. 219. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work, while the day is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work, through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for the daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

## No. 220. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

- 1 The great Physician now is here,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
- CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Savior's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

## No. 221. HAPPY DAY.



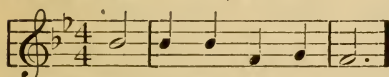
1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Savior and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its rapture all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away:

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

## No. 222. ARISE, MY SOUL.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands.

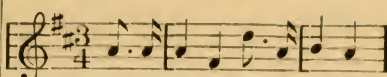
2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary:  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me,  
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear:  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

## No. 223. GUIDE ME.

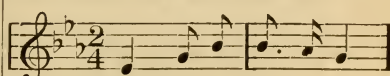


1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land,  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid me anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Lend me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

## No. 224. MY FAITH LOOKS UP.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior, divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

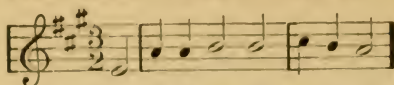
2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Savior, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,—  
A ransomed soul.



# No. 225. O FOR A THOUSAND &c.



- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God  
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad,  
To spread through all the earth  
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our  
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,  
'Tis life, and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

# No. 226. OH, 'TIS GLORY.



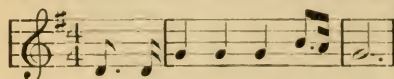
- 1 To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,  
All my refuge and my plea;  
Matchless is Thy loving kindness,  
Else it had not stooped to me.

CHO.—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!  
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul. [ment,  
For I've touch'd the hem of His gar-  
And His power doth make me whole.

- 2 Long my heart has heard Thee calling,  
But I thrust aside Thy grace;  
Yet, O boundless condescension!  
Love is shining from Thy face.

- 3 Love eternal, light eternal,  
Close me safely, sweetly in;  
Savior, let Thy balm of healing,  
Ever keep me free from sin.

# No. 227. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



- 1 There are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels, angels hov'ring  
round.
- 2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.
- 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
- 6 There's glory all around, etc.

# No. 228. HE LEADETH ME.



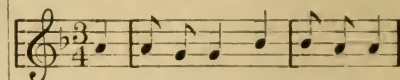
- 1 He leadeth me—oh, blessed thought;  
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort  
fraught—  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest  
gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers  
bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea'—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,—  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

# No. 229. ALAS AND DID.



- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Savior, Thee to  
And ever faithful be; [own,  
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

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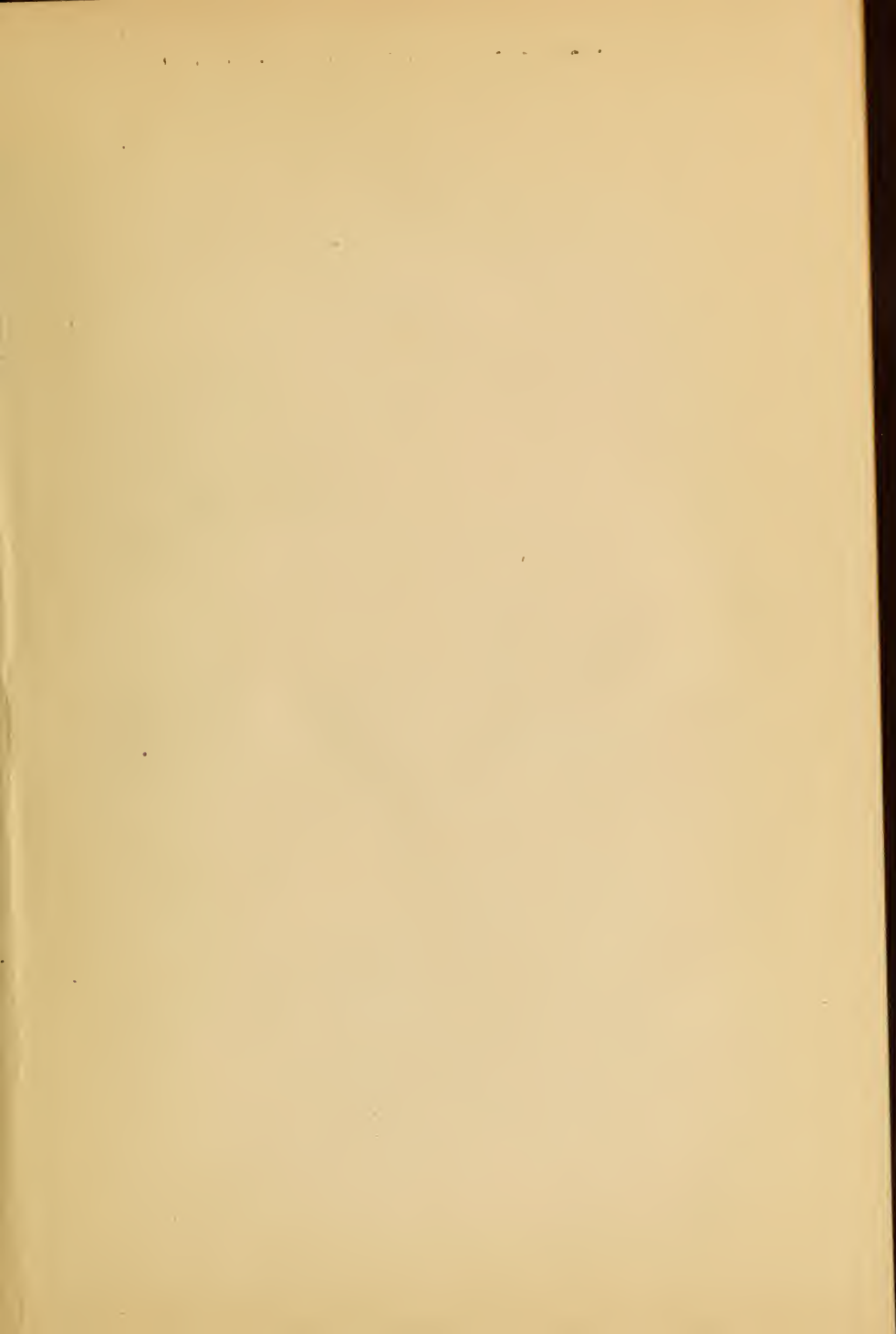


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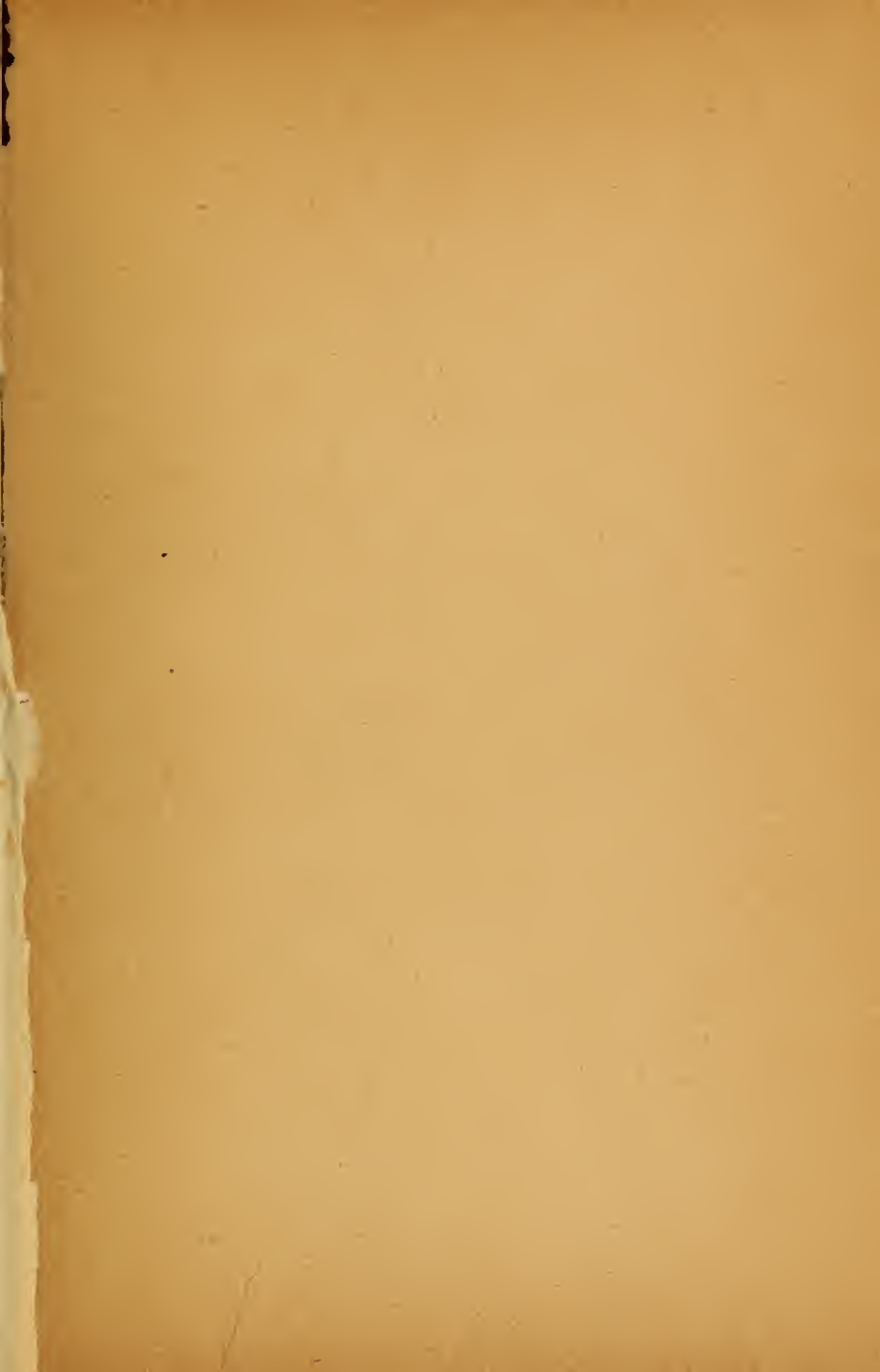
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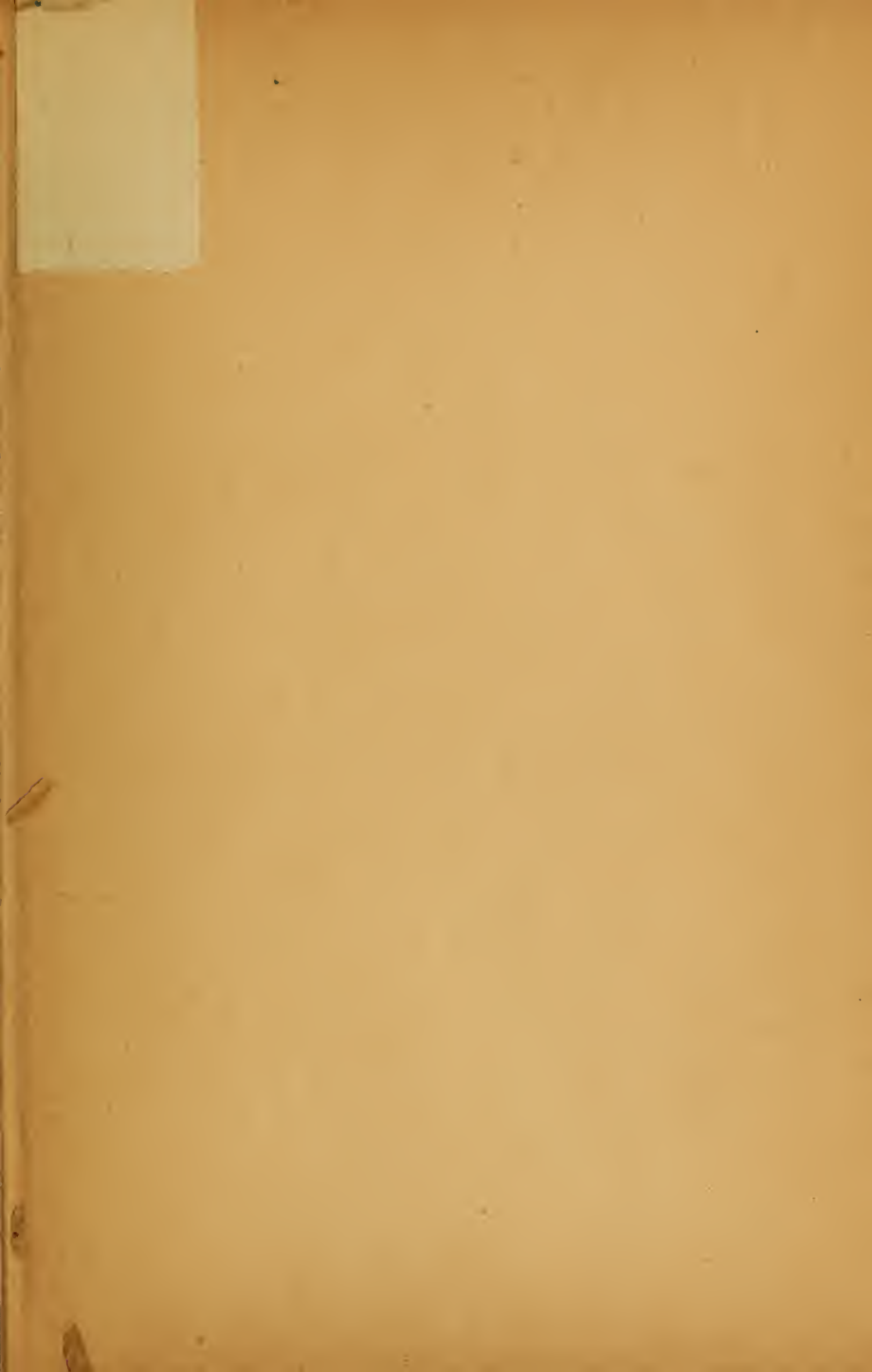














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